CAPTAIN JACOBUS.

Certain passages from the Memoirs *of* ANTHONY LANGFORD *Gentleman: containing a particular account of his Adventures with* CAPTAIN JACOBUS *the Notorious Cavalier Highwayman: of his connexion with the* PETRUDDOCK *Plot in the time of the* Commonwealth *and of the surprising Adventures and singular turns of Fortune that befell him in the course of these relations. Written by* Himself *and now newly set forth*

By L. Cope Cornford.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. M. SHELDON



CHAPTER I.

THE RIVALS.

ONE March morning, in the year of our Lord 1655, I mounted my horse at the door of Langford Manor, and filled with the blithest anticipations, set forth to Salisbury city. Such an occasion befalls a man but once in his life, and it behoves him to make the most of it. The weather was bright and sunny, with a merry breeze that shook down the yellow catkins upon man and beast as we passed: the countryside appeared to laugh and sing; and when I entered the venerable city, it greeted me with a sparkling aspect whereto my eyes seemed newly opened.

Leaving my horse at the Sign of the Sun over against the Conduit, in the High Street, I took my way towards the Market Place, where, just beyond the Poultry Cross, stands the house of Mr. Richard Phelps, at that time Mayor of Salisbury. As luck would have it, I had scarce gone twenty paces from the inn before I saw John Manning advancing down the street. Now of all persons in the world I disliked Mr. Manning the worst: and I think he hated me; but this morning (for the first time) I felt I could perfectly afford to be civil. For hitherto John Manning had always the upper hand of me in a manner of quiet domineering highly irksome to a generous nature. Our respective fathers, serving under the headlong leadership of Sir Harry Bard, were slain on Alresford field while I was still undergoing education at New College, Oxford. But young Manning, who was five years my senior, had fought side by side with his father, and had been wounded in the left arm and shoulder—a misfortune of which he was most inordinately vain. Moreover, he was a very proper man, with a silver tongue and a pretty trick of using it: while I, although greater of body, was a shy and plain youth, with no such mighty talent for conversation. Time and again, when I have been sitting happily with Barbara, he has entered upon us and put me to the blush with his courtly performances, till I was fain to quit the room in the blackest of tempers.

As he came cocking down the pavement I perceived that Mr. Manning was dressed as if for a festival, in silver-laced silken coat, quilted breeches slashed with crimson, and silken stockings of the

same colour: he wore a silver-hilted walking-sword; and the black love-lock disposed upon his shoulder was tied with a knot of silver-pointed crimson ribbon.

"Well met, Anthony," cried Manning, stopping and holding out his hand. "You shall be the first to wish me joy this fine morning."

His greeting took me very much aback, for it was precisely the manner of address I had prepared in my own mind for Manning. Then it occurred to me that his attentions to Mistress Barbara Phelps had, after all, expressed no more than friendship; and I shook his proffered hand till the bones cracked; and my gallant had much ado to preserve an unmoved countenance.

"With all my heart," I said. "And who is the so fortunate lady?"

Manning smiled pleasantly. "I may not tell you her name," he replied. "For to say truth, I have won but the father's consent to my courtship. But I do not despair of the maiden's."

"Why, here is a singular coincidence," I cried. "Give me your good wishes in turn, Manning, for I have the maiden's consent, and I am hoping for the father's."

Manning's face darkened suddenly, "Indeed!" said he. "And who is the so fortunate lady?"

His manner surprised me, and awoke a suspicion.

"Well, the affair is private, at present," I returned. "Nevertheless, I should think you might give a reasonable near guess."

"I profess myself at a loss," replied Manning, coldly.

"Why, then I will leave you to think over it at leisure. Give you good-den, Mr. Manning;" and I made as if to go.

But Manning planted himself squarely across my path.

"And where are you going in such a mighty hurry, Mr. Anthony Langford?"

"What is that to you?" I retorted, losing patience, and attempting to push past him. "Out o' my way."

Manning caught me by the arm. "It is this to me," he said, "that there is just one house in this city which I warn you not to visit, or you and I will fall out. Do not feign to misunderstand me, Anthony."

"I shall visit where I please," I said, wrenching my arm free. "What nonsense is this? Stand back, or I draw on you."

I laid my hand on the hilt of my rapier, but Manning seized my wrist. The touch was as a match to powder, and I caught him a buffet on the point of the chin with my left hand. I heard his teeth click together like the snapping of a trap, and he loosed his hold and staggered backwards. I drew sword and stood on guard, expecting of course that Manning would attack me then and there. But seeing the people beginning to throng from all sides, my adversary thought better of it, and putting a laced kerchief to his mouth, he came up to me and slipped his arm through mine, as if we had been merely jesting.

"Put up your blade," he said in a low voice. "Do you want to get us both in jail, you madman?"

I had nothing to do but to comply, and we began to walk forward. The crowd followed us a little distance, but seeing there was no more sport to be had, presently dwindled away and left us to march arm-in-arm across the market-place.

"You forget yourself strangely at times, Mr. Langford," remarked Manning. "But be assured that I shall not forget you. And since you will not take advice, I am going to do myself the honour of accompanying you upon your visit."

"With all my heart," I returned. "And I beg you to remark that, for my part, I make no stipulation. It doth not appear to me a dignified proceeding."

Manning replied nothing, and we arrived in silence at the door of old Richard Phelps's tall, gabled mansion, with the squares of white plaster between the black cross-timbering and projecting diamond-paned windows. Before Manning could speak I had told the house-wench who ushered us into the long, low room on the first floor, to inform Mr. Phelps that Mr. Anthony Langford requested the honour of a few minutes talk with him. A wood-fire crackled upon the hearth, for the weather was chilly; and Manning and I stood stiffly side by side with our backs to the high mantelpiece. We were careful that our respective shoulders should not touch, by the fraction of an inch: had they done so neither would have budged a hairs-breadth: and contention might have ensued. So we stood as rigid as a pair of statues until the door opened and Mr.

Phelps entered the room. The Mayor was a broad-shouldered, ruddy, bald old gentleman, with twinkling blue eyes and a grey beard.

"Why, Anthony, my boy, how do you do? What, back so soon, John! 'Oons, what hast done to thy mouth, man? Thou canst never go a-wooing in that guise. Or perhaps Barbara will help to make it well again, hey?" and the old man winked genially at me.

I was resolved to take the lead in this three-cornered interview if I could, and before Manning could open his damaged lips I began.

"Mr. Phelps, I have come upon a personal affair of some delicacy, which I should have preferred to discuss with you in private. But as Mr. Manning has thought fit, for reasons of his own, to force himself upon my company, I can very well say what I have to say before him. I am come, sir, to request your permission to pay my addresses to your daughter, Mistress Barbara," I concluded, with hot cheeks and lips that had suddenly become parched.

"I have had the honour to inform Mr. Langford of what passed between us this morning," Manning put in.



"I LAID MY HAND ON THE HILT OF MY RAPIER"

The Mayor comprehended us both in a glance that seemed to betoken some amusement.

"And so then you fell to fisticuffs, like a pair of school-boys? I am ashamed of you, gentlemen," said he: and Manning flushed darkly. "I will deal plainly with you," he went on. "One at a time is but fair play, Anthony. Had you got up a little more betimes, you would have had the start: now Manning has the advantage. I will have no brawling in my house, and since you cannot agree, you must wait till John has thrown his main. If he fails in his suit, why, you may come to me again. I will favour neither of you by so much as a word. 'Tis for Barbara to choose: she shall do as she likes; and so long as she is happy, you will find her father pleased," concluded this exemplary parent.

This was what I desired, and a great weight lifted from my mind at his words; for I had been sore afraid that Mr. Phelps was set upon Manning for a son-in-law. Nevertheless, I did not see why Barbara should be cumbered with Manning's odious courtesies for an indefinite period.

"Nothing can be fairer, and whatever befall, I am much beholden to your kindness," I said. "But how long must I wait my turn, sir?"

"Nay, that you must ask John Manning," saith the old man.

"Mr. Manning's manner of conversation does not gratify me," I replied. "I had rather ask Mistress Barbara. Your daughter has been acquainted with both Mr. Manning and myself from childhood, and if she hath taken a fancy to either, doubtless her mind is settled."

Manning must have known himself defeated, but he played a last card.

"Perhaps Mr. Langford has his own reasons for such a supposition," he struck in, and despite all I could do, I felt myself flush.

Old Phelps looked sharply at me, and his face grew stern.

"What have you to say to that, Anthony?" he asked.

"It is true," said I, "and a breach of proper etiquette, I own. But it only occurred last night. I am instant to repair it, you see, sir."

"You did very wrong, sir," returned the outraged father, angrily. "Here is a pretty state of affairs. It would serve you right were I to forbid you the house."

"I demand it," cried Manning. "Your pledge to me admits of no other course, Mr. Phelps."

"Does it not?" said the old gentleman, who was perhaps glad to find another outlet for his anger. "But I am not accustomed to take orders, John Manning, and I think differently. Come! We will settle this matter offhand:" and opening the door, he shouted "Barbara!"

Manning, seeing what was to follow, went as white as a clout, and catching up his hat, strode towards the open door.

"I fear I shall spoil your little plot, but I have no fancy to be made a show of," said he. "I have fallen into a strange mistake, it seems; but 'tis not too late to amend it. Give you goodden, Mr. Mayor:" and before the astonished old man could answer, my rival was gone.

He must have passed Barbara on the stairs, for she entered almost immediately. My betrothed dwelt ever in my thoughts: and when we were absent from each other, I would please myself by picturing in my mind her look when we should meet again: and still, when it came to pass, her beauty struck me always newly, in a kind of revelation. So it was upon her entrance that morning, with her shining hair and blue eyes, apparelled in something chequered and dainty of the same colour.

"Prithee, father, what's the matter?" asked Barbara.

"Matter!" said Mr. Phelps. "Why, the matter is, that, whereas this morning you had a couple of sweethearts, now you have only the one. Will he content ye, my dear?"

"We can but try, at all events," said Barbara.

It was late that night before I found myself riding homeward under the stars. My way lay across the old bridge that spans the river Avon, where a little islet, upon which is built a chapel, stems the mid-stream. The roadway of the bridge passes underneath groined arches which carry the chapel floor: on either side a stairway rises to an open balcony, which, running right round the building, and fenced by a stone balustrading of foliated open-work, gives access to the interior. The moonlight glittered upon the swirling flood below, and sparkled here and there, amid the elaborate confusion of

flying buttresses and pinnacles, upon the tall windows of the chapel.

Riding at a footpace across the bridge, I had come within a bow's shot of the archway, when a horseman leaped from the black shadow and came charging towards me. I had scarce time to note the glint of steel in his right hand ere he was upon me. Hardly knowing what I did, I slipped from my saddle to avoid his onset. The rider swerved, but I dodged and ran for the chapel, as man and horse collided with my own steed. I heard a mighty clatter of hoofs upon the stones behind me, and my horse galloped past just as I reached the archway. The moment's delay saved me. A dismounted man has little chance against a horseman, and I took no shame to myself for running away.

I sprang up the winding steps and had reached the balcony, when I heard the echoing clang of hoofs. Peering over the coping, I perceived the road on the further side of the chapel to be empty; my pursuer had therefore dismounted, and was probably at that very moment ascending one or other of the two staircases, pistol in hand. I had not seen his face, for it was masked with a black vizard and muffled, but I could think of no one who bore me such a deadly grudge as this appeared to indicate, save Manning. He should find me ready for him this bout, at any rate. I drew my sword (a long Italian rapier) and, taking off my horseman's cloak, wrapped it twice round my left arm, grasping the collar in my hand, allowing a yard or so of the skirt to hang loose. Going to the top of the steps, I listened intently. There was no sound, save the stamping of the impatient horse below and the jingling of his bit, so that Manning must have chosen to escalade the fortress by the opposite stairs.

I reflected, with some emotion, that my enemy doubtless had pistols, whilst I had none. Nevertheless, I had no intention of being stalked like a beast: and treading noiselessly to the angle buttress, laid my cheek to the stone, and stole a glance round the corner. Sure enough, there was Manning, with a naked rapier in one hand, and a long pistol in the other, advancing with the most excessive caution. The moon shone full upon his upturned face, so that I could see the whites of his eyes behind the black mask, and the lips beneath the bristling mustachio curling from the clenched teeth like the snarl of a dog, as he lifted and noiselessly put down first one foot and then the other.



"WE STOOD AS RIGID AS A PAIR OF STATUES"

It was my turn to charge this time, and I dashed out upon him. The suddenness of my onset caused him to shoot wide with his maimed arm, as I had hoped and prayed, and I heard the bullet sing past my head. Manning thereupon thrust at me swiftly, but with an old trick of the fencing school, I entangled his blade in my heavy cloak, and catching the hilt with my left hand, tore it from his grasp, at the same time lunging forward till my right foot was behind my adversary's back. He was thus at my mercy: but I had never killed a man at that time, and my blood turned from the deed. I have never ceased to regret my surrender to that womanish impulse. As it was, I girt him round the lower ribs, and began to

squeeze the breath out of him. Manning sobbed and struggled and swore, but his arms were pinioned, and I was the stronger man. So soon as he was quiet I let him drop, and he lay gasping. Then I picked up his sword and snapped it across my knee: his pistols I stuck in my belt: and stood a paternoster-while to fetch my breath.

"Look you, John Manning," I said, presently. "We will call quits, and no squares broke. But I have just one word to say. Mark me, if ever I meet you within sight of Salisbury Cathedral spire again, may I be judged by the Four Evangelists, but I will fight you. You had best be packing before daylight, for I am about pretty betimes. I wish you joy, John Manning."

With that I left him, and started to walk to Langford Manor: but I had not gone far before I came upon my horse, cropping the hedge: and mounting, I rode home, and so to bed, to dream of Barbara.

CHAPTER II.

CAPTAIN JACOBUS.

NEXT day, and for several days afterwards, I rose very betimes to transact the affairs of my estate with my steward: then rode away hot-foot to Salisbury, to the house of Mayor Phelps. Looking back upon that brief period of felicity, I see a rich procession of sunny hours, musical with the falling chimes of the towering Cathedral, during which we found such happiness that I sometimes felt afraid. I could not think that I had earned such fortune: and I doubted whether God would allow it: and indeed, after events put some colour on this reasoning.

My betrothed was an only child: her father, old Richard Phelps, was a Master Cutler, and (so it was said) had amassed a pretty fortune in his business. How much it was I did not know, and took no pains to discover: but when we came to discuss marriage settlements, the old man told me he would dower his daughter with three thousand pounds. My own estate of Langford Manor, although much impaired and impoverished during the Civil Wars, was yet sufficient: and there seemed no reason why we should not marry out of hand. But Barbara, it appeared, had a great equipment of garments to buy or to make: and although I could never apprehend the force of the argument, some delay appeared inevitable. At length, however, the wedding was settled for the 18th of April: and, like a schoolboy, I put up a calendar over my bed's head, and scored out a date every morning. And in my voyages to and fro I rode very circumspectly, in case some accident should befall me.

There was scarce a month to run before the day appointed, when destiny fulfilled my fearful expectations at a blow. Riding homeward in the moonlight across country, as I topped the bare down that shelters Langford village I was aware of a horseman galloping along the ridge towards me. Remembering Mr. Manning's former exploit, I drew rein, and putting myself in a posture of defence, awaited the rider, who thereupon slackened speed, so that I had time to observe him as he drew near. But the stranger was a smaller man than Manning; bestriding a huge roan horse, and carrying an arquebus slung across his shoulders, besides pistols in his holsters, and a French riding-sword.

"I have the honour to address Mr. Anthony Langford, of Langford Manor, I believe?" said he, reining up and removing his black montero-cap with a very courtly gesture.

"At your service, sir," I replied, saluting him in turn. The stranger had a quick, military manner of utterance, and before the words were out of my mouth he continued earnestly:

"Then will you do me the favour, Mr. Langford, to ride with me a little way? I have somewhat to say to you. Oh, yes," he added, as I hesitated, "Y'are perfectly right, I am a highwayman: 'tis true; but I am not here to rob you, nevertheless. Why, you and I have met before, sir. Have you forgotten Captain Jacobus?"

I had not: and now I knew why I remembered mistily the square, strong face, with its great jaw and long nose hooking over the curling mustachio. For one night, before my mother died, she and I were driving homewards in our great family coach over the downs. I was barely in my teens, but I could

fence a bit, and shoot at a mark; and sitting by my mother, with my arm round her waist as the huge vehicle swung and jolted over the ruts, and my little sword between my knees, I felt myself a match for a whole band of robbers. But I must have forgotten my wardship and fallen on sleep, for I awoke with a start as the coach stopped suddenly, to see the dark figure of a horseman abreast of the window. My mother bade me sit still; and the highwayman swung himself from his horse and leaned over the sill.

"Madam," he began, but got no further, for my mother cried out in astonishment.

"Sir Clipseby Carew!" she exclaimed.

"No, not now," he returned. "Captain Jacobus, Alicia, at your service."

They conversed together for awhile in the French tongue, a language of which I had but small understanding: then the Captain kissed my mother's hand, and rode away into the night. When I asked my mother who was the strange man, she told me how Sir Clipseby Carew was an old friend of hers: and how the Parliament-men had robbed him of his estates, obliging him to change his name and to take to the road for a living, like many another Cavalier at that unhappy time. The incident engraved itself upon my boyish imagination, so that for a long time the Captain used often to ride through the mazes of my dreams: and ever since, rumours of his exploits had reached my ears from time to time, and kept the remembrance green. Recalling all this, I was glad enough to put up my pistol, and turning my horse's head, to jog along beside Captain Jacobus.



"SHE ENTERED ALMOST IMMEDIATELY"

"Why, now I remember, and I am glad, indeed, to renew my acquaintance with Sir Clipseby Carew," I said.

"'Tis long since I heard the title," he returned, twisting his moustache. "But other days are coming, we'll hope. Will

you join us, Mr. Langford, to help regain the King his own?"

"Well, I am a King's man, sure enough," I answered. "But the fact is, Captain, I am going to be married. I do not want to meddle in broils and insurrections."

"You do not?" returned the Captain. "Why, then, what else have you been doing of late, Mr. Langford?"

"Unless a-preparing for wedlock be an offence against the Protector, I do not know," I said in surprise.

"You have no hand in the plot, then?"

"On the rood, no! What plot?"

"Then why are Crook's dragoons billeted in Langford Manor House?" asked the Captain. "And why are patrols posted along the Salisbury Road, to lag you by the heels?"

"What!" I cried, reining up. I knew Captain Crook very well by repute for a zealous servant of Ironside's, who patrolled a district of the West Country with a troop of horse.

"Don't stop, man. We can talk as we're going. Well, I thought you knew naught of it, and that was the reason I stopped you. Your estates are confiscate, young man, and you yourself outlawed, as like as not. I don't know why, but there it is, you see."



"THE OLD BRIDGE"

The blow had fallen then. I thought of Barbara and our towering hopes toppled into the dust. Then I felt the Captain's hand on my shoulder for a moment, and his rough exhortation rang in my ears.

"Bear up! What, man! worse has happened to better men. We'll be upsides with the bloody regicides before all's done. Come! Take the road with me and 'list yourself into Sir John Penruddock's volunteers; we want men of your inches. This is no time for marrying. Wait until the King is cocking it at Whitehall, and then you can marry as much as you please."

"I must go to Salisbury first," I cried.

"Do you desire your sweetheart to behold her lover's head aloft on Chapel Bridge, a-sun-drying on a pike-end?" enquired the Captain, grimly. "But you may send her a letter by a messenger of mine to-night," he added.

"But what have I done? Why should I, as peaceable a citizen as God ever made, be suddenly clapped up for a traitor?"

"How should I know?" replied the Captain. "The point is, I take it, that so it is, most unmistakably. Hast quarrelled with anyone who hath the ear of Cromwell, or that bloody spider Secretary Thurloe, by any chance?"

"I have quarrelled with no man, excepting Mr. John Manning, and he is a Royalist and a Catholic."

"Ah!" said Captain Jacobus; "and how was that?"

Whereupon I related the story of our difference, without of course mentioning the lady's name.

"And you have not fallen across him since?" enquired Jacobus, when I had finished.

"No."

"Well, Mr. Langford, if you get a man stark mad with jealousy under your hand, and then you let him go free (and why you did so passeth my poor imagination), you must not be astonished at disaster. That is all there is to be said. And now to the business in hand — which is the only thing that can help you, or any of us, in this distraught realm."

There seemed nothing for it but to follow the Captain's leading; and with a heart as heavy as lead I resigned myself to fate. As we trotted steadily forward Captain Jacobus told me the main outlines of the conspiracy against the Lord Protector then kindling throughout the



"STOLE A GLANCE ROUND THE CORNER"

North and West, in which the tried cavalier at my side was a principal agent.

The Earl of Rochester, it appeared, was then in London, living very private, awaiting intelligence from Sir Marmaduke Darcy, who was gathering forces in the North, and from Sir John Penruddock and Sir Joseph Wagstaff, who were the West Country leaders. Captain Jacobus had appointed to meet the two latter gentlemen that night, in order to receive their instructions, which he was straightway to carry to Rochester, who was in communication with the King. All things, in our part of the country, were prepared for an immediate rising. It only remained to fix the date, which must be done by the King, who was at that moment lying secretly upon the Flemish coast, ready to cross should occasion so require.

"That is the complexion of affairs," concluded the Captain. "Now will you join us, Mr. Langford, for good or evil fortune? And I warn you, I that have seen the beginning and sad end of more than one such hopeful enterprise, 'tis but the spin of a coin betwixt defeat and victory."

The first shock of my dire misfortune was passing, and I began to feel mighty angry and a very fervent rebel.

"Well, I am art and part with you!" I cried, and we shook hands as we rode.

So there was I, upon the eve of marriage and the leisurely, pastoral life of a country gentleman, pitchforked into I knew not what hugger-mugger of civil broils, setting my life and Barbara's happiness upon the hazard of a cast. Well, it had to be, and I must make the best of it. But I resolved that I would cut Mr. Manning's throat the next time fortune brought us to meet.

By this time, after fetching a compass, we had arrived at Wilton, an ancient hamlet about five miles west of Salisbury, where, at the sign of the Orle of Martlets (the cognisance of the Earls of Pembroke) Captain Jacobus had appointed to meet Sir John Penruddock and the gentlemen associated with him. We found the company assembled together in an upper room of the inn, the most of whom were smoking long pipes, with glasses of liquor in front of them upon the shining oaken table. Captain Jacobus introduced me to Colonel Sir John Penruddock, a tall, dark, grave gentleman with something of a visionary look about him; and to Major-General Sir Joseph Wagstaff, a red, round, turkey-cock of a man. They bade us be seated and filled our glasses.

I remarked then, for the first time, what I often had occasion to note afterwards, how the Captain, in some unobtrusive and indefinable way, assumed precedence in whatsoever company he found himself, even among men who had the habit of command. I have since put it down to his magnificent self-confidence, a quality which sets the seal, in the world's eye, upon the charter of man's worth.

"Well, Sir John," began Captain Jacobus briskly, "what tidings for his lordship?"

"Tell the Earl of Rochester that we in Wiltshire can put a troop of two hundred horse into the field at a day's notice, and the Hampshire people as many. We are only waiting for my lord to appoint the day and the place."

"Why, very well," returned the Captain. "I will ride to-night."

A short conversation ensued in which it was arranged, amongst other matters, that I should ride with the Captain; whereat, in my consuming zeal for action, I was well content.

"No stopping of coaches'-full of fine ladies this journey, Captain!" said Sir Joseph Wagstaff with a chuckle. He was sitting at ease with his buff coat flung open and his fine lawn shirt ruffling out like plumage. "I am sorry for you, my excellent friend, but the King's interests before all!"

"Is the King not interested in ladies, then, my Joseph?" inquired the Captain.

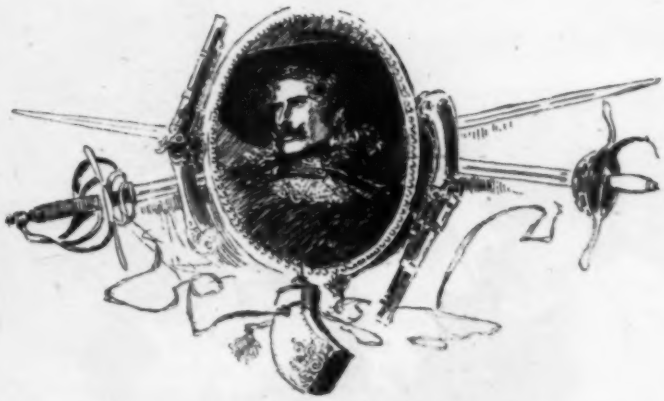
Sir Joseph was gathering his forces for a reply when Sir John Penruddock, rising, interrupted him.

"Gentlemen," cried the Colonel, "fill your glasses. A toast before we part. Gentlemen—the King! God bless him, and may he speedily enjoy his own again!"

I have drunk the King's health many a time since then—even at his Majesty's own table—but never with such a sudden, youthful flame of loyalty as kindled within me that night. Perhaps, in later

and more peaceful days, we have declined somewhat in zeal: but I remember how in those dark and troublous times the toast went with a thrill fit to stir a man in his grave. I recall those occasions as clear as a picture: the ring of fine gentlemen with brimming glasses uplifted, a single fervent sentiment in their faces; and I hear again the ring of the shivered glass.

The Stuarts are this and that, and when all is said I do not know that I love the line over-much; but we have always followed the King, whatsoever he might be. It is bred in the bone of us; we can do no otherwise.



YOUTH & LOVE.



To the heart of youth the world is a highway side.
Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand,
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.
Thick as the stars at night when the moon is down,
Pleasures assail him. He, to his nobler fate,
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

R. L. Stevenson.

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LOST YOUTH.

SING me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Mull was astern, Egg on the port,
Rum on the starboard bow;
Glory of youth glowed in his soul:
Where is that glory now?

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Give me again all that was there,
Give me the sun that shone!
Give me the eyes, give me soul,
Give me the lad that's gone!

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Billows and breeze, islands and seas
Mountains of rain and sun,
All that was good, all that was fair,
All that was me is gone.—R. L. STEVENSON.

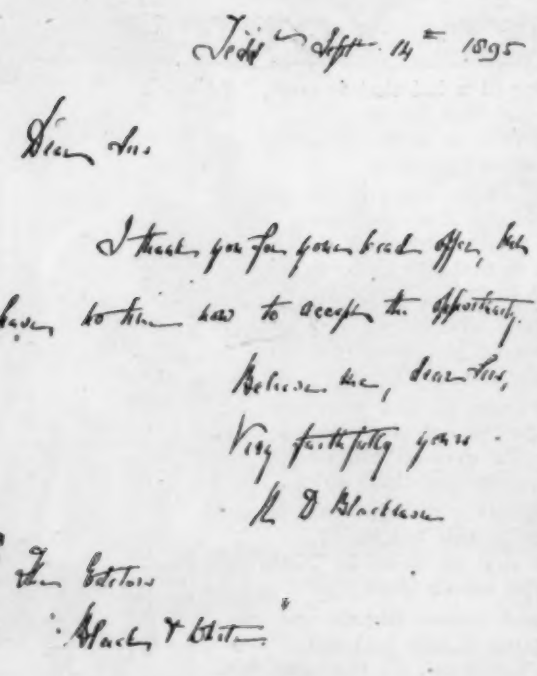


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Novelists on their Works.

PAUL PRY is a new comer in the office of *The Ludgate*, but he is a person of considerable strength of character, and his influence upon the Editors has been strong from the moment of his entry. What else could possibly have inspired them to ask a body of hard-working literary men and women to answer a question of their setting? It was probably Paul Pry's work in part; but they thought also that the answer to this question would be of peculiar interest, and so would not put all the responsibility for the step they took upon the shoulders of their interesting colleague.

In every family there is a Benjamin, and why should the novelist be otherwise towards the children of his brain than the average man to the children of his body? It seemed pretty certain that every writer who had issued books would love some one of them far better than the others. He might be fond of it because he deemed it his highest achievement in literature, or because some scenes and episodes in his own life were reflected in it, or for any reason you like, including even the woman's reason: "Because I do." It might be his most popular or his least thought of book. But, at least, it would be interesting to know whether he had such a partiality for one of his books, and, if so, which of his works so pleased him beyond the others.



The question was therefore put. In some cases it was disregarded, and in others—as will presently be seen — the answer to the question was a mere refusal to disclose the secret. But there follow many letters which cannot fail to interest. In some cases the early anticipations of the Editors have been quite fulfilled: the author confesses to a preference which is not by any means the preference of his or her admirers.

It would have been pleasant to know which of his own books one of the best discussed of living novelists regards with greatest affection. Mr. Thomas Hardy has no end of admirers, and you will hardly find two to agree as to which of his books should be given the highest place. Some are all for *Tess*, and some for *The Return of the Native*, or *Far From the Madding Crowd*. Some swear by *Two on a Tower*, and if Mr. Hardy had said—to name another of these novels—that the best of them all was *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, he would not have been the only lover of his Benjamin. Unhappily *The Ludgate* may not disclose the contents of a note which pleased them greatly until they observed

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95
CAMBRIDGE

I have been asked by the Editor of the "Ludgate" if I have any preference among my own books. There is a kind of maternity about authorship we are all accidently and deeply attached to our own productions during the hour of composition they appear parentless to their creators. Later on, when age has enabled us to forget them we unbend and to understand them more completely than we actually produced them. This perfection vanishes. But I suppose that we always think more highly of our work than any kind of critic would allow. Now I have appeal to the world three kinds of work: that of the present time: that of the last century and that of no time and no age. Of the first kind I like "Children of Gibeon" best, because I wrote it in the latest. Of the second kind I like "The Jacobite" and "Freaks of Fortune" best — but women's reason is because I do. Of the third kind, I like the "Rose of Joy" best, because after it was published in the autumn of 1887 I received many encouragements from men and women in all parts of the world that it was a woman's book: of women's place and woman's place: of men's possibilities and women's possibilities. Women equally like them, in spite of all that women have been saying their say.

Walter Besant.

Authors' Club
Sept. 1895.

UNDERBANK,
TORQUAY.

16th Sept. 1895

Gentlemen,

In reply to your question, I do not know that I think much better — or rather less badly — of one of my books than of the rest: the truth is that I hasten to forget them all as soon as they are written and done with. But I daresay that most authors have a slight preference for the work which has given them the most trouble, and in my case that one happens to be a novel called "Thirlby Hall", which was written a good many years ago, but of which the personages remain more or less distinct to my memory. Later novels of mine have, I believe, been more popular, but, for the above reason, they have not possessed quite the same personal interest for me.

Believe me
Very faithfully yours
W. E. Norris

the fatal "Private" which was written in the corner of the sheet.

Mr. George Meredith, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. Henry James, and Mr. Anthony Hope, answer that they will not talk about themselves; Mrs. Lynn Linton is particularly emphatic: "I *cannot* do it." Mr. Blackmore, too, has nothing to say on the subject, though, perhaps, one may be pardoned for giving further currency to a legend to the effect that the novel for which he is best known is not the author's own favourite among his literary children.

A number of the letters received are here reproduced in facsimile. The thing was worth doing if only for a single reason: that those who have heard tell of the vileness of the caligraphy of authors will here see it demonstrated in the plainest terms that authors have been slandered. Print itself were not more easy to read than these facsimiles of their handwriting.

Hereafter follow some of the letters which were not reproduced in facsimile. Mrs. Clifford's is certainly interesting, and seems, if memory is to be relied upon, to support the theories which led the Editors to start this modern inquisition:—

Storks Cottage, Tring,
Sept. 15th, 1895.

SIRS,—Perhaps I like "A Wild Proxy" (the book form) best of my long stories. It is written in high spirits, and I dislike "A Modern Correspondence" and "The Last Touches" least among my shorter stories. But my own work never pleases me after it is printed—I wish it did.—Yours faithfully, LUCY CLIFFORD.

Lovers of sea-tales will regret that the novelist who, above all others, has amused and delighted them, is ill, but will read what he has to say with keen interest:—

9, Sydney Place, Bath, Sept. 15th, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—I am ill in bed and must dictate this to you through the hand of my daughter, who will sign my name. The book I like best is the book that Pirate," a story which I was much gratified to learn one of our most brilliant critics and one of our most able essayists, George Saintsbury, had read six times over.—Faithfully yours,

CLARK RUSSELL.

Mr. George Gissing sends a reply which ought to interest the young who hesitate as to whether they shall adopt the profession of letters or choose some

Sept 16/95.

GRAND HOTEL BELVEDERE.
DAVOS-PLATZ.
SWITZERLAND.

Dear Sir

In answer to your question I am personally least dissatisfied with "The White Company" and "The Stark Munro Letters" - the one as a romance, and the other as a study of some modern types

Yours faithfully

Conan Doyle.

gave most trouble: the "Convict Ship." After that the "Death Ship" for conception, but the execution is unworthy. "The Tale of the Ten" is an original book, and I claim this as a peculiar merit, seeing how much I have written about the sea and the difficulty other authors encounter in procuring materials for novels out of it entirely. Some speak well of the "Emigrant Ship." I have a sneaking regard, however, for the "Frozen

easier calling. "New Grub Street" must have decided many to avoid the precarious wages and many snubs that the creative writer earns at the beginning, if he have not extraordinary luck. Yet of these things see what Mr. Gissing says:—

Eversley, Worple Road, Epsom,
September 19th, 1895.

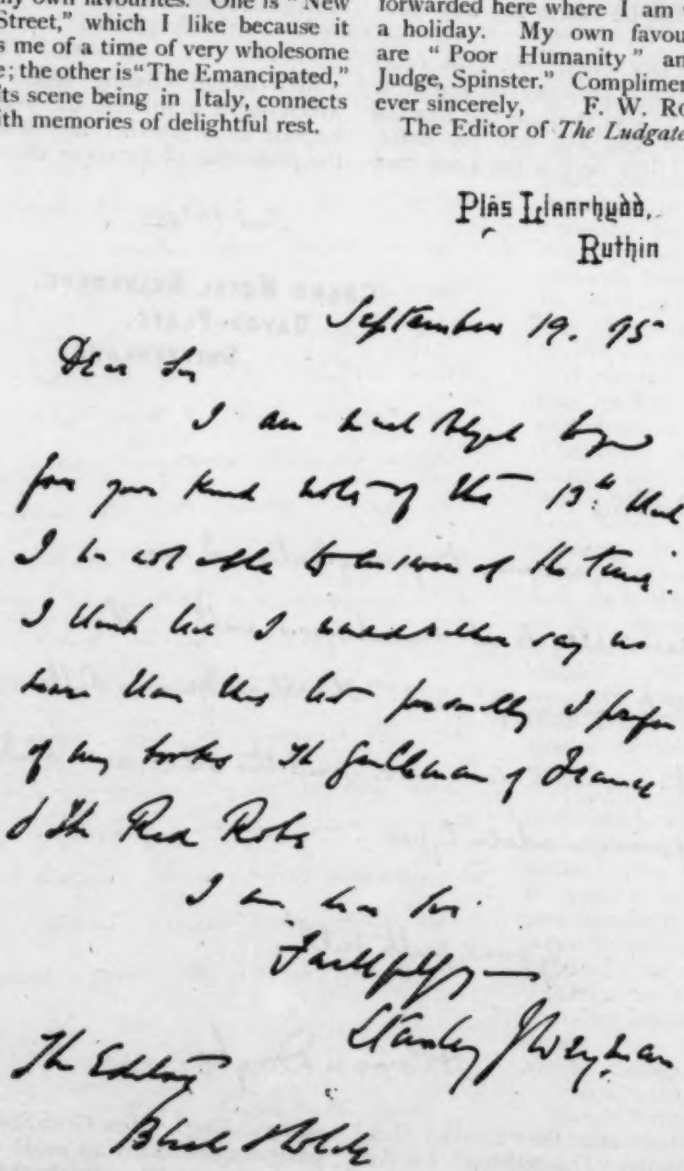
GENTLEMEN,—I am sorry that absence from home has made me late in replying to your letter of the 13th.

When I come to think of the matter, it seems to me that there are two of my books which I should choose from the list as my own favourites. One is "New Grub Street," which I like because it reminds me of a time of very wholesome struggle; the other is "The Emancipated," which, its scene being in Italy, connects itself with memories of delightful rest.

Clifton Arms Hotel, Blackpool,
September 16th, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter has been forwarded here where I am winding up a holiday. My own favourite novels are "Poor Humanity" and "Anne Judge, Spinster." Compliments.—Yours ever sincerely, F. W. ROBINSON.

The Editor of *The Ludgate.*



I shall be glad if this reply to your enquiry will answer the end you have in view. — I am, Gentlemen, faithfully yours, GEORGE GISSING.

Mr. F. W. Robinson, the veteran novelist, and the early friend and helper of many literary men who have since become famous, writes:—

Here is the answer of Mrs. Craigie, John Oliver Hobbes:—

56, Lancaster Gate, W.,
September 29th, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your letter of the 13th of September asking which of my books I like best, I can but reply that I like them all! My last book—

"The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham"—may contain the best work, but I find it rather painful reading. —I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

PEARL MARY CRAIGIE.

The Editor of *The Ludgate*.

Mrs. Stannard—whom all the world knows as John Strange Winter—is kinder than she intends to be:—

Montague House, Birchington Bay, Kent, September 14th, 1895.

GENTLEMEN,—Mrs. Stannard asks me to thank you for your letter of the 13th, and to beg you to excuse her from sending you any contribution on *that* topic. If there is one thing more distasteful to her than another, it is speaking of or discussing her own works, and I think nothing could induce her to deliberately write about them. She has her preferences, of course—the story in hand is always her favourite—and when it is finished "My Poor Dick" always takes precedence.—I am, gentlemen, yonrs faithfully,

ARTHUR STANNARD.

14th Septr 1895

16 Buckingham Street
Strand

Dear Sirs

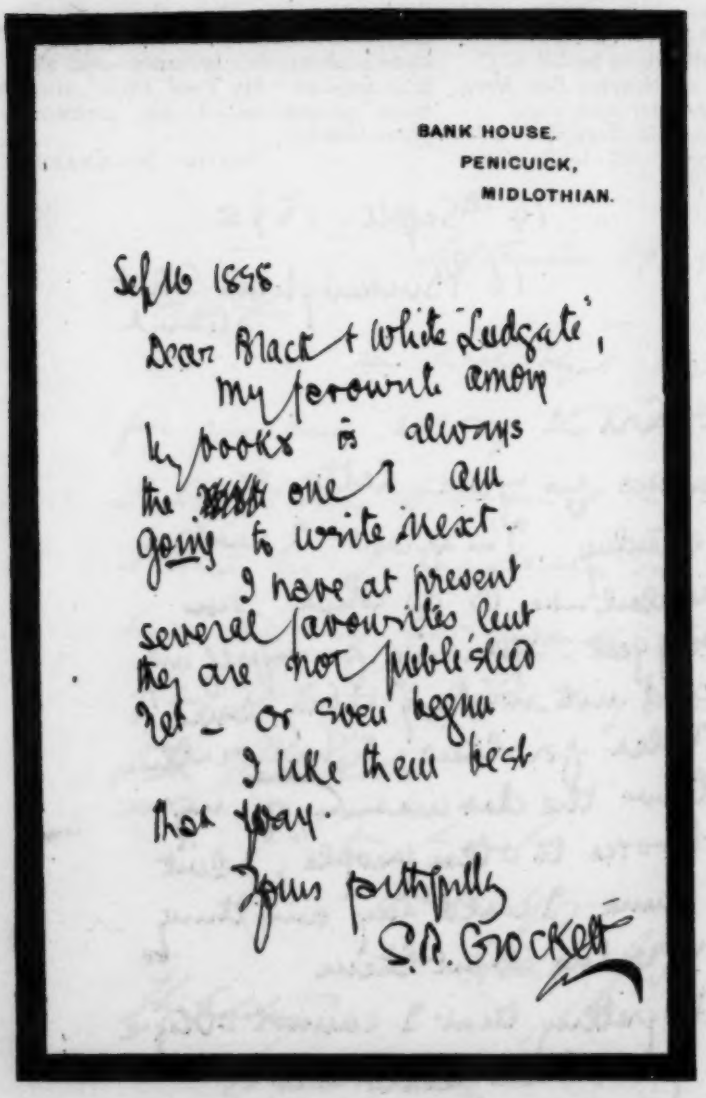
Thanks for your letter of yesterday. I'm afraid I can't undertake to do what you suggest. Speaking for myself only and not wishing to lay down rules for others, I had rather leave the discussion of my books to other people; I don't think I could say anything of value about them

Regretting that I cannot oblige you, I am, dear sirs,

Yours very faithfully
Anthony Hope Hawkins

The Editors of Black & White.

A most delightful writer is Mr. Richard Pryce, whose books are so diverse that you could excuse him if he were to declare that each of his books at one time or another was his favourite. Even he, however, has his Benjamin:—



BANK HOUSE,
PENICUICK,
MIDLOTHIAN.

Sept 16 1895

Dear Black + White "Ludgate",
My favourite among
my books is always
the ~~last~~ one I am
going to write next.
I have at present
several favourites but
they are not published
yet – or even begun
I like them best
that way.
Yours faithfully
S. R. Crockett

Grosvenor Club, Bond Street, W.
September 17th, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—In answer to your question as to which of my books I myself prefer, I think (for what this is worth) "Time and the Woman." But if you were to ask me further which of them I should prefer other people to like best, I should say the last, whatever it might be.—I am, yours faithfully,

RICHARD PRYCE.

Mrs. Maxwell — better known to readers of fiction as Miss Braddon — writes as follows:—

"The Editor of *The Ludgate* asks me which is my favourite among my own novels. I can reply without hesitation, the story which is yet unwritten. *That* is the Author's ideal novel; that is the one perfect book which lures him to his desk day after day, and which is infinitely to excel any of his past work. The story "hanging in the stars," meditated in long, lonely rides, in rambles on hill-side and in forest, slowly, thoughtfully built up in the author's mind, seems, alas, altogether different from the story pinned down in paper and print. How much of that dream-story has vanished before half the book is written. How much of that filmy fabric of thought and fancy has evaporated into thin air. The scenes that glowed with passion as the author improvised, mutely, in his lonely walk, flag and lag and wax dull during the rude drudgery of pen and ink. That ideal novel is of course the favourite with every novelist, and will be so till the pen lies across the unfinished book,

like Balzac's marble pen at Père la Chaise.

I can name no favourite among existing novels of mine. The final revise once despatched to the printer, the work fixed in inexorable stereotype, I never go back to it. I can only name a few of the stories that ran most easily off my pen, wove themselves most pleasantly in my brain, and of which I have least repented when they were written.

Among these I recall "Vixen," "The Venetians," "Asphodel," "The Christmas Hirelings,"—a little story written beside the fire in the long autumn evenings—"Mohawks," and "Ishmael," these two last involving more work than I have ever given to any novel except my novel of the Restoration Epoch, now appearing in the *St. James's Budget*.

MARY MAXWELL.

Mr. Robert Barr answers the question in a spirit that can only be described as flippant. Incidentally, however, he confirms the worst things which have been said lately concerning the awful mercenariness of the literary men who do not limit their output to essays, poems, and reviews, but positively write fiction:—

September 28th, 1895.

The book of mine which I like best is the one that has done most good to the greatest number of people. Every page has been carefully written with the intention of making that page prized. I have endeavoured to hand down my name to posterity on every leaf, yet each new edition of this volume leaves me the poorer. The title is "My Cheque Book" and it is published by the London and County Banking Company.—Ever yours,

ROBERT BARR.

Editor, *Ludgate*.

For simple pathos, how could you beat this?:—

24, Oxford Road, Kilburn, N.W.
September 26th, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—Once my books are published they cease to interest me.—Yours faithfully, I. ZANGWILL.

The Editor, *Black and White*.

For perspicuity and clear-sightedness how equal this?:—

Ealing, September, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—No! I perceive that you are of those who would play upon the notorious love a parent bears his offspring, and so achieve a precious "Comedy of Letters" and make men and women who have won hard-earned reputations for intelligence appear ridiculous. Leave us alone to play the fool at our own firesides before admiring audiences, fortified with our whisky and cigars. Candidly—and now I speak for myself alone—I will prophesy (or if that is too irresponsible will bet a shilling) that there lives not a soul on this earth who cares half a groat which of my own novels I like the best. Why should they care? Do you? You know you don't. —Yours heartily,

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.



THE WIFE'S GUEST.

ONE of the most delightful features of the little club in a quiet street off the Strand, to which I belonged a few years ago, was that every member knew practically all his fellows, so that he could not go there at any hour of the day without finding companionship of some sort or another. It somehow happened, nevertheless, that I was a considerable time in making the acquaintance of Mr. Smurthwaite: a fact which was all the more remarkable inasmuch as he had attracted me from the first. His age might have been anything between forty-five and sixty; his hair was very nearly white, his face clean-shaven and a very type of the lawyer's. His eyes were singularly alert and bright: it was they which chiefly attracted me—they and the briskness and youthfulness of his answers to casual remarks one heard addressed to him in the smoking-room. Of course I might have had an introduction to him at any time; but that course was too formal alike for the customs of the club and my own personal preferences. I waited until chance should bring about my desire, and in the end chance favoured me. There came a time when there were three in the card-room who desired whist and hated dummy. I was called out of the smoking-room, and five minutes later found myself seated at a table as Smurthwaite's partner.

He was good enough, I remember, to find my play to his taste; and the expression of approval which would have seemed unnecessary, at least, from most men, pleased me curiously. I met him at the club frequently after that, and our acquaintance progressed as such things do in clubs. That is, each knew the other's taste in drink, tobacco, books, politics, and the rest, but beyond that knew nothing at all. I should have been surprised, I suppose, had I discovered that Smurthwaite possessed a wife and family, but I certainly could have given no definite reason for my surprise.

Presently, however, things progressed a little further. The club was rather empty and not a little desolate one foggy November evening. "I believe my chambers would be a little more cheerful," said Smurthwaite. "Shall we dine together and go round there? I've some books you might like to see."

No proposal could have been more to my liking. I accepted the invitation very willingly, and after a quiet dinner we moved along to his chambers in the Temple. They were in the oldest and most secluded part of the Inn, and had a delightful air of comfort. The evening passed all too quickly. I think it was not that night that he began to tell me some of the strange stories he had known while they were being enacted; but it must have been soon after, for my recollections of Smurthwaite's cham-

bers are bound up with my recollections of his stories. With the names altered—though it were needless to say that he never told me what they were in the originals—I propose to repeat some of these tales.

"It was just such a day as this has been," he said one snowy evening, leaning back in his chair and regarding the ash of his cigar critically, "that I chanced on the beginning of the story of the Double Marriage. Snow had fallen. I was managing clerk to a firm of solicitors, whose offices were in a quiet street close to the centre of things, but only used for foot-traffic; and for some reason or other had been late at the office. It was only a day after Christmas, and I should not have been working at all had there not been a great press of business.

"I came out into the street and, struck with the silence of everything, was standing on the pavement for a moment when a woman suddenly came up to me and spoke abruptly.

"'Can you recommend me to an honest lawyer anywhere about here?' she asked.

"It happened that I had leave to practice on my own account; but it was late, and I had no particular desire to take advantage of the obvious opportunity.

"'There are lawyers of all sorts and conditions hereabouts,' I said; 'but it is very late, and you will have difficulty in finding one.'

"'But I must find one,' she said. 'I have business which must be done to-night.' Then, catching sight of the plate on the door behind me, 'You are a lawyer yourself.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'but——'

"At that moment a man, who had been standing unseen in the shadow, crossed the narrow street.

"'If you will return to your office with us, sir,' he said, 'I think our business will not take you long.'

"'Very well, then,' I answered unwillingly. 'But it certainly must not take long; I haven't the time.'

"I unlocked the door, and we entered the office. The woman, who did not raise her veil, left it to her companion to explain what was wanted. This was nothing less than that I should prepare a deed of separation for them.

"'But it cannot possibly be done to-night,' I exclaimed.

"'It must,' said the man.

"'Yes,' echoed the woman, 'it had better be done at once.'

"I argued for awhile. Finally I agreed that if they would give me the terms of the document I would have it ready for signature early the next morning.

"When it became a question of terms



"IT WAS JUST SUCH A DAY AS THIS HAS BEEN"

matters seemed likely to move less smoothly.

"'Two hundred and fifty pounds a year,' said the husband.

"'Make it three hundred, George,' said the wife. 'I can't manage on less.'

"'No,' said the man, 'I can't say more.'

"Suddenly the woman went down on her knees to him. 'Make it three hundred,' she said. 'I can't live and educate the children on a smaller amount.'

"The thing which had amazed me from the beginning was that these two, who by all the rules of the game should have been barely on speaking terms with one another, were apparently quite good friends. The money difference ought to have changed all that, and for a moment I expected a scene. But nothing of the kind happened. The woman knelt and proferred her request, very earnestly, it

is true, but in tones rather more like those in which you would have expected her to ask for a new bonnet from an indulgent husband, than the irate tones in which she should have demanded an increase of alimony from a husband with whom she found it impossible to live any longer.

"'Make it three hundred, George,' she said, and in the end the man yielded, doubtless because he also had some fear of a scene ensuing if he should continue to refuse her request. As lawyers do, I took down the names of the parties and the heads of the agreement.

"It was arranged finally that I should be the trustee under the separation deed, and as such should receive on the first of the month a cheque from Mr. Valentine, the man, pay it into my account, and then send my own cheque for the amount to Mrs. Valentine, at an address somewhere in the North. On no account was I to write to Mr. Valentine; but the injunction was presently modified to the extent that if I



"CAN YOU RECOMMEND ME TO AN HONEST LAWYER?"

deemed it absolutely essential I might communicate with him at an address at Ealing.

"The document was ready the next day, and at two in the afternoon the couple called and executed the deed. For about six months everything went well. The cheques came in regularly on the first of each month, and were duly honoured. I sent my private cheque to Mrs. Valentine, and duly received her receipt for the amount.

"When the seventh cheque became due there was a break in this serene flow of events: the money did not arrive. I waited for some days. Then I began to feel uneasy and to expect an angry letter from Mrs. Valentine. That also failed to arrive, but in the end I judged that this was an occasion making it quite essential that I should communicate with Mr. Valentine. I therefore wrote to him at Ealing and received no answer. By this time it was the tenth of the month, and I could not for the life of me understand the wonderful patience of Mrs. Valentine."

Smurthwaite paused and filled his glass again.

"Was there nothing further?" I asked.

"Wait a moment," he said. "I have told you that the morning of the tenth brought no answer to my letter to Ealing. Later in the day, however, I was told that a lady wanted to see me, and that she had refused to give her name. Her business, she had said, was of the utmost importance: which, of course, might or might not be true. I was very busy, and hesitated for a moment about seeing her. Finally, however, I changed my mind and told the clerk to show her up.

"Now my stories are all true, and I know quite well that what I am going to say of my visitor would be altogether hackneyed in fiction. Still, I am bound to say that she was the loveliest woman I have ever seen. Some of the queens who have been famous for their loveliness, at first in history, and afterwards for ever in song and romance, may have been like her; but she had also a look of trouble, which made one want to assist her to a degree which I found uncomfortable.

"'I haven't your name,' I said. 'But, perhaps, you will tell me what I can do for you?'

"'I want you to answer a question,' she replied.

"'Madame,' I answered, 'that is the one thing that I am not likely to be able to do.'

"She simply took no note of the warning. 'Did you on such and such a day in December last receive a visit from a man and woman, and make out a deed of separation for them?' She asked the question in the pleasantest voice I have ever heard, and looked at me beseechingly.

"'It is a rule of the profession,' I said, 'never to discuss the business of a client with those whom it does not concern. I can answer no question until I know the grounds on which you ask it. If you will tell me your name and your rights——'

"'No,' she rejoined quickly. 'I will tell you my wrongs! I am the wife of Mr. George Valentine, to whom you addressed a letter on Monday at his house at Ealing. The letter has not been answered.'

"I admit I was startled. My visitor was certainly not the sort of person whose word you would be likely to doubt, yet the memory of that first scene in December made me cautious, since it showed that there was another claimant to the name she gave herself. 'You had better tell me everything,' I said.

"Mrs. Valentine hesitated a little while. Then she began her story.

"'Five years ago,' she said, 'I was married to the kindest husband ever woman knew, George Valentine, to whom you wrote on Monday. We went to live at Ealing, at the address you know, and for more than four years all went well. There was only one drawback to my happiness: my husband's occupation was such that he had to be frequently away from home. As a matter of fact he spent about half his time at a Northern seaport, and the rest in London, where he also had offices. There might have been a pleasanter arrangement—for he was the kindest of husbands—but other women have to suffer in the same ways because of the nature of their husband's calling, and, being happy otherwise, I made shift to be content.

"'I try to remember some change in him, but there was never any change. I had every reason to believe myself fortunate in my marriage up to the time of the birth of my third child. I was very ill at the time, and it was weeks before I could leave my room. However, I presently grew better, and at last, on Christmas day, the doctor let me join my family at dinner. That was the last of my good days. My husband was at home, as fond and affectionate as ever, and it was good to see something of the children.

"'Presently there was a ring at the door-bell, and while I was still wondering who the visitor could be—for we knew very few people in the neighbourhood—the servant entered with a white face to say that there was a woman lying apparently unconscious on the doorstep. My husband was in another part of the house at the time.

"'In a minute I had brought her in and laid her on the sofa which I had been occupying. We gave her stimulants, and gradually she seemed to come back to consciousness. There were two little children—pretty children—with her, and they, too, were wet and cold with the snow which had been falling rather heavily. All three were well and comfortably dressed, however, and their condition struck me as a little mysterious.

"'The woman uttered hardly a word. Certainly she said nothing which could explain her being in such a wretched plight, or her choice of this particular house as a place at which to seek assistance. However, while a servant saw to the needs of the children, giving them dry clothes and a warm drink, I took the mother and placed my wardrobe at her disposal, taking her own clothes to be dried. My husband entered presently, having heard nothing of the visitor, and he was evidently amazed to see her there. I did not wonder, but a few words of explanation sufficed to enlighten him.

"'Then we all sat down to dinner. The stranger still talked but little, and the children seemed very shy and frightened. Looking back, I cannot understand how it was that I received her so willingly under the circumstances. I suppose it was because I was so happy. I had recovered from my illness, was downstairs once more among my children and my household treasures, and I had my husband at home with me. It only needed a very slight appeal to secure my pity for a woman who seemed to have been less fortunate. Then—I had thought that my illness might prove fatal; and the remembrance of the hours spent with that thought made me pity her children.



"SOME OF THE QUEENS . . . . MAY HAVE BEEN LIKE HER"

"'So I did all that I could possibly do for her and them without the least suspicion of what I should presently discover. My husband, too, did his best, and backed me up in my efforts to secure their comfort.

"'Finally, when the twilight was come, our visitor said that she must catch the train back to London. All this time she had said nothing as to the purpose of her visit to Ealing, but I helped her to prepare for departure without questioning her. When she was ready and stood in the hall with her children my husband said that he would show her the way to the station. She begged him not to trouble, but he insisted—as a man would naturally insist under the circumstances—and finally had his way.

"'The door closed behind them, and I heard that they began to speak as soon as it was shut. A flood of wild suspicions come upon me: indeed, they were rather a conviction that in some way this woman was my enemy. Now, too, my husband's amazement when first he saw the woman seemed too great to be accounted for as simple surprise at the presence of such a visitor. Weak and ill as I was I resolved to follow them to the station.

"'The snow had been falling again, and still was falling. I traced their footsteps and soon came in sight of them. They were not walking as people walk who have a train to catch, and the way they had chosen did not lead to the station. I could see they were engaged in eager conversation, but, of course, could gather no hint of what they were discussing. I followed a long time, ready to fall with fatigue and illness at every step. Then at last, after much wandering, they made for the station, and I returned to my home.

"'The hours that followed were terrible. I waited and waited, and still my husband did not come. It was after ten when I heard the sound of his latchkey, and rose to face him. As he entered I demanded to know who the other woman was, and why she had come to our house that day. He told me, brutally and defiantly, that for a time she had thought herself his wife in the northern town to which his business took him. She had learnt the truth, and her visit was for the purpose of making certain. . . . . Now, will you tell me if it is true, as I suspect, that on the day following my husband called with the other woman to arrange for a separation?'

"I could no longer fence with the distressed lady. Her tale was obviously true, and in that case she had the right to know whatever I could tell her. At any rate, I told her.

"'Yes,' I said, 'they called late on the day after Christmas and wanted to have the deed made out at once. In the end they returned to sign it on the following morning. Until the present month I have received a monthly cheque from Mr. Valentine and sent the amount on to Mrs.—to the woman in the North.'



"I FOLLOWED A LONG TIME"

"'But this month?' she cried.

"'This month the money has not arrived.'

"'And although it is ten days overdue you have had no word of complaint from that woman?'

"'Not a word,' I said. 'I own I am greatly puzzled. If it had not been that I expected to hear from her I should have followed my instructions from Mr. Valentine, which were that I was never to communicate with him except in case of such communication becoming absolutely necessary.'

"My visitor's distress was painful to witness.

"'Then he has gone back to her!' she cried. 'He has gone back to her finally. It is certain that in any other event she would have been writing you long before this.'

"'I'm afraid there is only too good ground for your belief,' I said. 'It is

the only natural inference from the facts: especially if your husband has been long absent from Ealing.'

"'He has not been at home for three weeks,' she said. 'Yes, he has gone back to her.'

"That was all she could say or think of, and I on my side had no suggestion to make which could be expected to lead to the restoration of her happiness. I wanted, but did not deem it wise, to say that she was extremely well rid of a blackguard.

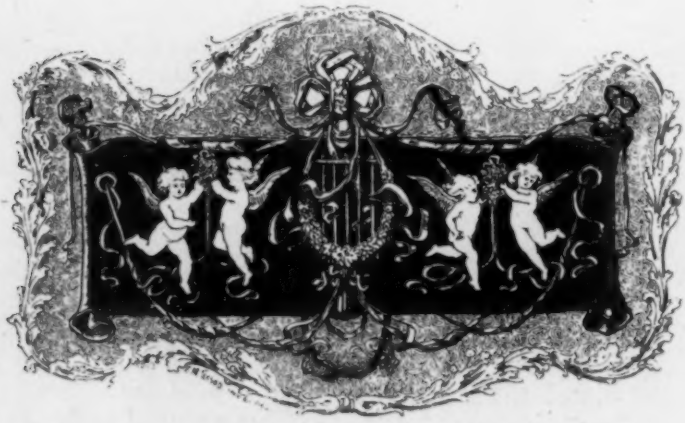
"'I must go now,' she said, at last, speaking in a broken voice. 'I must thank you for your kindness, and if ever I need advice I trust you will let me come to you.'

"'There is no need of thanks,' I said, 'and, as to advice, I shall be greatly honoured if you will come to me when you stand in any need of it.' And thereupon she left the room and was gone."

Once again Smurthwaite paused. "Well," I asked, "what was the end of it all? Had he gone back to the other woman?"

"Imagine the folly of the man who asks for an end to a story which has happened," said Smurthwaite, with scornful emphasis. "That is the end of the thing. From that day forth I never saw or heard anything of any of the three who played parts in the drama. My story ends at the shutting of the door behind Mrs. Valentine."

He was absolutely uninterested in my suggestions as to how the story might have devoloped from that point onward.



The Penny Theatre.

By LEONARD CROSSKEY.



A GENERAL INVITATION

WHATEVER may be said by those who know it not, London is surely the place of all others where it is most convenient to live. This is admittedly true of the well-to-do-classes, but it is probably still more true in the case of the poor. For there is no luxury of the rich which the comparatively poor cannot enjoy in some form or another. Beef and mutton—unheard of luxuries in the country—can be had in all the most crowded centres at prices ridiculously low. In most of them the energetic butcher might paraphrase the words used by the publishers of a well-known series of cheap books, and offer "a joint of meat for the price of a pint of beer." Fruit and vegetables are cheaper still, and, finally, the poor man may get his theatre at a penny. Nor does he suffer in the way suggested by the old legend "Penny plain and twopence coloured." The stuff he gets for his coppers is about as glaringly high-coloured as a thing may be. There is a distinctly moral air about these theatres of the people. You may, indeed, be induced to enter by means of a flaring placard, and a sensational title: the entertainment business is not remarkably flourishing, and it is necessary to collect an audience somehow or other. But, once you have entered, you shall see nothing which can produce ill effects upon the most delicate of moral susceptibilities. Crime you are, indeed, shown, but in such a light that emulation is the last thing you would dream of. Rather are you worked into a state of healthy indignation, and moved



"A MELANCHOLY OLD-LADY"

to lavish on the villain that execration which is (to stage villains) the sincerest form of flattery.

But to have talked of what happens inside before having described the process of entering is to anticipate considerably. The theatre of the people gives many shows a night, so that, maybe, when you reach it you are kept waiting on the pavement, lest by entering in the middle of an entrancing scene you should disturb the audience and break the spell which holds it now and should attract it back again on other occasions. A wait on the pavement is a fixed part of the entertainment. When you are beginning to lose interest in that occupation the audience begins to surge out. Now is the proprietor's opportunity to convince you that his show is no fraud. He stands at the doorway as his patrons file out, and loudly asks them to express their opinions on what they have seen.



A CLASS



A VETERAN SHOWMAN

You cannot but remark how admirably he adjusts his speech to the persons whom he addresses, and you will note that his "Mother" is the exact equivalent of the West-end shop-walker's most obsequious "Madam." The last audience out you enter, paying your money to the proprietor, if he be not engaged in inviting the general public to enter, and in assuring them (a trifle daringly) that they will not be kept waiting when they have entered. In this last event you hand your penny to a melancholy looking old lady in seedy black, who receives it apathetically. Then you pass on into the theatre and scrutinise your companions.

The penny is a democratic coin, and democratic is the penny audience. Many of the ladies will most certainly be



A THRILLING SCENE

without hats and in white aprons. Even if they wear hats decorated with huge feathers you will find their spirits as high as is the pitch of their laughter, while their language is—more or less remotely—that of the common folk in Shakespeare. It has, at least, the same energy and the same freedom from restraint. Then there are the men: some of them fit mates for the girls described, while some watch everything with an evident desire to make it evident that they have



ONE OF THE AUDIENCE

only come hither from just the same sort of curiosity that has brought you, and that they generally patronise the gallery of some regular south-side theatre. There is also, invariably, the man whose wife has insisted on his bringing her in and does not now like the company. A few stray children make up the audience which you have very thoroughly inspected long before the play begins. An orchestra is not a common feature in these theatres. In some, however, a couple of spasmodic minstrels play the part and make the rising of the curtain a relief. Usually there is a meaningless bustle behind the curtain, and then it rises with a certain difficulty and the show begins.

Pennyworths vary in goodness, even as apples in size. In some you are given nothing but one condensed melodrama. The condensation is a concentration as well as a curtailment. That is to say, the villain is such a villain as never trod the boards in any theatre of greater pretensions: the low comedian a fellow of such infinite and even violent humour as even the music-halls could hardly produce. The proprietor leans against the walls of his theatre (which, perhaps, has been a shoe-maker's shop) and watches with the apathy of a man to whom the thing is not new. But the audience watches with intense excitement, now applauding, now groaning, now guffawing. Everyone is, so to speak, in the front row of the stalls, and the stage is so low that the reality of the performances passes words. The discoverer of the "Pepper's Ghost" illusion is a man to whom the patrons of these theatres owe an enormous debt of gratitude, which they would doubtless be glad to pay — in words — if they could meet him face to face. For there is nothing goes so well with such an audience as something with angels in it. Of course, the ghost is just as easily managed as the angel, and is, it must be admitted, only less popular and effective. "The Corsican Brothers" is as good an example of the sort of play that goes down well as can be found, and it must be admitted that the theatre which gives it in fifteen minutes, for the small charge of one penny has the right to expect that its patrons should be a little more than satisfied. The present writer has on more than one occasion visited several shows of this kind in a single evening, but is there not a terrible story to be written (for a Tract Society) concerning a boy who had sixpence and a passion for the drama, and went and witnessed half-a-dozen of these condensed and thrilling plays in one short evening?

The theatre and the music-hall, when both are at a penny, are not so far apart as the stars of the legitimate drama would fain have us believe. They sometimes get blended, and even mixed with certain features of the waxworks show. Even the penny-in-the-slot things which used to amuse children —and seem to do so in this later generation — at the Crystal Palace, are also to be found as adjuncts of the drama. While you wait for the play, perhaps, you can grow rapturous over a "Sleeping Beauty," or smile with gentle amusement over the domesticated humour of a child who has spilt her porridge in the surprise occasioned by the sudden appari-



A CRITIC

tion of a frog. When the curtain has fallen, and the comic man has squelched the villain, you find it a relief to watch the antics of some dusky savage (probably a stray from some great show, or a wanderer from the neighbourhood of the Docks) who unites to the impressiveness of a royal title an activity in the performance of uncouth antics which would put the average knock-about artist of the halls to shame. He is equally happy whether he be licking red-hot iron, or dancing in the flames of a little methylated spirit spilt upon the floor, or giving you a grotesque and horrible imitation of the noise made by a railway train, or by an angry bull-dog. There is even dancing of a sort: both the skirt-dance and the serpentine may be seen as parts of a penny entertainment. And you need not despair of seeing society comedies and problem plays in the New Cut or Bermondsey. They are bound to come in time.



"A STRAY FROM SOME BIG SHOW"



I SHOULD count it a shame to intrude myself where my presence is not wanted, yet here, in *The Ludgate*, I dare to believe that I shall be not altogether unwelcome. For the world is very full of people who have much to tell, and many of the best informed never tell their tales unless they chance to meet such an one as myself, who have made it a business to learn whatever is to be learned of new and strange as I go to and fro about the world. For myself, I am interested in everything: in the customs of every trade, however insignificant it may be, and in the secrets of every profession, however little it may be thought of by the world at large. Fools talk of the inquisitive man as one to be condemned. Personally, I love the epithet when it is hurled at me; and I am proud to admit that if something new were told in a whisper by the bed where I lay fast asleep I should surely wake up and hear what was said.

IMPORTER OF TURTLES.

How many of the good people who will take turtle soup with the Lord Mayor this November will know how that soup comes before them? Without admitting that I expect an invitation to the banquet, I nevertheless felt sufficiently curious about the topic to go and see Mr. T. K. Bellis, of Jeffrey's Square, E.C.

"You import turtles, I believe, Mr. Bellis?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied; "but please don't tell the Anti-Gambling Society, or they might look me up."

"Why?"

"Because backing horses or opening big mining accounts is quite gentle speculation in comparison with the turtle trade. It is just all the gambling a man wants in life, my trade."

"Tell me about it right from the start."

"Well you must know that my agents in the West Indies contract with the fishermen of the Cayman's Reefs for all the turtles they catch, say during the next twelve months. The fishermen go out with their schooners and their nets, bring their catches to Kingston, Jamaica, and discharge them into the crawl, which is a place arranged on the beach, with the tidal water running through it. Now the larger ones, say over 200 lbs., are no good for the English market. They are much too coarse. So these big ones are slaughtered, and the red meat, which is like beef or veal, is sold to the niggers, at 3d. or 4d. per pound, the calipee and the calipash, if good enough, being sent home, sun-dried. The turtles under 200 lbs, or thereabouts, are sent home to me per Royal Mail steamer every fortnight, about 120 in each consignment. Then comes the element of chance. Sometimes 30 per cent. of them die in transit, and have to be thrown overboard! This is especially so in frosty weather. Turtles are difficult to kill in the ordinary way, but in anything under 40 degrees temperature, they go off like blowing out candles."

"The danger is over when they get to Southampton, I suppose?"

"Oh, is it indeed. I throw sovereigns about like nutshells to get the railway men to help me, on a frosty night, for the train is often the most dangerous part of the journey. Twice have I lost seventy turtles between Southampton and Waterloo, and at £5 apiece, perhaps, you can see what I mean by calling it a gamble."

"But you always know you will get your price all right for the survivors?"

"Not necessarily. Certainly in the ordinary way I am strong enough to make my own market, and to command 8d. to 10d. per lb. Last year, when the market was very short, I got 1s. 9d. and 2s. per lb. But, perhaps, the bottom is knocked out of the market in this way. Somebody thinks he will have a speculation in turtle, not knowing what he is doing; or somebody out in the West Indies sends a consignment to a man who is not ready for them. That man has no tanks such as I have to keep them in. He can't let them run about his office or his cellar. He has to sell them at any price he can get, and then how do I get rid of my lot?"

"But you make a good thing out of the trade, all the same?"

"Last year I made a little, but the previous year I lost £600. There's nothing much to be got out of importing live turtles, but it keeps me supplied with the dried turtle and that is my leading article!"

"The supply of live turtle is much more regular than it used to be?"

"Oh, yes. The supply is altogether changed. In my earlier days, before steamers were put on to the West Indies, we used to get all our West India produce in sailing vessels of from 300 to 500 tons, and the skippers then used to speculate in turtle at their own risk. We never knew what a skipper would bring, and we used to wait anxiously down at the docks, in a great funk about getting what we wanted. I have known skippers to sell their whole cargo of turtle at 2s. 6d. per lb."

"And is the English demand growing?"

"At special seasons, such as influenza times, there is a lively demand, for although I don't know what the properties are, there is something very vitalising and stimulating in turtle soup."



"MY GOLLY!"

"Perhaps that's why they serve it at the Guildhall banquets—to keeps guests awake through the speeches?"

"Into such recondite researches about the subject I am afraid I have never penetrated."

MAKER OF TURTLE SOUP.

I next became curious concerning the making of turtle soup, and called upon Mr. Alfred Salmon, of Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., who provided the soup and the rest of the fare for Lord Mayor Renals's banquet last year. With Mr. Salmon throughout the interview was Mr. John Lusty, of Limehouse, the importer of most of the turtles this firm require. Both gentlemen rather suspected that I wanted to learn their trade secrets, in order to start in opposition to them, until the course of conversation revealed that (without my notes of Mr. Bellis's information to refer to) I knew as much about turtles as about the antediluvian fauna.

"Well, then," said Mr. Salmon, "you take the best West Indies green turtle; you hook him up by the hinder fins, so that his head drops out, and you cut his throat. He keeps his blood until you wind him under the fin, and even when you cut him up into parts, with his head in one place and various parts of his body elsewhere, he doesn't lose his vitality apparently. I myself, certainly half-an-hour after a head has been cut off, have touched that head and seen the mouth open quite widely. You can't get foreigners to kill them: they seem frightened of them. English cooks are the only ones, and they are by far the best at making turtle soup."

"Which part is the calipee?"

"The belly is the calipee and the back the calipash. From underneath the

calipee we cut off the white meat, the turtle steaks. To make your stock you first of all take the calipee, the calipash and the fins, which are very glutinous. Then comes the blanching, or dipping into boiling water, in order to get the fish's scales off, just as you scald a pig to get his hair off. You wash him, put him into your copper or stock-pot, and partly cook him to get the meat away from the bones. Putting the meat on one side for the time you boil his bones further in your stock-pot, and then the next morning you clarify the stock with the white meat I previously spoke of from under the calipee. Next you take your calipee, calipash and fins; dress them and clean them, cut them up, and boil them in your clear soup to give it strength and stiffening."

"What about seasonings?"

"Before this you have put in some



THE TURTLE HANDICAP

onion, and now you add green basil, marjorum, common thyme, allspice, old peppers, mace, salt, a good bunch of parsley, and a few shalots. You boil it, skim it, add Madeira wine and lemon, but you will cloud your soup if you add the lemon before the boiling. Then you cut your meat up in the sizes you like—they like it cut large in the City—and there's your clear turtle soup. With the clear soup is served turtle green fat in a bowl and Madeira to add to the soup."

"And is thick turtle made similarly?"

"Yes, except that you add it to the rue, consisting of flour and butter. Of course, this is a very elementary description of the great art and mystery of making turtle soup."

"You have said nothing about the proportions of those seasonings."

"That's where the great judgment comes in. All turtles differ more or less in flavour, and it is in the use of these seasonings, purely guided by his own discretion, that the great cook gets his opportunity of proving his prowess. The management of these herbs is one of the secrets of the thing."

EATER OF TURTLE SOUP.

"Have you ever eaten turtle soup?" I asked, as I entered the shop of Mr. Robert Hancock, the Fleet Street chemist.

Mr. Hancock obviously mistook me for a patient in want of some of his nasty drugs. "Thousands of times," he answered; "but it isn't the turtle soup that has upset you. That can't hurt you. It's the drink you took with it."

"Thousands of times, you said; but that's absurd."

"Well, to be literally accurate, at least a hundred times. I have been to certainly a score of Lord Mayor's banquets at the Guildhall, to sixty Livery Companies' dinners, and to another score of turtle dinners at places like the 'Ship and Turtle' in Leadenhall Street, where they used to have in their window a huge live turtle pathetically labelled 'soup to-morrow.'"

As he spoke the cheerful apothecary began getting down various bottles in order to mix me the pick-me-up he imagined I had come for. I did not mean to take it, but let him go on while he talked.

"Turtle soup," he proceeded, "is the only thing I have ever seen make peers, prelates, and people alike forgetful of the ordinary impulses of etiquette. Almost everybody at the 9th of November banquets has his two or even three helpings of turtle soup. I have even seen a Cabinet Minister anxiously looking for the waiter in order to get his third basin. And, mind you, that only showed his judgment and his experience of these affairs. Everyone who knows what a Lord Mayor's banquet is does much the same. The rest of the affair is not of much account, and most of it is cold fare. At the Livery Companies' dinners it's a different matter. There one hesitates to partake of more than the orthodox single plate, for the remainder of the dinner is sure to be a very elaborate affair. Indeed, turtle soup is not always served at the Livery dinners. Sometimes they are turtle dinners, and sometimes venison dinners; never both."

"Is turtle an acquired taste, do you think?"

"Well, they say it is, just like tomatoes, but I don't recollect the time when I had to make any effort to enjoy mine."

"How did turtle come to be worshipped so much in the City?"

"I really don't know that it is worshipped. I once heard it cursed very emphatically, I can tell you. At one of the Guildhall banquets a waiter upset a plate of it—of course, it was the thick—right over the shoulder of a well-known Deputy. I have heard some pretty efforts in the use of language during my sojourn in Fleet Street, but I never did hear anything to equal the anathemas which were hurled upon that unhappy waiter, upon turtle soup, and upon everything appertaining to Lord Mayors and their banquets. The Deputy was really most impartial and indiscriminate in his remarks. Mark Twain has somewhere said that a man has never tasted real happiness until, perfectly free himself from *mal-de-mer*, he has seen everybody else on board thoroughly upset. On the same principle, I never enjoyed turtle soup so much in my life as I did on that occasion. But here's your mixture. Take it, and you'll feel better."

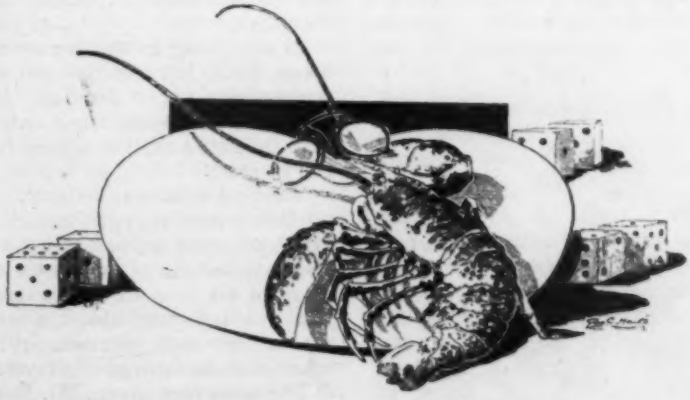


IS IT ALL RIGHT?

"What mixture? I ordered no draught."

"But what have you come here asking about turtle soup for?"

"Mere inquisitiveness. I'm Paul Pry. See if you can surpass the Deputy's 'pretty effort in the use of language!'"





THE DEADLY LETTERS.

SURGEON-COLONEL JOHN HEDFORD, late of the Indian Medical Service, lived in the large provincial city of Salchester. During a long residence in India he had given much time and study to the action of poisons on organic life. His knowledge of the subject became so exhaustive that, had he lived in the time of the Borgias, the lucrative appointment of Court Poisoner would have been his. As it was, however, his speciality enabled him to supplement his income by acting as an expert when called on. His book on Toxicology, which he modestly entitled "Some Remarks on the Nature and Effect of Indian Poisons," had been favourably reviewed by the *Lancet* and the *British Medical Journal* and bade fair to become a text-book in the schools.

One morning he was watching the death-throes of a mouse to which he had administered a new ptomaine, when a letter, marked "Immediate," was delivered by a Commissionaire. It read as follows:

"The Royal Standard Life
Assurance Co.,
24, Castle Lane, Salchester,
12th July, 18—.

Dear Sir,

Can you favour us with a call at this office at 12 o'clock to-day? We wish to consult you on a matter of great importance. Kindly reply per messenger.

Yours very truly,
Chas. B. Morton,
Resident Secretary.

Surgeon-Col. J. Hedford,
Queen's Elms,
Salchester."

The Specialist read the note carefully through twice before sending an affirmative reply. By this time the mouse was dead, and as that was the only urgent business he had on hand just then, Hedford suspended his experiments for the day. His silver-mounted cane and immaculate Lincoln-and-Bennett were handed to him by his Hindoo servant, Chundra-Dass, and Hedford left the house. He sauntered leisurely to the County Club. After skimming over a few of that morning's London dailies, he went to the offices of the "Royal Standard," where he arrived with military punctuality on the stroke of noon.

Hedford was received by the Secretary, Mr. Morton, and introduced to Mr Montagu Scott, the London manager, who had been in Salchester for the past two days. After paying a well-merited compliment to the Specialist on his reputation as a toxicologist, Mr. Scott got to business at once, and said abruptly:

"I am going to put a case into your hands which has cost this and two other companies, the 'Tresham' and the 'Mutual,' £150,000, and which may cost us half-a-million unless the riddle can be read."

The Specialist was reticent.

"Before handing you these documents," Mr. Scott went on, indicating a tightly-strapped bundle of papers on the table, "I must ask your earnest assurance that you will maintain absolute secrecy on the subject until you yourself, or some other man, has solved the mystery."

The assurance given, Mr. Scott stated briefly that for the past two years purchases of life policies had been made by, or for, Sir William Huntingdon, M.P., a Salchester magnate of high reputation,

who lived principally in London: that most of the persons assured had died since the date of the transfer of the policies: that in only one case had there been an inquest, for the sufficient reason that the assured had all died from well-known diseases, and had been attended by physicians who were beyond suspicion; and that the three companies had paid claims amounting in all to £150,000 either to Sir William Huntingdon or to persons who were suspected of being in collusion with him. This coincidence of early death from "natural causes" occurring to nearly all the unfortunate transferors of the policies was, at present, inexplicable. Mr. Scott had no special hypothesis, but, on behalf of



"NURSE HUDSON TURNED VERY WHITE"

the three "Life" offices, he entrusted Surgeon-Colonel Hedford with the case, informing him that if necessary he could call in the services of an experienced detective from Scotland Yard. This Hedford declined to do, preferring to work for a time single-handed in the matter. Mr. Scott intimated that a sum of £500 would be placed to the credit of Colonel Hedford's account in the Great Northern Banking Company, and that he was to spare neither pains nor money in the endeavour to clear up the mystery.

As the Specialist left the "Royal Standard" office he buttoned his coat with determination and strode hastily homeward. He was well aware of the intricate nature of the task before him, and fully realised the difficulties in his path. On the other hand, the fact that the £500 would convert the small debit balance of his banking account into a handsome credit one was a matter for satisfaction. Anglo-Indian habits are expensive and difficult to break off. Besides, the work before him was purely humanitarian. It is pleasant to be a philanthropist when one is well paid for it.

On arriving at "The Elms," Hedford went straight to his study, and lighting a strong Indian cheroot he undid the straps which bound together the bundle of documents handed to him by the Manager of the Insurance Company. They were records of the dates and causes of death of the persons whose policies had been purchased by Sir William Huntingdon. As the causes of death ranged from "small-pox" to "old age" and, as the melancholy list included two railway accidents, very little was gained from the study of the papers. However, the Specialist made a table of their contents, which, when carefully completed, seemed to suggest something more than the individual documents read consecutively. On the impression thus formed he reserved judgment.

Surgeon-Colonel Hedford spent the next three weeks in journeying north, south, east, and west, to the different parts of the kingdom where the deceased policy-holders had resided. He interviewed doctors and relatives with much tact and circumspection, without arousing the slightest suspicion as to his object, but failed to elicit anything material. Death in each case had been caused by one or other of the ills to which the flesh is heir. The mystery was as far from solution as ever. One terrible fact, however, stood out in ghastly relief—sooner or later after the purchase of their policies, people who lived hundreds of miles apart were struck down by some deadly disease, and in several cases not only had the assured persons been cut off, but also other members of their families. Hedford had seen strange things in India, and had heard of stranger. He was the reverse of superstitious, but he could not, at times, help feeling that there was more than coincidence in the matter, and that Sir William Huntingdon possessed powers of a diabolical and horrible nature. The Specialist, how-

ever, was both sensible and scientific. To be both scientific and sensible is to orthodox minds an impossibility. As Hedford possessed a happy combination of these qualities he dismissed his wild fancies. Had he been less determined he would have given up the case in despair. He was on the point of returning to Salchester, when he received a telegram from Mr. Montagu Scott, as follows:

"*To Hedford,*
Mitre Hotel, Manchester.

Policy purchased by Huntingdon yesterday, ten thousand pounds. See advertisement 'Daily Telegraph' fifteenth inst. Hamilton staying Grand Hotel, Brighton. Letter awaits you there.

Scott, London."

Reference to the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* showed that a policy on the life of a retired Indian officer had been sold by auction the previous day.

The Specialist arrived at Brighton tired and worn out with continuous travelling. He found the letter from the "Royal Standard" awaiting him. The policy had been effected ten years previously in that office, and the assured was Major-General Hamilton, late Political Agent at the Court of the Rajah of Gorakphur. He had been unfortunate in a recent gold-mining speculation and had lost a large fortune. Hence the sale of the policy.

Hedford was intensely interested. After removing the traces of his tiresome journey he sent in his card to General Hamilton. They were old friends, and over a cigar and a whisky-and-seltzer in the smoking-room, Hamilton related the story of his misfortunes. He had still his pension and a small remnant of his capital left; but he bitterly regretted having had to let his life policy go. His daughters were to join him the next day and, in the course of a week or ten days, they intended going to some cheap Continental watering-place. The girls did not know of their father's financial difficulties, and Hedford was cautioned not to divulge anything to them.

The Misses Hamilton arrived the next morning and renewed acquaintance with the Specialist, who laughingly reminded them that, when he bade them farewell ten years before at the Gorakphur Residency they had shed tears at his departure and had been lavish of their caresses. He told them that he hoped by "strict attention to business," &c., to merit a continuance, or rather a renewal, of the favours then bestowed. For a brief space he forgot his serious mission, and, in the charming society of Ethel and Mary Hamilton and their father a very pleasant morning was spent. But he did not long neglect his duty, and that evening the Hamiltons saw him off by the London express. He had arranged to accompany the party to Dresden on his return from town.

That night Hedford had a conversation with Mr. Montagu Scott, and subsequently a more lengthy interview with the celebrated Inspector Trowbrigg, of South American fame, formerly of Scotland Yard, but now a "Private Inquiry Agent." The two left London together for Salchester by the night mail.

Two days afterwards Hedford and Chundra-Dass, with many travelling trunks and portmanteaus, returned to Brighton. After a week spent by the party in making preparations for departure, it was arranged that they should cross by Dover and Calais next day.



"SIR WILLIAM MOVED TOWARDS THE BELL"

Hedford retired to bed after an enjoyable evening, feeling relief in the thought that his old friend was fleeing from the mysterious fate which might befall him

at any moment. He spent a troubled night. Distracting thoughts kept him awake, and he only fell into a sound sleep towards morning. He was awakened by Chundra-Dass, whose usually dusky countenance was literally of an ashen pallor.

"Supplied General Sahib his 'Chota-hazri,'" he stammered with chattering teeth. "Sahib very bad. Him one dam rash all over."

Jumping out of bed Hedford threw on his dressing-gown and, followed by Chundra-Dass, rushed to the General's bedroom.

The sword had fallen!

"What do you think is the matter, Hedford?" the General asked anxiously. "I don't half like this rash on my face and wrists. I feel as if I've been peppered by small shot."

"I don't like it either," said Hedford, gravely, after a careful examination of his patient.

"What have I got?"

"Small-pox."

"My God!—the poor girls!"

Major-General Hamilton died, and was duly buried.

The Specialist might have made a "post-mortem" privately if he had wished. But the General had died of small-pox and there was an end of it. Besides, he had abandoned the poison theory. He had entered a *cul-de-sac*.

On the day after the funeral, Hedford, at Ethel Hamilton's request, went over the deceased's papers. He was struck by the number of gold and silver-mine prospectuses which poor Hamilton had accumulated. As he tossed them one after another into the waste-paper basket, he observed some pencil memoranda, in the General's handwriting, on a prospectus from which the wrapper had *not* been removed. The Dullwitch post-mark caught his eye. This struck him as odd. Prospectuses are not usually posted in small country villages a hundred miles from London. He turned out the contents of the basket on the floor; and found several torn wrappers, which he minutely examined. Then taking from his pocket-book the reports of Ex-Inspector Trowbrigg, which he had received from day to day, he perused them with concentrated attention. The Specialist sat down to think. A dozen wild guesses passed through his mind, but none stood the test of "second thoughts." One shadowy idea then began to form, wilder and more horrible still than all the rest; so far-fetched, indeed, that he dismissed it. But it persistently returned again and again. He fought against it no further. He would go to Dullwitch. A short telegram was despatched to Trowbrigg.

Hedford explained to the two girls that he was summoned away for a few days on business of the most urgent nature. Before leaving, he handed to Ethel Hamilton a twenty pound bank-note which he had found in the General's writing desk. Owing to the fact that he had placed it there himself no one had a better right to find it.

The Specialist was a kindly man, although a vivisectionist.

The next evening Hedford arrived at Dullwitch. He was met at the station by Trowbrigg. Dullwitch is a small country village on the Great Northern line, some seven or eight miles from the large manufacturing town of Starlington.

The detective took much interest in the postal arrangements of the village. Surgeon-Colonel Hedford had apparently no other object in life than golfing, to which fascinating pursuit he devoted himself with great energy. He got to know many of the golfers.

On the third morning of his stay in Dullwitch, he was met on the links by Trowbrigg, who took from his pocket a newspaper, the *Starlington News Letter*, and pointed to a paragraph marked in blue pencil:—"Dullwitch Hospital.—Sir William Huntingdon, M.P. for Starlington, has forwarded a cheque for £500 to the treasurer of the Dullwitch Hospital. If other Life Governors would follow his princely example the Institution's debt would soon be cleared off. Sir William Huntingdon's frequent visits to the wards testify ——"

Hedford read no more. The hospital was situated at the outskirts of the village. He went there without delay. The house-physician, Dr. Grey, another ardent golfer, gratefully received his modest subscription of five pounds. Dr. Grey was much pleased with the interest in the hospital shown by Colonel Hedford—an interest natural enough in a brother medical man—and cordially invited him to inspect the wards.

After the tour of the hospital, Hedford said, carelessly, "what about your cases of infectious disease?"

"Splendidly isolated — a separate building," Grey explained. "Like to go through?"

"Yes, if I may."

"Most of our infectious cases are sent to us from Starlington," Dr. Grey said as they crossed the quadrangle to a row of isolated huts. "We have several bad cases of typhus and small-pox at present. Is it wise though, on your part to run any risk? You are not on duty you know."

"Oh," said Hedford with a quiet smile, "I am disease-proof. I have seen too much of that sort of thing in India to have the least fear. You can disinfect me afterwards."

Nurse Hudson was on duty—a tall, expressionless woman who answered Dr.



SIR WILLIAM'S END

Grey's questions in a direct, business-like manner. Nurse Hudson was reported to have private means.

"Splendid woman, but too unsympathetic," Dr. Grey whispered in Hedford's ear.

Nurse Hudson looked keenly at the visitor, who was, in a seemingly careless manner, inspecting a patient's clinical chart which hung on the wall beside the bed. The remarks on the chart were in Nurse Hudson's handwriting.

"Very interesting case this," said the doctor, joining Hedford.

"How is Johnston?" This to Nurse Hudson.

"Much better, doctor," the nurse replied hastily.

"Must have been bad then," Hedford put in. "The man is comatose now, or dead."

Dr. Grey drew down the bed-clothes and felt the patient's heart.

Nurse Hudson turned very white.

"He is dead," said the doctor, rearranging the bed-clothes.

The visitor's keen eye noticed something lying beside the body. He placed his hand on the dead man's heart and possessed himself of the object unobserved by the nurse. The diabolical nature of Huntingdon's crime flashed upon him. His surmise had become a certainty!

Hedford took leave of Dr. Grey hastily. Five minutes afterwards Detective Trowbrigg interviewed Nurse Hudson. The interview was short, sharp, and decisive. She obtained leave of absence. A near relative was dying she said.

For one hour, exactly, she was closeted with Colonel Hedford in his private sitting-room at the "Red Lion."

The Specialist caught the first train to London. His brain was on fire. He could not sit still in his corner of the compartment. He could not read. He could not even smoke, and he told a civil curate of the "Private Secretary" type, who said it was a "charming day," to go to the devil.

When the train drew into Euston he could hardly wait for it to stop. He dashed out of the carriage, jumped into a hansom and drove rapidly to the head office of the "Royal Standard," where he found Mr. Montagu Scott awaiting him. The Manager had been warned by wire.

"You have succeeded," said Mr. Scott, strongly agitated, as Hedford entered the room, "I see it in your face!"

Hedford produced an oblong shaped paper which bore evident traces of having been submitted to the action of some strong chemical agent. It was a prospectus of the "African Exploration, Trading and Mining Company, Limited." It was addressed to

"*Henry Hewstead, Esq.,*
11, Granville Terrace,
Belfast."

Hedford read out the name and address. "Is he a policy-holder in your Company?" he asked.

The Manager touched an electric bell and spoke through a tube. The sharp r-r-ing of the bell broke the silence, and Mr. Montagu Scott applied his ear to the tube.

"In difficulties—life assured for £2,000. Policy sold six months ago to Sir William Huntingdon," said the Manager, as he dropped the flexible tube.

"Wonderful, marvellous, monstrous,

fiendish!" he added, five minutes later. "What will you do now?"

"Pardon me," answered the Specialist, "what will *you* do now?"

Mr. Scott pondered for fully five minutes, and then said slowly and impressively:

"I think, Colonel Hedford, you had better finish this yourself. We have dropped an immense sum of money. It would suit us to get it back. This should be a bonus year, and I don't see how we are going to pay it. We cannot compound with the scoundrel. Your circumstantial evidence is still very weak: it might hang the woman, but that would not enable the 'Royal Standard' and the other two Companies to recover their money. You may be certain the villain Huntingdon has his retreat secured."

"To cut the matter short," said Hedford deliberately, "you will leave the matter in my hands."

Mr. Montagu Scott looked straight into the other's eyes, and said slowly:

"That is the only way. I will leave it in your hands."

"Then you will pay your bonus," said the Specialist.

"And you five thousand pounds," said the Managing Director.

* * *

Sir William Huntingdon turned over thoughtfully a visiting card bearing this inscription:

"*Surgeon-Col. J. Hedford,*
(Late Indian Medical Service),
United Service Club,
Pall Mall."

"Show him up," he said, and the Specialist in poisons entered the room.

"Your business, sir?" said the Baronet shortly. Hedford had neither bowed nor accepted Sir William's outstretched hand.

"To make you an offer."

"About what?"



'NURSE HUDSON'S BODY WAS FOUND IN THE THAMES'

"Some 'Royal Standard' and other life policies you hold."

"Sir, your intrusion is most unwarrantable. My secretary transacts business of that nature for me. Good-day!" Sir William moved towards the bell. The Specialist interposed.

"Will your secretary go so far as to hang for you should we prove our case?"

"Your case—what case? Are you mad or drunk?"

"Neither. I am here to tell you, firstly," said the Specialist, checking off his items on the fingers of one hand, "that you have swindled three insurance companies out of £150,000; secondly, that, with one or two exceptions, you

have foully murdered all the policy-holders who sold to you, and, thirdly, that you carried out this system of prodigious crime by means of your accomplice——"

"That will do. Leave the house!" commanded Sir William.

The muscles of his face never moved, but it was death-like in its pallor.

"But Nurse Hudson?"

"Never heard of her."

"Strange! She knows you well."

"How should that concern me?"

"She is in custody. She has confessed."

Sir William Huntingdon sank back in his chair.

Half-an-hour afterwards Hedford, accompanied by the Baronet, drove to the Bank of England. Some mysterious operations took place there which resulted in the transfer of a large sum in Consols to "John Hedford."

They drove back to Park Lane. The Specialist remained about ten minutes. He then left the house, walked away a few paces down the street and stopped. This is what he was saying to himself:

"One hundred and fifteen thousand pounds. A hundred thousand for the insurance people, ten for the Hamilton girls, and five for myself. No proceedings, no trouble, no chance of losing the pile, and all on condition of allowing the beast to blow——"

The bang of a pistol-shot rang out on the stillness of the aristocratic street.

A small group of people began to gather round Sir William Huntingdon's door.

Surgeon-Colonel John Hedford called a cab.

Nurse Hudson's body was found in the Thames a week afterwards.

No more typhus or small-pox-infected prospectuses were posted in Dullwitch.



The Cotton Capital.

By DAVID PATON.

THERE is, perhaps, no better way to get a rough idea of the industrial greatness of Manchester than to climb to the top of the Town Hall tower and try to count the factory chimneys which break the sky line on all sides. Surely no other district in the working world sends up such a smoke into the face of heaven. As the incense of industry one looks with a not unkindly eye on the rolling masses of grey vapour, and in any case a good deal has been done in recent years, with smoke-consuming boilers, to take the "Turner" quality out of the Manchester sky. Some smoke there always will be, if the city is to keep its pot boiling, but local sanitarians hope that in this and in other respects it will become increasingly difficult to recognise in Manchester the original Coketown of "Hard Times."

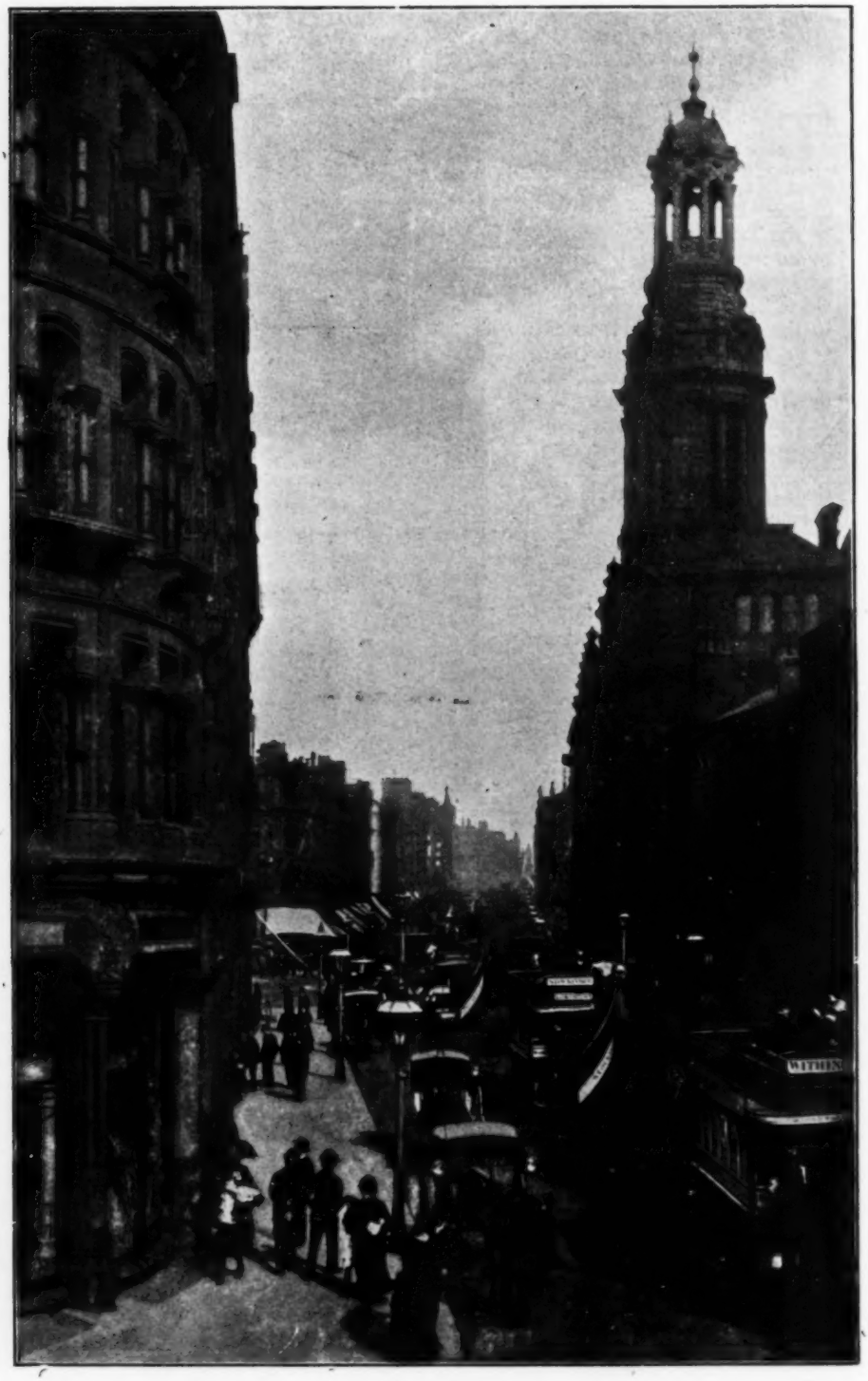


LADY MAYORESS OF MANCHESTER
From a photograph by Lafayette

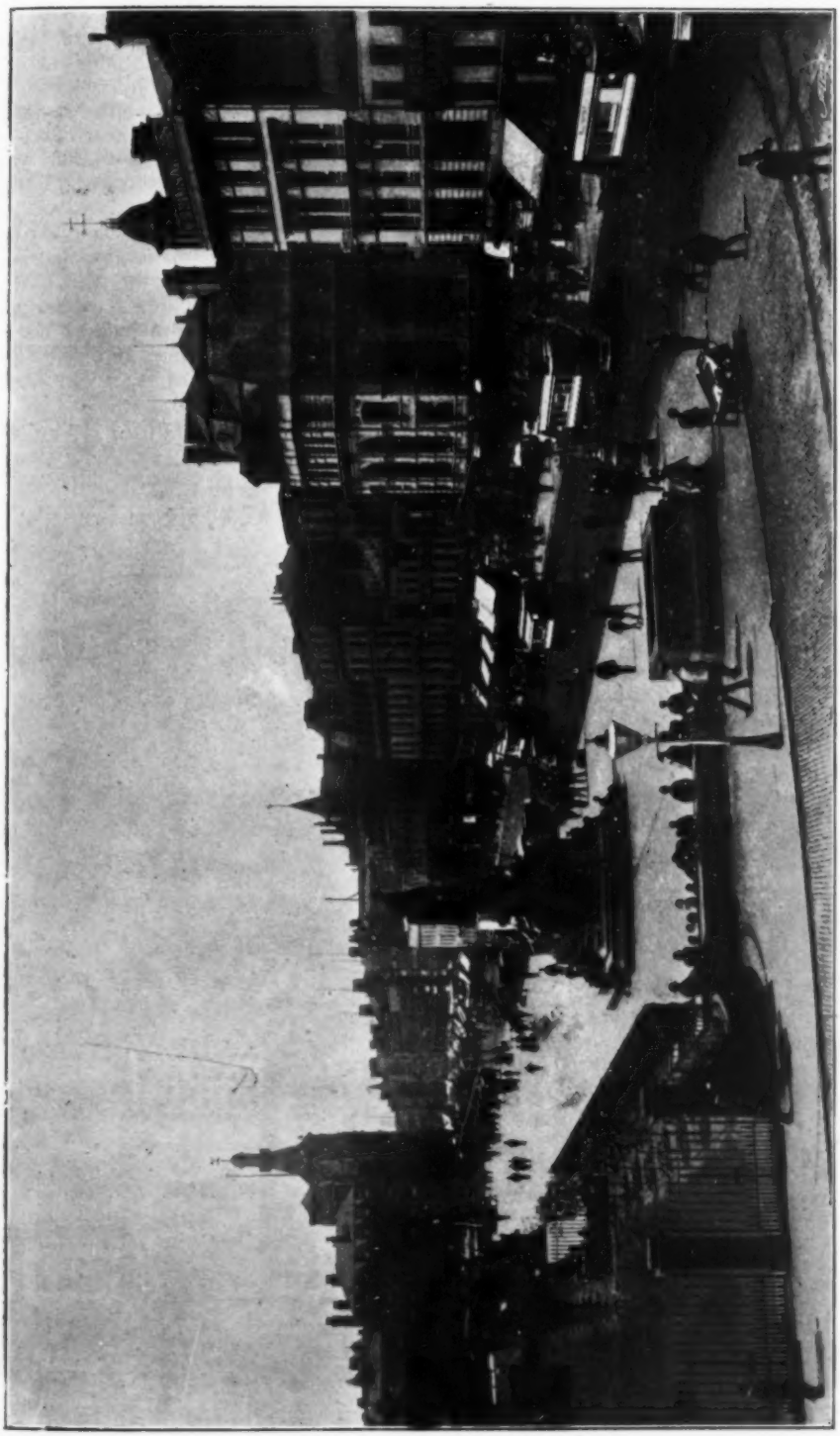
Manchester is the centre of the greatest manufacting district in the world. More than that, if you draw a circle round it, with a radius of thirty-five or forty miles, you enclose a greater population than you will get if you make London the centre of a similar circle. Adding the sister town of Salford, on the other side of the dividing river, Manchester has a population of 776,000. It is a respectable total, but it does not include the whole of the people who are really and truly Manchester people. Just outside the municipal boundary there is a belt of populous townships, which, in all but name, are part and parcel of the city. A few miles further out there is a circle of manufacturing towns, and further out still, at a distance of about twenty miles, there is a second circle of busy communities engaged, like the inner circles in the Manchester trade, and looking to Manchester as their natural centre. Throughout this area of "clog-land" there is a close network of communication by road, rail and canal; and it is upon the shoulders of



LORD MAYOR OF MANCHESTER
From a photograph by Wilkinson Brothers



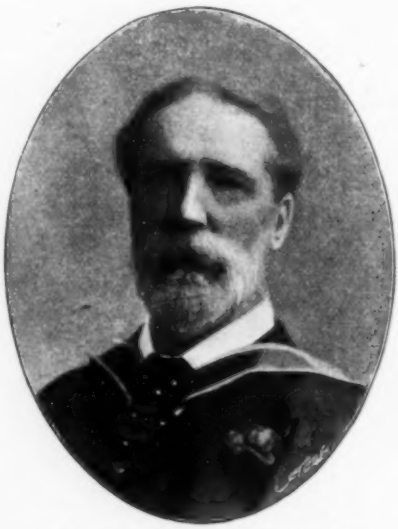
ST. MARY'S GATE
From a photograph by Frith and Co.



PICCADILLY

these tributary towns that Manchester rises into view as the great industrial metropolis of the north.

Cotton, and the industries connected with cotton are, of course, the main business of Manchester, but she has also extensive mechanical and chemical works. When and how the city first began to spin and weave local history does not say, but "Manchester cottons" are mentioned in records as early as 1352. It is generally understood, however, that no cotton was used in England before the seventeenth century, and the assumption is that the Manchester cottons of earlier times were woollen goods made to imitate the real cottons imported from the East and from the south of Europe. With the invention of textile machinery in the beginning of the present century Manchester settled down to her work as the world's spinner and weaver. She has now many rivals in foreign markets, but no peer. Mere figures are not very convincing, but it may give some idea of the volume of the textile trade, if we say that in the first six months of the present year the exports of cotton piecegoods amounted to 2,438,400,000 yards, of printed calicoes 468,800,000 yards, and of yarn 129,132,000 lbs. The Clearing House returns show that the money which passed through the Manchester banks



THE PRINCIPAL OF OWEN'S COLLEGE
From a photograph by Warwick Brooks



THE OLDEST LICENSED HOUSE IN GREAT BRITAIN

last year totalled up to £161,500,000. It may be added that the business of the Manchester Post Office exceeds in magnitude that of any other post office in the Kingdom, except that of London.

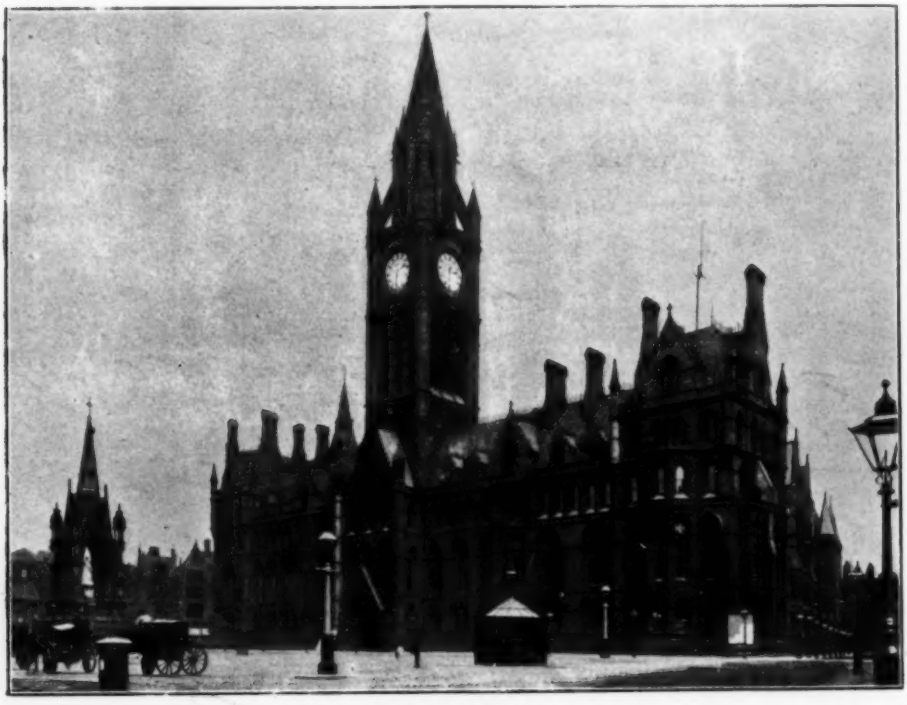
About seventy-five per cent. of the cotton used in the Manchester district comes from the United States. So dependent, indeed, has Lancashire always been on this source of supply, that during the civil war in America the mills had to be closed. It is estimated that during this period of cotton famine the operatives lost in wages about £30,000,000. Of the bleaching, dyeing, printing, and other industries which arise out of the manufacture of cotton goods we have no room to give details. On Tuesdays and Fridays you will find under the great cupola of the Manchester Exchange representatives of every branch of the textile industry. The Exchange has seven thousand subscribers, and it is said to be the biggest interior in the country. On market days it is one of the sights of the city. Distinguished visitors are always taken to see it, and there is a little gallery away up towards the roof from which a capital view can be had of the surging mass below. All the nations of the earth are represented on the wide floor of the Exchange, and it is no uncommon thing to hear a dark-skinned and turbaned Oriental conversing about "forty's twist" with a rough Lancashire manufacturer, whose dialect would be quite incomprehensible to a Londoner. The cotton lords take a pride in rough, homely dress and speech. It is enough for them to be "men," let who will call themselves "gentlemen."

In addition to the cotton industry, Manchester, as we have said, has large manufactures of machinery and chemical substances. The production of compressed steel, introduced by the late Sir Joseph Whitworth, is peculiarly a Manchester industry. It occurred to Sir Joseph that as castings were generally faulty by reason of the metal containing air-holes, it would be a good thing to submit the molten steel to hydraulic pressure while it was cooling. Steel which has been treated in this way is used for the manufacture of guns and also for the propeller shafts of great steamers.



MARKET STREET FROM THE EXCHANGE

The city proper covers an area of 12,911 acres and has a rateable value, if anybody cares for such particulars, of £2,857,000. From a bricks-and-mortar point of view it is not an impressive city. It has one or two fine "places" and a number of noble buildings; but with few exceptions the streets are dull-looking and even mean. The central area is full of great, heavy warehouses, and through the narrow streets which intersect this region there is a constant procession of lurries laden with cotton goods. The Town Hall, of which Mr. Waterhouse was the architect, is one of the finest Gothic buildings erected in this country in modern times. It covers about 8,000 square yards, and cost £1,054,960. It has a fine tower, nearly 300 feet high. The hour bell is exceeded in size only by Big Ben at Westminster. The public hall is decorated with a series of frescoes by the late Mr. Madox Brown, the subjects of which are taken from local history. It was also intended at first that Mr. P. Calderon, Mr. W. B. Richmond and Mr. W. F. Yeames should each fill one of the large rooms with decorative panels, but after spending a million on the building the Corporation thought it wise to defer the scheme. The Owens College, the Assize Courts, the Free Trade Hall, the new Ryland's Library and the Royal Institution are among the other notable buildings in the city. The Cathedral is a good example of the later Gothic, but it is hardly on a scale great enough to justify its name. It was built simply as a parish church. Manchester was made the see of a Bishop in 1847. It is some indication of the cosmopolitan character of the population that the city has six Jewish synagogues, several German churches, one Greek and one Armenian church.

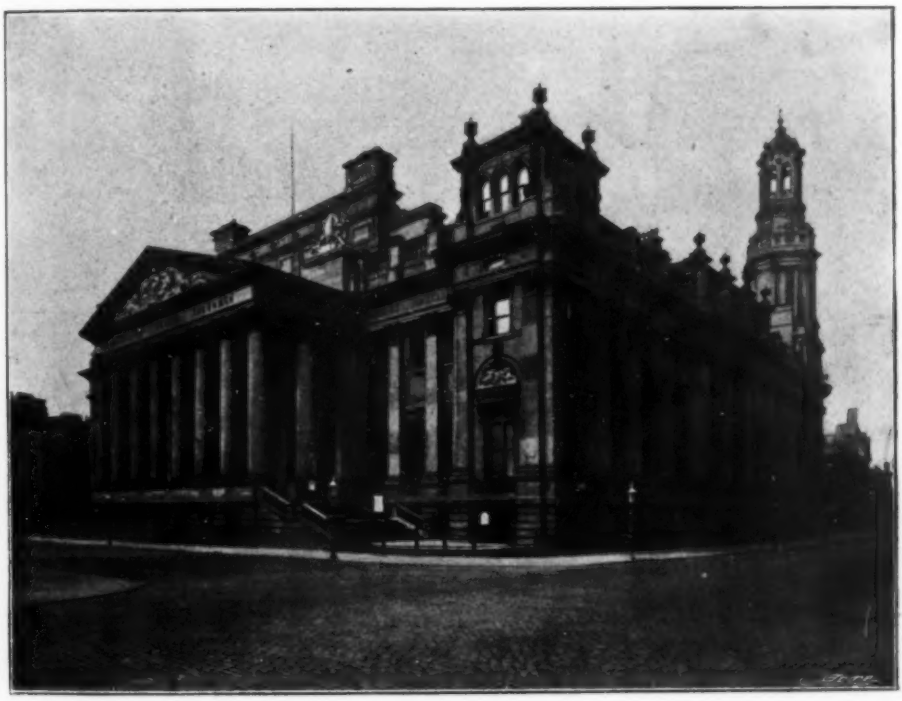


THE TOWN HALL.

Manchester was incorporated in 1838, and the work the city fathers have done in little more than half a century affords striking and suggestive testimony to the value of municipal government. We can only mention in brief detail one or two of the more important Corporation undertakings. First as to water. The area supplied is equal to 135 square miles and the number of persons who drink from the Corporation tap is about a million. The Longdendale reservoirs,

from which the bulk of the supply comes, are about twenty miles from the city. They were formed by damming up the river Etherow on its way down from the Pennine Hills. These works, which cost £2,614,000 and give a daily supply of 25 million gallons, were found some years ago insufficient for the needs of the constantly extending city. The Corporation decided to go to Thirlmere for a further supply, and now 10 million gallons flow down to Manchester every day from the Cumberland lake, a distance of nearly a hundred miles. When more lake up in Wordsworth's country from which water could reach Manchester by gravitation. The fall of the aqueduct is 20 inches per mile.

The area of the gas supply, which is also in the hands of the Corporation, is 47 square miles, and the total length of the mains 714 miles. The daily consumption varies from 5 million cubic feet in summer to 22½ millions in winter. The Corporation supply electric light to the central parts of the city. The distinctive feature of their system is the five-wire distribution. Manchester



THE EXCHANGE

water is needed additional pipes will be put in. The Thirlmere scheme, when complete, will furnish 50 million gallons a day. The Corporation have not become proprietors of "the mighty Helvellyn" and the whole watershed of this distant lake for nothing. It has cost £2,500,000 to bring the first 10 million gallons, but as this includes the cost of tunnels and other works which will need no enlargement when the scheme is complete, each additional 10 millions can be brought for, it is estimated, £500,000—little more, indeed, than the cost of the pipes. Thirlmere is the only was the first place in England to try this system. A system of hydraulic power is also furnished by the Corporation.

In the registrar-general's mortality lists the city has long occupied an unenviable place. It is only fair, however, to the city fathers to say that they have done much in recent years to improve the health of the city. Of their work in this direction, perhaps the most notable feature is a great sewage scheme, now on the point of completion, which is to cost considerably over half-a-million. The fact that for two miles of its length the main outfall sewer is

14 feet by 10 feet 6 inches, will indicate the monumental scale on which the works are constructed. The condition of the Irwell, the heavy, slow-moving river which passes through the city, and provides water for the Ship Canal, is a source of great uneasiness to sanitarians. Strenuous efforts are being made to clear it, but the watershed is so extensive, and the number of local authorities unable to pay the Corporation interest. Having themselves to pay interest to the people from whom they borrowed the money the Corporation will be forced to add to the other burdens of the city a Ship Canal rate. It is not a pleasant prospect, but it has given rise to less grumbling than might have been expected. The city was able to borrow the money at a cost, including expenses,



THE COLLEGE

to be dealt with so numerous that very slow progress is made.

The city is deeply concerned in the success of the great undertaking which in 1894 made her a port. Of the fifteen millions which have been expended on the Ship Canal the Manchester Corporation lent five. The Canal is gradually gathering traffic, but it is quite certain that next year the Company will be of £3 4s. 6d. per cent., and lent it to the Canal Company at 4½. It is not intended, however, that the city should make a profit on the transaction. There will be reward enough for Manchester in all sorts of ways when the Canal Company get firmly on their feet. The existence of the Canal has already forced the old routes to lower their rates for sea-borne merchandise.

The Unfairness of It.

BY BARRY PAIN.



GUY FAUX'S LANTERN

I FOUND it gone when I came back from 'soccer—
I couldn't prove it, but I knew the cad
Had prigged a shilling rocket from my locker,
And so he had.

And when, upon the fifth night of November,
He said he'd bought one — asked me, meek as meek,
The way to let it off—I well remember,
I thought it cheek,

Yet showed him how to fix within the socket
The needful stick, as though I'd been his friend,
Then made him hold it tight, and light that rocket
At the wrong end.

The thing flew all ways, banging, flashing, sparking—
And wounded *me*—killed me I thought at first—
And he? He stood there calm, unhurt, remarking,
"Why, something's burst!"

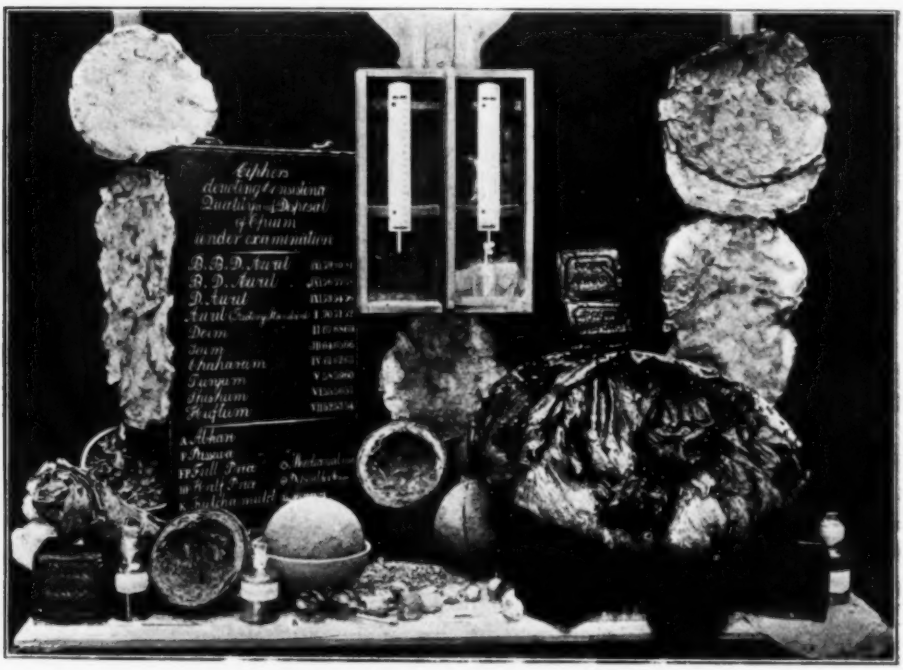
'Twas hard to lose a thing I gave a lot for,
But harder that by fate's unkindly whim
A chap like me should fail to make it hot for
A skunk like him.

Yet still I'm unrevenged. Long years have gone the
Old course of years, and still he stands intact—
A fat J. P.—respected—strong upon the
Explosives Act.

"Fust, Subtle and Mighty Opium."

BY JOHN JENNINGS.

EVERYBODY knows that opium —the most precious medicine and dangerous drug which grows on earth — is the dried juice from the unripe capsule of a species of poppy. *Papaver Somniferum* rears his wondrous head in many lands, but nowhere does the cultivation of him assume greater importance than in India. On the Ganges a huge tract of country, some six hundred miles long and two hundred broad, is mainly devoted to the growth of the drug, and its culture here alone employs many thousands of persons. The seed is sown at the beginning of November, and the poppies blossom towards the end of the following January. Three weeks after the petals have dropped, the seed capsules, now about the size of a hen's egg, are ready for treatment, and thousands of field labourers, armed with a little weapon like three thin knives bound together, start forth at noon to lance the poppy-heads with these triple blades. On the following day a milky exudation—the crude opium — is scraped from the wounded capsules, and as the mass accumulates it requires careful manipulation. It is drained, dried in the open air, and after a period of some three weeks acquires a tolerable consistency. It is then packed in earthen jars and sent off down the river to the opium factories. Arrived at head-quarters the contents of every jar are carefully weighed, tested, valued and credited to the cultivator. The opium is then thrown into vats and presently kneaded into cakes for market. Government pur-



SPECIMENS OF OPIUM, CRUDE AND MANUFACTURED

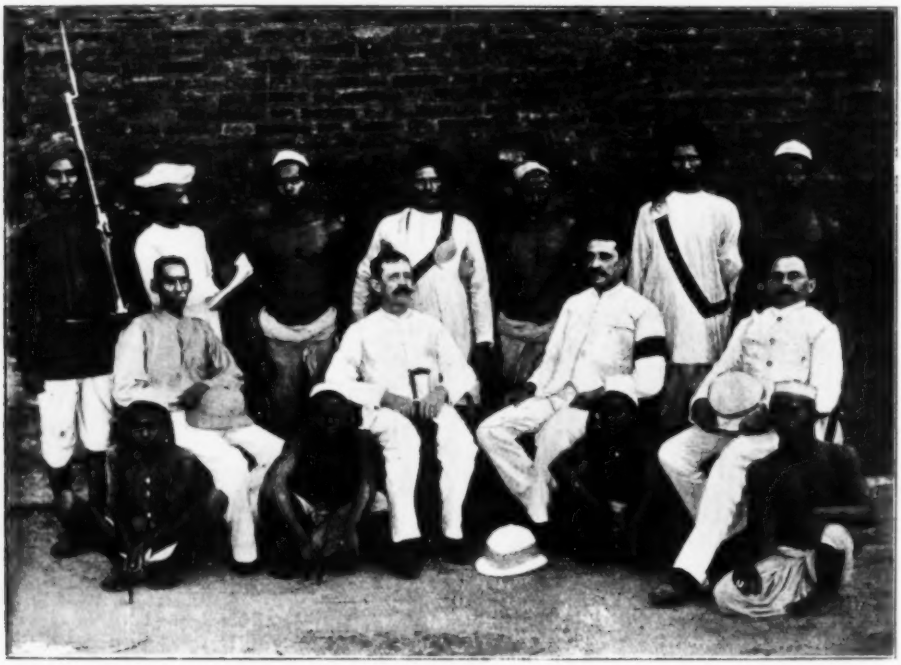


OPIUM WAITING CLASSIFICATION



MANUFACTURE OF OPIUM

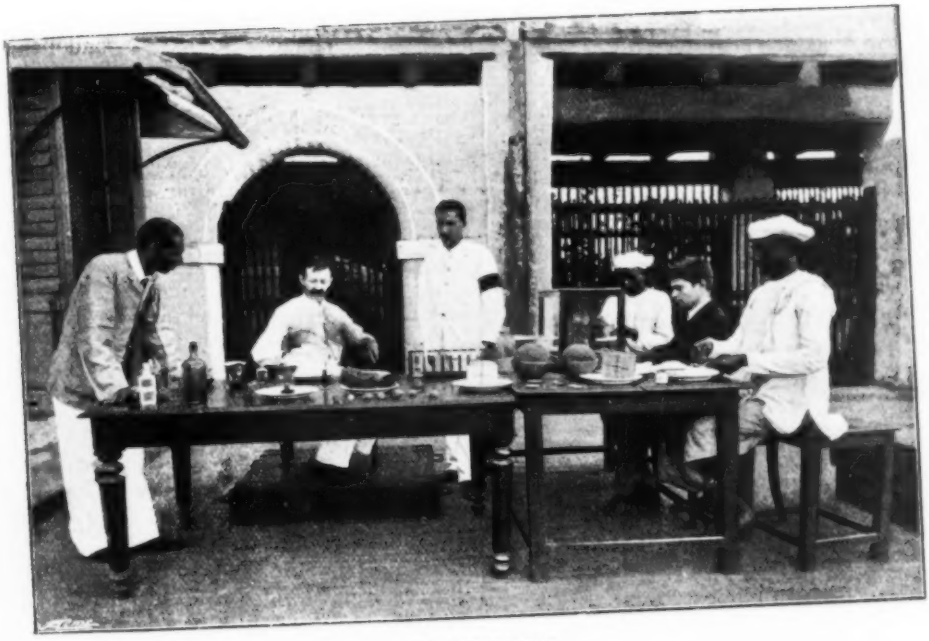
chases the drug at about five shillings a pound; and an acre of land in Bengal is said to produce on an average between twenty and thirty pounds annually. The output of opium from Turkey, Persia, and China is also considerable, and its culture in the latter country, though nominally forbidden, is practically free to all. The relation of the trade in opium to our Indian Revenue appears most startling. During 1880, though the year was certainly exceptional, the annual revenue from opium in India was close upon £10,500,000, of which that



TYPES OF EMPLOYEES

locally consumed yielded £1,000,000. Of late years, however, the net revenue has declined by more than two millions.

In Europe, opium is mainly used for medicinal purposes, and the crude drug undergoes all manner of varied manufactures in order to separate from it the active principles of morphine, narcotine, &c. Chemically, it is a gum-resin, and though its exact composition varies greatly, its heavy odour and nauseous taste are always characteristic. In opium-eating, or morphinism, the drug is usually taken by the mouth in the shape of laudanum, chlorodyne, morphine or black drop; but the subcutaneous injection of morphine daily grows into dangerous and deplorable popularity among the more cultured morphia-maniacs. Habitués will take three grains a day; some, five or six; a few, many more. A small proportion of habitual consumers indulge the craving throughout their lives and gain nothing but good therefrom, but the danger in any dalliance with opium is great and terrible, the ultimate condition of those who succumb to the giant appears sad beyond compare. De Quincey says that at one time of his life he drank the enormous quantity of eight thousand drops of laudanum daily; which is, we believe, the extreme limit recorded authentically in Europe, but regular habitués rarely allow themselves more than from three to five grains in the twenty-four hours. The immediate result of a dose of opium is a feeling of stimulation, increased good spirits and general well being, but as soon as this has passed off renewed despondency invariably succeeds it. Your typical opium eater is thin and of a bloodless aspect with a dull and glassy eye, a listless manner and no grip on the events of the moment. He suffers from chronic

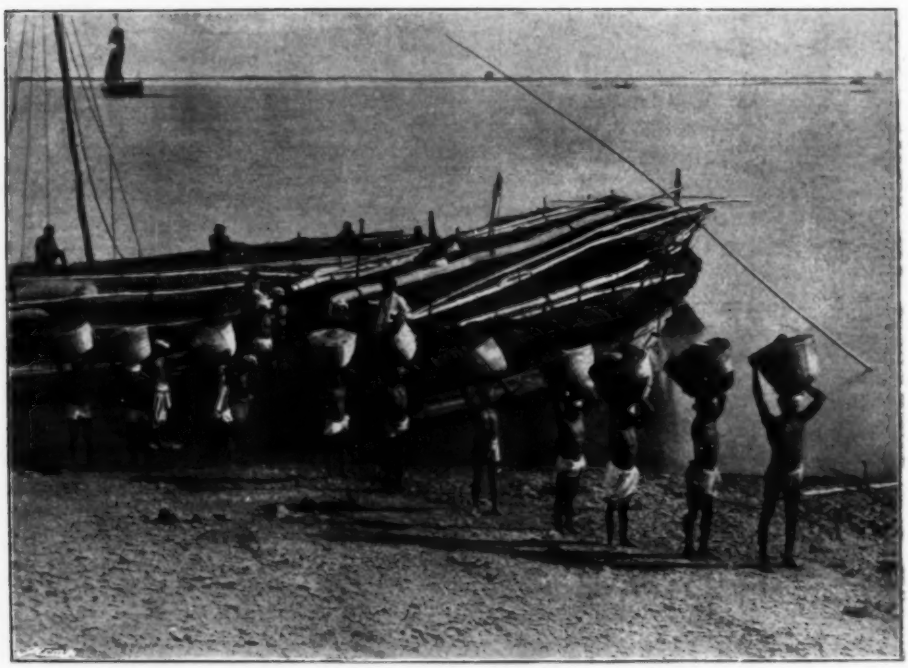


THE LABORATORY



CLASSIFICATION OF OPIUM

dyspepsia, from keen nervous irritability and great disturbances of the circulation. Any sudden deprivation of the drug causes grave nerve storms and, not seldom, these culminate in utter collapse. Successful treatment of the opium habit come within the experience of most physicians, though the methods of winning this desired result vary considerably. It is generally best to remove the sufferer from his or her home and friends into an entirely novel environment; but there is a wide difference of opinion as to whether the opium should be abruptly or gradually discontinued. Recovery, if it is to take place, will generally be complete in a few weeks, but relapses are all too frequent.



LANDING OPIUM FROM BOATS

While no remedy has such varied and precious powers as opium, yet for that reason alone it is enormously abused by the ignorant, and statistics show that half the deaths from poison which occur in the United Kingdom are due to this tremendous drug in one or other of its many preparations. Deep coma and complete insensibility follow an overdose. Respiration is slow, noisy, and stertorous, the pupil is contracted to a pin-point, the pulse is weak and rapid, or sometimes very full and slow. Other symptoms appear in a pale and livid skin, and cold perspiration; while death, if it comes, generally takes the form of paralysis of the respiratory centres of the brain, if not an apoplexy. These are the usual aspects of opium poisoning, though many cases present peculiar phenomena. It may be remarked that in infants the most minute doses often prove fatal.

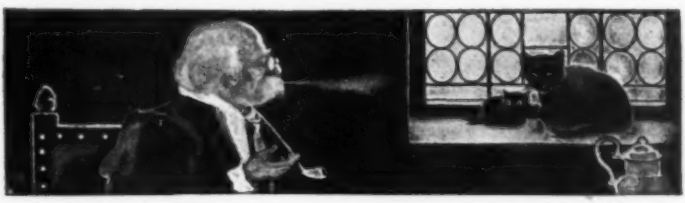
Turkey opium is generally considered the finest for medicinal purposes, and in the British Pharmacopœia that variety alone is directed to be employed in the manufacture of these twenty authorised pharmaceutical preparations from the drug. It is dried and powdered before use, and also standardised to a strength of ten per cent. of morphine.

Morphine, or morphia—by far the most important of the alkaloids existing in opium—appears when isolated as white, silky, translucent crystals. It has a bitter taste, and alkaline reaction, and is very largely employed in cases where hypodermic injection may be desired. Its effects are much the same as those of opium, and it is taken for a similar variety of reasons, but morphine acts

with greater rapidity, and is unaccompanied by certain inconveniences which attend the use of opium. Like the mother-drug it is widely abused; "morphinomania" is upon the increase; and in Paris a special hospital has been opened for treatment of this class of patient alone.

The smoking of opium is practised in China, India, Borneo, the United States and elsewhere. In China it has been computed that one per cent of the entire population smokes opium; and the habit is upon the increase, for fines, penalties and even capital punishment have proved powerless to stamp the fashion out. Opium prepared for smoking is an extract of about twice the strength of the original drug. A piece the size of a pea is placed in a peculiar little pipe, ignited, slowly inhaled and as slowly exhaled through the nostrils. The mild and aromatic smoke produces in Easterns effects similar to those which result from opium eating, but it is said that Europeans are not affected appreciably by opium smoking. Experts differ as regards the hurtfulness of the habit, and the best judges hold that in moderation it is no more harmful and quite as desirable as the smoking of tobacco. Missionaries, however, declare that Eastern races undoubtedly deteriorate under the habit and that it is accompanied by moral, social and individual degradation. Missionaries, however, frequently make mistakes, and it may be that the natural results of contact with European missionary civilisation is sometimes wrongly accredited to opium. Many thousands of the Chinese smoke opium without the least injury to their minds or bodies; though the habitual debauchee doubtless wrecks his constitution sooner or later, as the drunkard does in Christian countries.

Our illustrations follow opium of Indian manufacture on its journey. First the raw material itself is represented and next we see the native cultivators squatted in rows waiting to dispose of their precious produce. Each in turn submits his opium to classification and receives the value of the stuff. Next we illustrate the manufacture of "excise opium," or that prepared for local use; while a subsequent picture shows the landing of a great consignment from the Ganges boats. The laboratory of an opium factory follows, and the series concludes with a photograph representing the staff of officials from the same establishment.



Generation to Generation.

THE HOUSE OF ARGYLE



JOHN, MARQUIS AND 1ST DUKE OF ARGYLE



THE EARL OF ARGYLE BEHEADED, 1685

THE EARL OF ARGYLL BEHEADED, 1685

JOHN CAMPBELL, FOURTH DUKE



FIELD-MARSHAL JOHN, FIFTH DUKE



ELIZABETH GUNNING, THE BEAUTIFUL DUCHESS



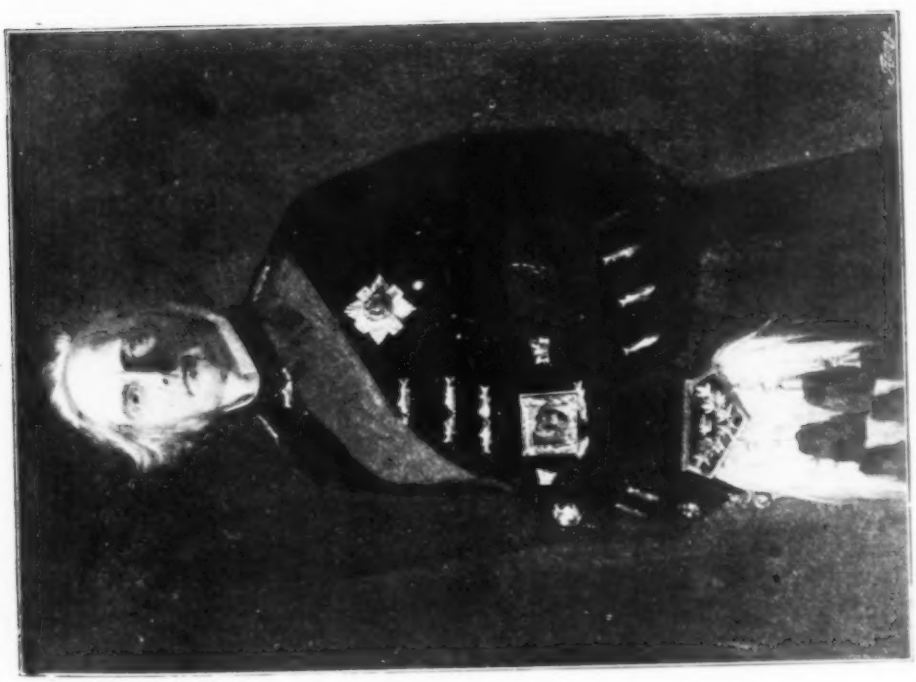
JOHN, SEVENTH DUKE



JOAN GLASSEL



ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND



THE DUKE OF ARGYLL



THE DUKE OF ARGYLE, 1852

FROM A PAINTING BY J. A. HEIDER

THE DUKE OF ARGYLE, 1852

FROM A PAINTING BY J. A. SMITH



JEANIE DEANS' DUKE



LADY CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL

AUNT OF THE PRESENT DUKE

Pictorial History of the Month.



ACCOUCHEMENT OF THE CZARINA — THE PALACE OF TZARSKOE SELO



ST. GILES' FAIR AT OXFORD

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TAUNT

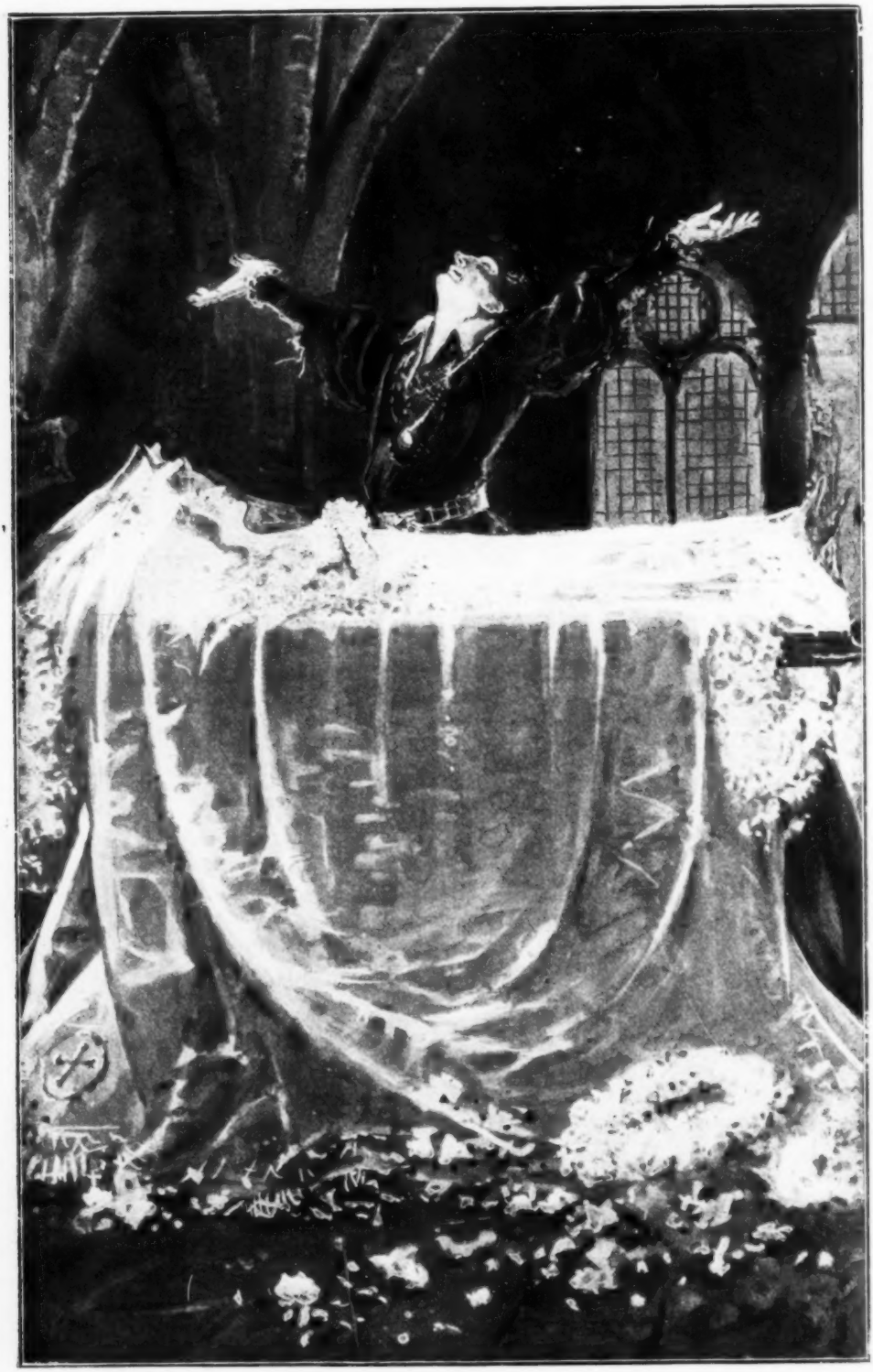


THE SUBLIME PORTE



THE BRIDGE ON THE DAY OF THE RIOT

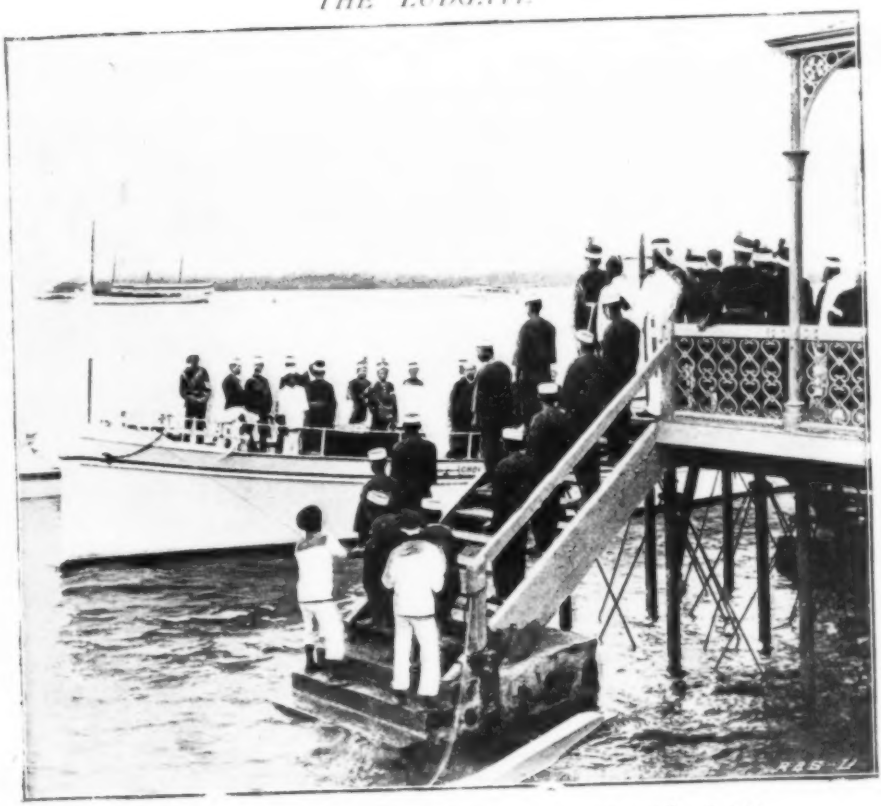
THE RIOTS IN CONSTANTINOPLE



"ROMEO AND JULIET" AT THE LYCEUM

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AND MR. FORBES ROBERTSON

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE



THE ARRIVAL OF THE SULTAN OF JOHORE'S BODY



THE LATE MR. STOKES WITH AN IVORY CARAVAN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH



THE ROYAL STAGHOUNDS AT ASCOT

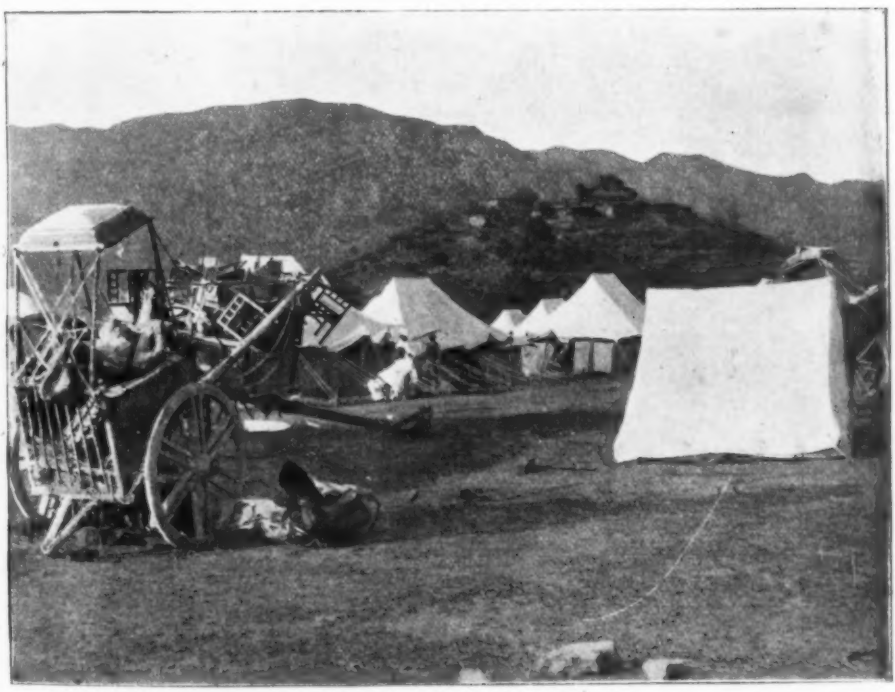
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HILLS AND SAUNDERS



THE NEW BALLET AT THE ALHAMBRA



"O, CLEAR THE WAY, YOU BULLOCK MAN"

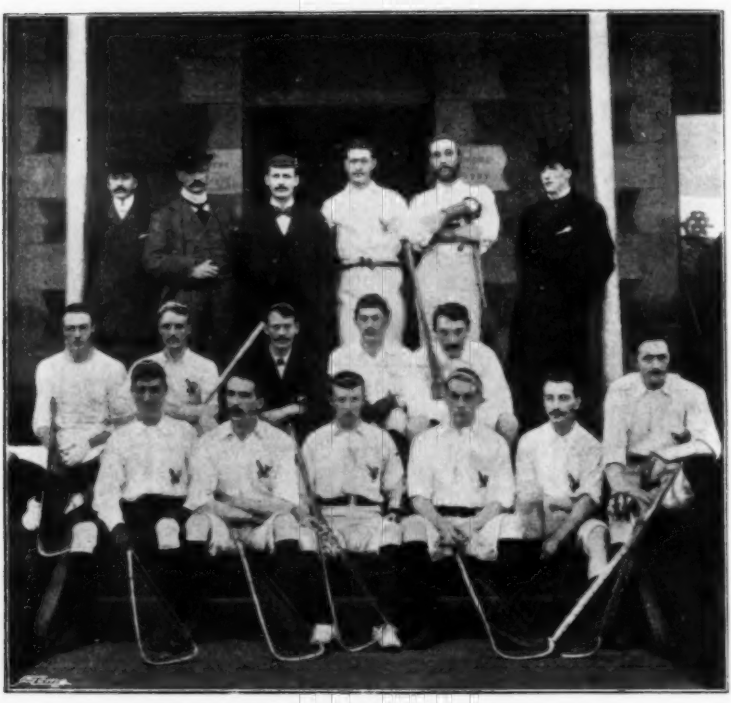


A CAMP BY THE WAY

RETURN OF BRITISH TROOPS FROM CHITRAL



THE IRISH TEAM: WINNERS



THE ENGLISH TEAM

THE INTERNATIONAL LACROSSE MATCH

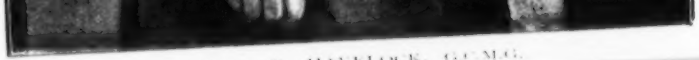


THE FIGHTING IN EAST AFRICA: STORMING A STOCKADE

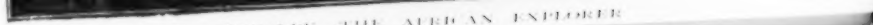
DRAWN BY C. M. SHELDON

MISS M. H. KINGSLEY, THE AFRICAN EXPLORER

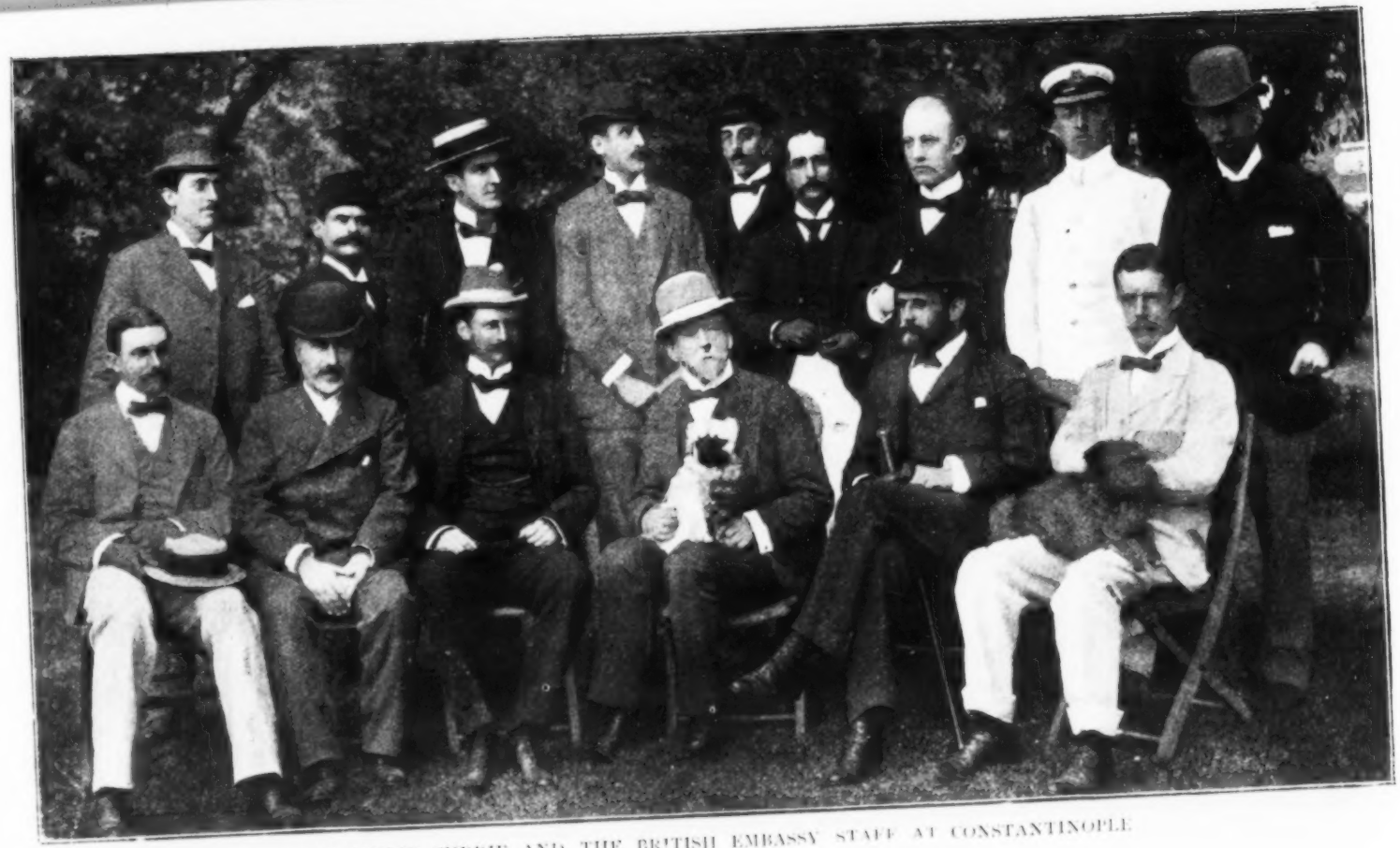
MR. A. E. HAVELOCK, C.C.M.G.



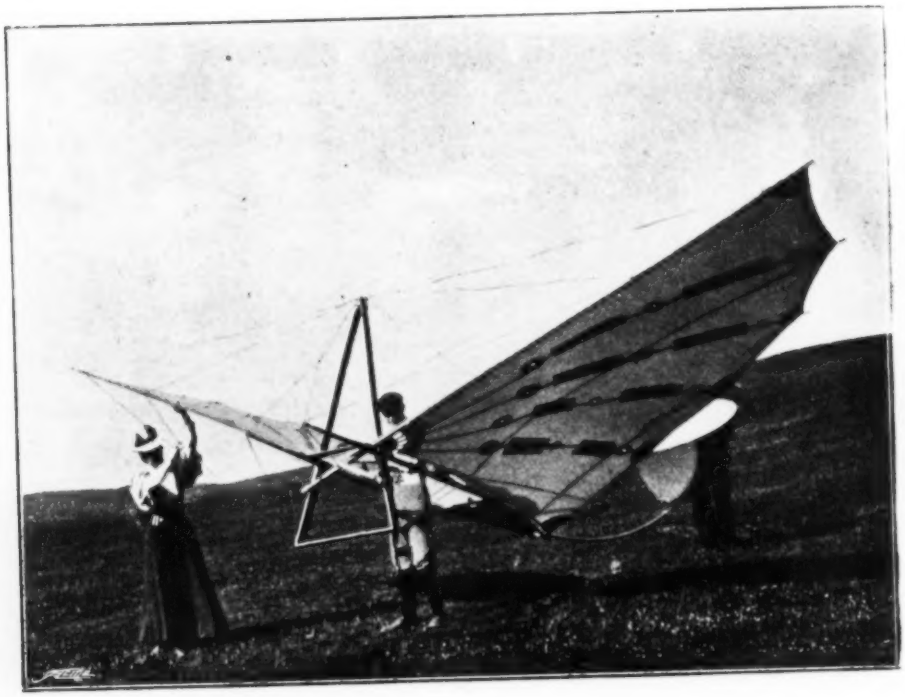
SIR A. E. HAVELOCK, G.C.M.G.

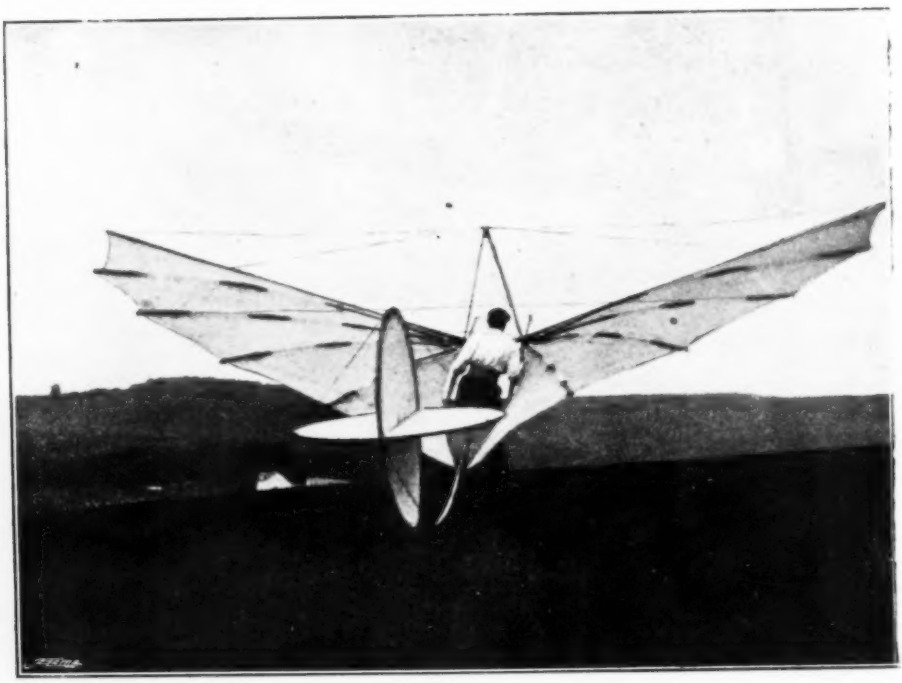


MISS M. H. KINGSLEY. THE AFRICAN EXPLORER.



SIR PHILIP CURRIE AND THE BRITISH EMBASSY STAFF AT CONSTANTINOPLE





THE LATEST FLYING MACHINE



THE NEW PEER:
SIR ALGERNON BORTHWICK
From a photo by Elliott and Fry



THE NEW PEER
BARON H. DE WORMS:
From a photo by Fradelle and Young



MAX NORDAU





THE LAST OF THE OLD CLOWNS
From Portraits of the late Mr. Harry Payne by J. P. Scannell



THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF COBURG
From a photograph by Heath, Plymouth

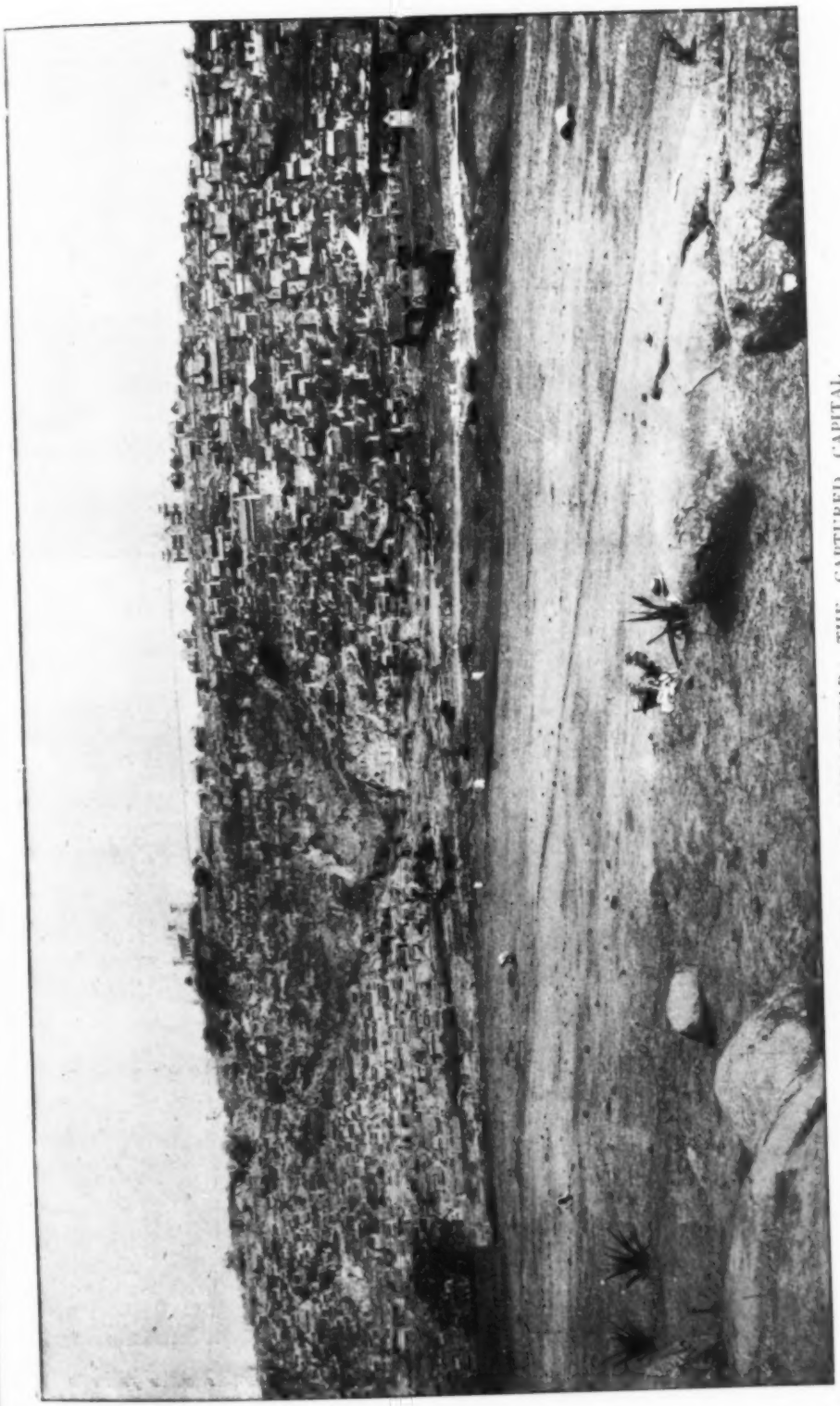


PRINCE ERNEST OF HOHENLOHE LANGENBURG

THE ROYAL BETROTHAL



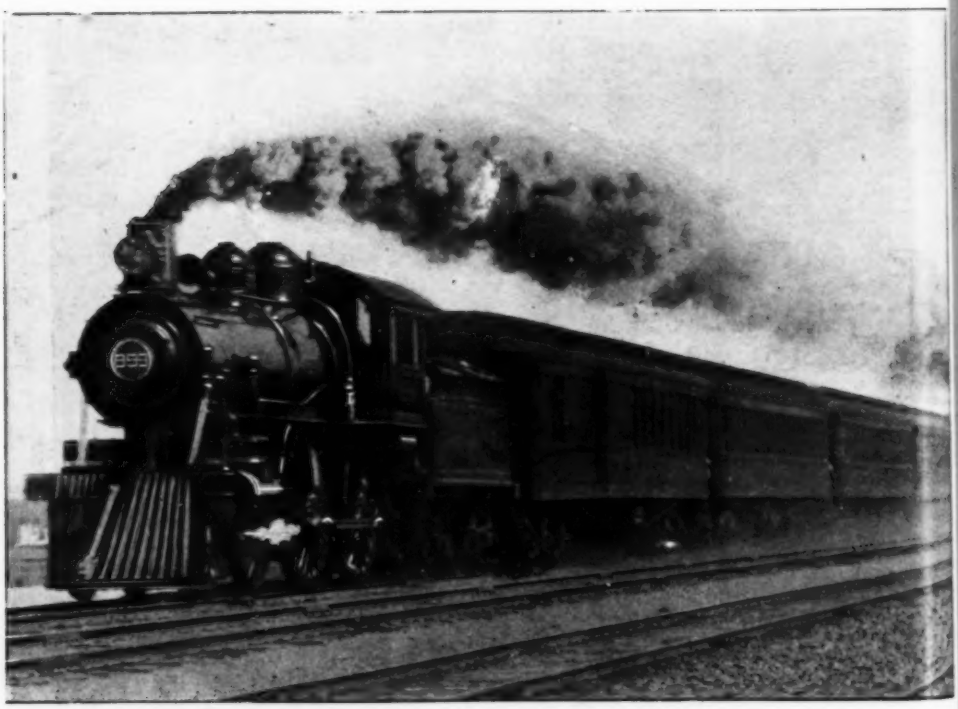
THE QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR



THE FRENCH IN MADAGASGAR: THE CAPTURED CAPITAL.



THE "SOKOL": FASTEST VESSEL IN THE WORLD



THE RECORD-BEATING TRAIN: ENGINE No. 999

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. P. YATES, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK



THE LATE M. PASTEUR

"Trilby" at the Haymarket.





MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD AS "TRILBY"

From photographs by Alfred Ellis



MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD AS "TRILBY"
From a photograph by Alfred Ellis



MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD AND MR. BEERBOHM TREE
From a photograph by Alfred Ellis



MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS "SVENGALI"
From a photograph by Alfred Ellis



MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS "SVENGALI"
From a photograph by Alfred Ellis



MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS "SVENGALI"
From a photograph by Alfred Ellis



POOR MR. POTTON" AT THE VAUDEVILLE

Drawn by Percy F. S. Spence

The Book of the Brave.

IT is a fine thing for individual writer, or for journal, to become an institution to a goodly number of people Fickleness, the cynic tells you, is a very common vice of humanity; but you must be more than a little blind if you have not long since discovered for yourself that the virtue of fidelity is just as common. That is to say, the man who has found favour many times in the eyes of the great public (as actor, author, painter—what you will) may rest assured that the same sort of welcome will await the same sort of performance so long as there remain in existence the necessary number of people belonging to the generation which gave a welcome to the original.



The Christmas Season, itself an "institution," abounds in details to which the same word may be appropriately applied, and among these a new book for the young compiled by Mr. Andrew Lang has had long a place. The editor needs not to feel himself slighted if we say of him that "the same sort of welcome awaits the same sort of performance." For the moment we forget which of his "Blue" or "Red" books was the first to appear, but they have all been excellent, and all most heartily welcomed. He may count himself a sufficiently happy man if the last of the series, *The Red True Story Book* fares equally well, though there is no earthly reason why it should not find new readers in addition to the old, and so eclipse the record of its predecessors.

Children are nowadays less credulous than their fathers were in the days of their extreme youth; and for that reason it may be that a book of true tales will have a readier audience than one made up of fairy tales pure and simple. There can be no father of children—no uncle, or friend of children, for the matter of that—who has not discovered for himself, too, that, however fond they may be of a tale for a tale's sake, they never fail to ask, "Is it a true story?" and to value it the more if the answer be in the affirmative.

English children, happily, will still stand no risk of being without food for the imagination, even though the Puritans of some future generation have power to enact that any man who corrupts the youth of his country by setting before them anything less demonstrably true than the first proposition of Euclid shall be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law. There is nothing brave or beautiful told of the heroes of ancient and unadulterated romance which cannot be paralleled in the histories of the men who have made England what she is. Soldiers, sailors, explorers, doctors, mere men, they have echoed the refrain of Mr. W. E. Henley's "England," and died or conquered as they did so, deeming their luck quite good enough in either case.

The fairy-tale—and you may reasonably enough apply the term to any romantic tale of things which do not happen to have come to pass in the real

world—may elevate the imagination and teach the love of beauty and of bravery that should be instinct in every child. But the story that has really happened — the account, as literature, of what but yesterday was told piece-meal in the newspapers—has this virtue, and another in addition: it should teach the children who read that their country is a thing to be very proud of, if only because so many brave men, so many noble women, have chosen to endure intolerable hardship, to suffer torture, and to die, merely that the country should not be shamed. That is a thing which always wants teaching, for there is never so great a need of patriots as when the fatherland is powerful, wealthy and respected.



For these reasons, apart from the merits of its contents as literature pure and simple, Mr. Lang's book may be very heartily commended. Of the admirable illustrations it is scarcely necessary to speak at length: the three specimens which we here reproduce should make all speech of that kind very much of a superfluity. For the literary contents, it holds a great variety of tales, some of which would be very good literature — good stories — if they were not sober history, while there is hardly a number which does not interest in the reading and abide in the memory as an inspiriting influence. This collection may be commended to those who want a book for someone young, but are bewildered by the almost infinite variety from which they are expected to make their choice.



New Turns at the Music-Halls.

MR. HARRY TATE.

THE success of Miss Cissie Loftus in her imitations had brought into being a host of imitators of her methods, and one was already more than a little tired of imitations when Mr. Harry Tate made his first appearance at one of the big London halls (was it the Pavilion?) somewhere about a twelvemonth since. His instantaneous and well-maintained success, therefore, bespeaks a cleverness very much indeed above the ordinary level. Unknown one week, he was something of a celebrity among those who frequent the halls before the next had begun. A year is a very short period in the life of a really busy man, and Mr. Tate has always been busy since that start of his; but he has found time to appear at all the principal halls in the interval, and his imitations still go excellently. For truth to life one prefers his impersonations of singers of his own sex, and it adds to the enjoyment of the original if he comes on to sing when he has just been admirably mimicked. Among those whom Mr. Harry Tate uses as the models of his imitations are Messrs. R. G. Knowles, Eugene Stratton, Gus Elen, George Beauchamp, Harry Freeman, T. E. Dunville, George Robey, and Sam Redfern, and his success in so many very different impersonations proves his versatility to be very extraordinary indeed. We reproduce, along with his portrait in ordinary costume, a photograph showing how he makes up to imitate Miss Cissie Loftus in her imitation of Miss Letty Lind in the "Tom-tit" song and dance. You may or may not think the impersonation one of his best—opinion is, at least, considerably divided—but the make-up the severest of critics must recognise as admirable.



THE SISTERS HAWTHORNE

LITTLE MAUD.

Little Maud comes straight from the remote provinces to the London Variety Halls where a voice, which is certainly remarkable in a child whose years number no more than eleven, should help her to achieve no inconsiderable success. As is no more than right and proper in one of her tender years, little Maud usually chooses one or other of the popular ballads of the day wherewith to please her audiences, rendering them with a good deal of dramatic



MR. HARRY TATE AS MISS CISSIE LOFTUS
From a photograph by Hana, Strand



MR. HARRY TATE
From a photograph by Hana, Strand



JAMES N. NORRIE



LITTLE MAUD
From a photograph by Lafayette

action, such as the usual ballad-singer disdains. She is also fortunate enough to have the permission of Miss Nellie Richards to sing *The Alabama Coon*, a song which in her case, as in more than one other, always means applause.

MR. J. N. NORRIE.

Mr. James N. Norrie is so well-known to those who visit the halls that it may be well to begin by saying that he is a keen cyclist, a good athlete, and that only a few weeks ago he played for the Clown Cricketers (along with many another "pro") against the Gentlemen of Covent Garden. He has the good luck to possess a tenor voice of curious and very pleasing quality, and to have learnt how to use it with effect. It is some three years since he made his first appearance at the Tivoli, where he sang *Sally in Our Alley*, and, by way of a change, a song which was then little known, though organ-grinders have since made it famous: *Two Little Girls in Blue*.



MR. ERNEST HEATHCOTE
From a photograph by Eawin Taylor, Sheffield

MR. ERNEST HEATHCOTE.

Mr. Ernest Heathcote is one of the newest recruits to the London music-hall stage. He has been well-known in the provinces for some considerable time past as an excellent actor in burlesque. Since he came to London he has appeared at Clapham, the London, the Middlesex, and at Gatti's, Westminster Bridge Road. He styles himself an eccentric comedian, and his skill in divers gymnastic feats makes him a success. Perhaps the best testimonial which can be given him, however, is that he has deputised at the Tivoli for both Messrs. R. G. Knowles and Dan Leno, and that he has done so well on such occasions that he will have a place to himself on the regular programme of the Strand hall before long.

THE SISTERS HAWTHORNE

It is usually safe to take it for granted that people whom one hears of as coming to make their first appearance in London at the Palace will prove themselves excellent performers. If the Sisters Hawthorne, who appear there on or about the 25th of the current month, turn out otherwise they will belie not only the natural anticipations of the London public, but the declarations of the New York critics. For these three singers and dancers come to us from the land which lends us Eugene Stratton and many another star of the halls, and on that side their success has been very pronounced indeed.

Mr. Du Maurier.

MR. DU MAURIER has drawn for other periodicals, but it is from the pages of *Punch* that he is best known to the world as an artist. His connection with that paper goes back far into the dim past. It would be hard to compute how many long, strong, pure-minded English girls he has drawn for *Punch* during that period, or how closely those English girls have resembled each other. For his Midas, his Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns, and his pretty invention of an æsthetic movement, all who can appreciate humour must have been thankful. His fashions (of all kinds) are correct; he knows the society that he satirizes—a very unusual thing in a social satirist. His dream pictures in *Punch's Almanacks* bear witness to a fine gift of fantastic imagination. At an age when some authors have written themselves out Mr. Du Maurier began to write. He remembered his youth; he also remembered, or thought he remembered, Mr. Whistler's, and this was less fortunate. But still he wrote *Trilby*, and far eclipsed the success of his previous literary work. His study of hypnotism may not be scientific, and his hero's religious difficulties are tiresome, but for all that *Trilby* interested England and crazed America. Whether she has definitely left her charming foot-print on the sands of time, it is (at the moment of going to press) too early to decide. Mr. Du Maurier is universally said to be a good fellow and a genial companion.





WHEN the editor of the *Ludgate* invited me to take charge of this department of the magazine, I was vastly gratified, of course; but, being a most conscientious person, I felt it incumbent upon me to warn him that I could not write about chiffons.

"Dear Mrs. Babbington-Bright," he replied, with his wonted graciousness, "there are many subjects in this world besides dress."

Oddly enough, that view of life had not occurred to me. So if any economical dame yearns to ascertain a profitable method of disposing of muslin frocks bought as a bargain during the delusive spell of hot weather, and if a sportive maid would fain exchange a "pair of riding boots, small twos, but once worn," for a "toy terrier," I beseech them to enquire elsewhere.

Probably the Bonbonnière may not invariably contain sugar-plums. There exist, also, medicinal tablets, conducive to human well-being and not outwardly repulsive.

Londoners covertly smile at, yet avowedly sympathise with, the provincial visitors' dread of being "done," and his or her earnest desire to keep secret, experiences in this direction. It assuredly requires both time and courage to expose any fraud, and few care to devote holiday leisure to this occupation. Yet were temporary sojourners in the metropolis to make public the ingenious devices whereby they had been defrauded, they would undoubtedly earn the gratitude of the many.

Prior to certain recent disclosures, a friend of Mr. Babbington-Bright's, who was living at a London hotel, wanted a shave and visited a barber who pursued his calling in a shabby, upstairs room in a street off the Strand. On the accomplishment of the primary object, the operator remarked that his customer's teeth would be improved by having a little tartar removed, and asked if he might do it. Permission gained, he slightly scraped the outside of the teeth, and thereupon demanded a fee of two guineas! When remonstrated with, he declared himself a fully qualified dentist entitled to exact the charge. The gentleman, unfortunately, was compelled to leave town that morning—so he paid the absurd charge.



On inquiry, however, he found himself but one of many dupes. I suppose such an astute operator is wary enough to select as victims those whom adroit questioning approve mere birds of passage: hence this species of fraud for a time defies exposure. Of course, the victim remains not silent, however, but proclaims his



THE HALLOWE'EN MIRROR SPELL
Drawn by B. Hall Engraved by H. Wendmuller

grievance; and, in the end, comes one ready to do battle in the public cause.

Women cousins from the provinces complain bitterly of the suspicious vigilance on their movements when they are shopping. We deemed them imaginative or super-sensitive, till, one day last week, when Mr. Babbington-Bright and myself went to a Regent Street jeweller's to buy a small present. After we had selected a little gold bangle from a number shown us, the salesman left us for a moment to find a suitable case. His place behind the counter was instantly taken by two young assistants, who stood there, leisurely rubbing up ornaments, till his return.

Experience must have taught shopkeepers the necessity for constant watching; and the supervision was unostentatious as possible. But, as we all imagine respectability, not to mention honesty, writ large upon us, it is somewhat of a shock to be even provisionally and remotely associated with criminals. My husband declared it made him feel quite "sneaky" and disreputable. I know it earned



our insulted cousins my very warmest sympathy.

During a portion of the glorious autumn spent in Scotland, we were amused by a fad popular among golfers—that of dispensing with headgear. On the famous Fifeshire links it was quite common to behold men and maidens, attended by caddies laden with driver, cleek, iron, niblick, and putter, trotting along with their uncovered locks wildly ruffled by the breeze rarely absent from the northern seaboard; or playing tennis, with faces crimson from the effects of the sun beating fiercely upon their unprotected polls.



The fashion is not pretty; and Dr. Gordon Stables, whose eulogy of the direct influence of sun and air on the growth and the beauty of the hair is responsible for this folly, ought really to reconsider the matter, and to remind his great cloud of disciples that there are times and seasons for everything.

A healthier mania, and more sensible, is the craze for walking tours which has lately taken possession of the younger feminine world. Four damsels of my acquaintance recently spent a never-to-be-forgotten fortnight, exploring that part of the Scottish Highlands wherewith Stevenson has made all familiar in his record of the flight of David Balfour and Alan Breek.

The girls displayed no eccentricity of garb: they wore dark serge skirts and coats, cotton blouses, and sailor hats; and broad-soled lacing boots. Baggage was discarded, save what could be packed in the light knapsack each carried strapped upon her back. Umbrellas were unnecessary: sticks invaluable.

Young and unaided, except by maps and guide-books, they yet traversed nigh two hundred miles, much of it over wild and desolate country. On every hand they experienced naught but kindness. The outlay of the expedition was astonishingly small; and the daring little band returned radiant in health and in spirits.

To me a more attractive, because less ambitious, trip was recently overtaken in leisurely fashion by two other girl friends. The twain selected a section of the South Coast, thickly dotted with towns and villages, and resolved to walk no further than ten miles a day. Leaving a place after breakfast they sauntered gently to the next town, where they arrived in time for early dinner; and then, after resting a while, they started afresh and reached their abode for the night early enough for high tea, followed by a quiet survey of the neighbourhood.

A tramp of this kind is exertion

enough for my taste; but then I freely confess myself no record-breaker. Once I walked five long miles in the Scotch Lowlands and reached a hamlet only to discover that there was no inn, and that as it was a "Fast Day" no amount of persuasion would induce the inhabitants to sell anything. Whereupon I trudged five hungry miles home. Since then any vehicle, from a carriage to a wheelbarrow, is good enough for me. And apropos of carts, I wonder how many realises the enjoyment to be found in "cart-exercise."

One summer's day my little son and I left a country village where we were rusticating, to spend a few days at a watering-place three miles distant. It happened that the inn-keeper's waggonette, the only public vehicle the village possessed, was engaged, so we, perforce, decided to walk, and chartered the carrier to transport our needments. It was exceeding warm, and after our portmanteaux had been stored in the cart, a sudden impulse made us seize cushions, climb into the vehicle, and ensconse ourselves comfortably on the top of the luggage.

Down the white road we jogged most happily; the slow motion affording time to note and enjoy many little matters of interest by the way. Now, in a more conventional equipage, we would have been hurried along, and missed precious bits of nature, human and other. Henceforward give me a carriage for convenience, but a cart for pleasure.

Everyone talks as if superstitions were fled, and solid fact alone remained in the British Isles, although there is overwhelming evidence against the theory. On Hallowe'en, many a trembling maid will shut herself into a room lit by a solitary candle, and, standing before the looking-glass, will eat half an apple, placing the other half on her left shoulder. There, chilled and fearful, she will watch the reflection of the apple, hoping that the apparition of her lover may come to claim it; yet dreading lest the bony hand of Death may be outstretched to grasp it. It is scarce matter for surprise the foolish girls have been known to turn hysterical and to rush shrieking from the ordeal chamber. Let any woman, priding herself upon strength of nerve, enter a dimly-lit room, and stare fixedly at her own reflection in the mirror. She will be amazed in a few moments to see what strange, wild eyes meet her gaze, and how unfamiliar seem the features reflected therein.

The child takes the supernatural much more seriously, yet much more easily, than the adult. On the threshold of life the mysterious and the commonplace are strangely blended. For instance, my little son accepted with perfect faith the delightful fantasies in *Old Hungarian Tales* translated from *Népmesék* by the Baroness Orczy, and illustrated by her and her husband, Mr. Montagu Barstow. With equal belief in the powers of the editor, he suggested that certain of the pictures in the volume should be employed in decorating these pages; and, through the kindness of Messrs. Dean and Son, the publishers, the editor has been able to gratify his wish.

MURIEL BABBINGTON-BRIGHT.



Fashions of the Month.



THIS evening gown recalls the Marie Antoinette period. The gored skirt traced with sequins is made, like the pointed belt, of brocade; while the berthe is chiffon, and a pointed lace collar outlines the *décolletage*.

*** *Patterns of the Costumes which appear in these pages will be forwarded by post direct from the Office of* "THE LUDGATE," *34, Bouverie Street, on the following terms:—Cape or Skirt, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Jacket or Bodice, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Whole Costume, 2s.; Do. (cut to measure), 2s. 6d. Full particulars for self-measurement and form of application will usually be found at end of book.*



THIS also is an evening gown, of black satin. The front is formed of diamonds of white satin and cream lace, while a cream lace collar outlines the neck at the back. *(See Note.)*



OUR artist represents a walking dress. It is made in one of the new *bouclé* cloths, trimmed with strappings buttoned with gold. *(See Note.)*



THE above dress is made in one of the new crêpons, with a bodice of caracule, and an inner vest of white cloth, shewing against a waistcoat of plaid velvet. *(See Note.)*



THE drawing of our artist represents a tea-gown of brocade, with a yoke of transparent lace, with long scarves of chiffon. *(See Note.)*

THIS cape is made in the material of any costume it is desired to match. It has epaulettes of silk passementerie work, to which are added long frilled ends of Maltese lace. The Medicis collar is lined with the material of the cape. The second illustration is a dress for a girl of seven or eight. The material is Cheviot. The large sleeves are cut in four parts, and the frock completed by a collar of white and mode-coloured Cheviot trimmed with a small passementerie border. The collar is open in front. The third shows a dress for a still younger girl. It is made of white woollen stuff and trimmed with pink *faconné* silk ribbon and rosettes, and cross-stitch embroidery in the same tint.







The "Ludgate" Prize Competitions.

The "Ludgate" Competitions have been eminently successful, and in course of time the Editor intends to extend their scope and increase their interest. A vast number of manuscripts were received and careful attention was given to the whole of them. The best plot for a novel was sent by W. Waite Sanderson, 2, Fenham Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The best set of verses came from F. H. Sikes, M.A., Brighton Road, Sutton, Surrey. Hereafter it may be possible to print from time to time contributions which, though they do not win a prize, are deemed worthy of commendation. Only one drawing was received in time, and it was not up to the required standard, so that there was no competition. The photographs sent in for the "September" Photographic Competition were very numerous, the best of them being by T. Morley Brook. For the next Photographic Competition, under the new conditions, an enormous number of contributions have been received. The decision will be announced in the December Number of the magazine.

THE BEST NOVEL PLOT.

"*THE EVIL THAT MEN DO.*"

By W. Waite Sanderson, *2, Fenham Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

THE story opens at Wansbury. Miles Oldham, a simple, honest countryman, is bethrothed to Madge Burton, the spoilt daughter of a village carpenter. One evening during a solitary ramble Madge meets Percy Martin, a good hearted but irresponsible lad of one-and-twenty, who is tramping through the Lake District. He enters into conversation with the girl and kills an idle hour by drawing vivid word pictures of London and the world of fashion there. Miles encounters the pair and Martin passes on. That night Madge retires to rest, her head one mad whirl of impressions, to dream of a smile and a hand-clasp that has thrilled her more, infinitely more, than the passionate embrace of her affianced husband. Two years pass, Madge and Miles are now married and a little one has come to bind more closely these two whom God has joined. By a strange freak of destiny Martin returns to Wansbury; with him comes Dennis Granville, a hard, cold man of the world. His influence over the lad has been thoroughly demoralizing. Martin is again brought into contact with Madge whose existence he had entirely forgotten. The acquaintance is renewed. They meet frequently, at first accidentally, then by design. Utterly regardless now of the responsibilities of life, Martin seeks to win Madge's love and eventually carries her away, leaving Miles and her child to face the taunts of the world. He assures her that Miles will obtain a divorce, and that they will then be legally married. Had he known Miles better he might have realised that the simple, noble nature would shrink instinctively from parading his wife's shame before the world. For a time Miles struggles on in silence, but at length gives up the unequal struggle and starts for the Antipodes, leaving his child with some kinsmen at home. For three long years he roams over the world vainly endeavouring to blot from his mind the image of a fair face. Eighteen months after their elopement Percy Martin is called to his account and the inevitable happens. Madge, returning to England, passes from one stage to another, sinking deeper at each step, until at length one morning a woman is placed in the dock of a London police-court charged with attempted suicide. Her sad story is told, and she is remanded that enquiries may be made. Oldham is discovered and brought once more face to face with his wife. "Will you give her another chance?" the magistrate asks. "If not I must send her to prison." "I could not bear to see her go to prison; will she come back to me—will she give up the old life?" The

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promise is eagerly given. "Then I will take her home," Miles answers, with quiet dignity. They determine to live in London, believing that the great social vortex will swallow up their story. It leaks out, however. Neighbours gossip, so they move from place to place, but scandal's small voice follows closely in their wake. Nowhere are they secure. At length they take their child and emigrate to Canada. Here gossip ceases, but another shadow grows up that eclipses entirely the misery caused by scandal-loving tongues. Madge gradually realises that the past can never be blotted out: the memory of these three terrible years rises like a gaunt spectre between her husband and herself. Miles struggles against it, but it is useless, and Madge, poor wayward Madge, instinctively reads his mind. There is but one thing—death. So she seeks the rest that has been denied her on earth in a quiet pool within sight of their home. That evening when Miles returns from work he finds their child alone, playing with a number of trinkets, presents from himself to Madge, that his mother has heaped in his lap. On their rough deal table lies the family bible, from which Madge has just erased her name, and upon this a note and Madge's wedding ring. Her last letter closes with these words: "Try to keep my past from little Miles. I told him just now that I was going away for a long time and he cried. He loves me, husband. Can you keep that love in his heart? Do so if you can for your poor wife's sake. I shall sleep more peacefully if I know he loves me still. I once read that 'the evil men do lives after them.' Is this true of women? That thought has haunted me. Will the evil that I have done live after me? Will my boy suffer for his mother's sin? Ah! no, no, God is merciful. He will not allow that. My child will grow up a good man. I know it. When I finish this I will kiss him and steal quietly away. I want you to take my last kiss from my boy's lips: it will be purer than from my own. Goodbye, husband. God bless you and my boy always. Your heartbroken wife, Madge."



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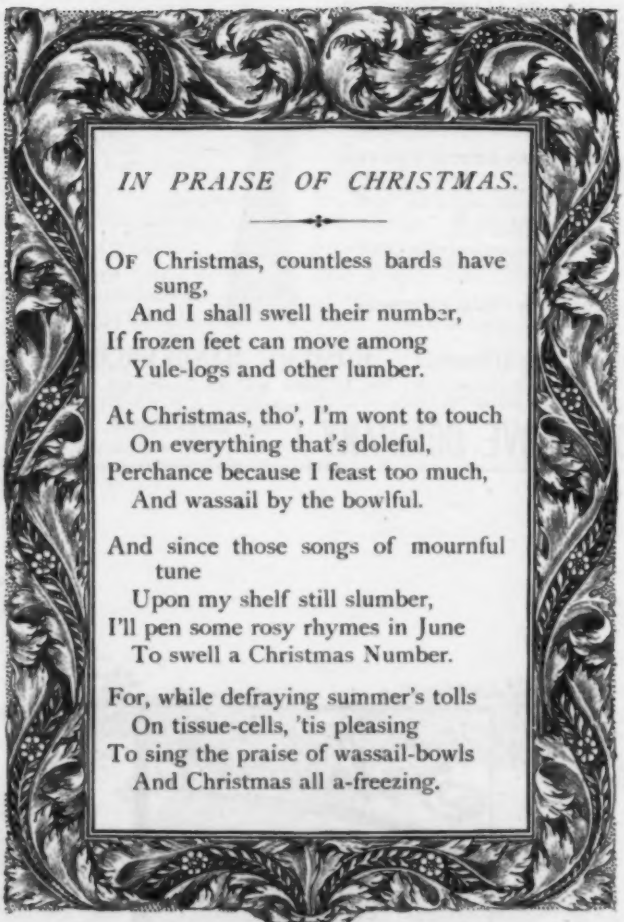
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IN PRAISE OF CHRISTMAS.

OF Christmas, countless bards have sung,
And I shall swell their number,
If frozen feet can move among
Yule-logs and other lumber.

At Christmas, tho', I'm wont to touch
On everything that's doleful,
Perchance because I feast too much,
And wassail by the bowlful.

And since those songs of mournful tune
Upon my shelf still slumber,
I'll pen some rosy rhymes in June
To swell a Christmas Number.

For, while defraying summer's tolls
On tissue-cells, 'tis pleasing
To sing the praise of wassail-bowls
And Christmas all a-freezing.

BY F. H. SIKES, M.A., *Brighton Road, Sutton, Surrey*

THE LUDGATE

Literary & Artistic Prize Competitions.

FOR STORIES, DRAWINGS, VERSES, & AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

The Editor of the LUDGATE, desirous of furnishing Amateurs of literary and artistic tastes with means of estimating the value of their work, has decided to present silver medals of handsome design for:

The **Best Original Story** about eight hundred words long.

The **Best Original Drawing** for a page of the magazine 8¾ by 5¼ inches: the sketch ought to be larger.

The **Best Set of Original Verses**, which may be given as a decorative page.

The **Best Photograph:** Animal study or Landscape with animals.

Each photograph sent must be mounted, with the title on front, and the name and address of sender on back of mount. Silver prints are preferable for purposes of reproduction, and should be supplied whenever possible. A competitor may send in any number of photographs provided they are forwarded in one parcel. The decision of the Editor is final.

Contributions, marked "Prize Competitions," and bearing the name and address of the sender, must reach the Ludgate Offices, 34, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C., by the 1st of December; and the prize-winners will be announced in the January Number.

The Editor reserves the right to publish any of the Contributions, though, as a rule, only those that take prizes, or are commended, will be given. Every effort will be made to return unsuccessful MSS, Drawings, and Photographs, where stamps are sent for the purpose, though no guarantee can be given on the subject.

PUZZLEDOM.

THE following are the names and addresses of the winners in Puzzledom in our September Number: Mr. Thomas Slater, Winder, Frizington, Carnforth; Miss Baines, 11, Cromwell Terrace, Scarborough; Miss Page, The Elms, Bodicote, Banbury; Mrs. Warriner, Bloxham Grove, near Banbury; H. M. White, 47, Musters Road, West Bydsford, Nottingham.

The Best Photograph.



"MISCHIEF BREWING"

THE PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH, BY T. MORLEY BROOK, LANCASHIRE

An Appeal.

DURING the Influenza Epidemic this year the medical profession universally prescribed **HALL'S COCA WINE.** The unexpected and increased demand we were unable to meet, and we were obliged to publicly apologise for non-delivery of orders. We are now in a position to meet any demand that can arise. Unfortunately the demand, which we were unable to meet, induced a number of individuals to offer the public, under the name of Coca Wine, unpalatable and utterly useless preparations, which have disappointed and disgusted those who have been misled. With a view to removing the bad impression created, we are sending to all who are desirous of tasting the beneficial qualities of **HALL'S** COCA WINE, free tasting samples; we only ask that you will send us a post-card and judge for yourselves. It is absolutely proved by the Medical Press and Profession that—

Hall's Coca Wine is indispensable to over-worked and worn-out men and women;

Hall's Coca Wine relieves mental and physical fatigue;

Hall's Coca Wine removes depression;

Hall's Coca Wine cures neuralgia, sleeplessness, and anæmia;

Hall's Coca Wine is the most marvellous restorative after illness ever used; and what is still more important, it has none of the fearful after-effects which follow the use of narcotics and other powerful remedies which *relieve for a period*, but which invariably have to be paid for by the reaction which follows.

We have endeavoured to protect the public by adopting the trade mark of a keystone in red, with the signature of the firm, S. S. & Co., across the label, and we beg that purchasers will reject any that do not bear this distinctive mark.

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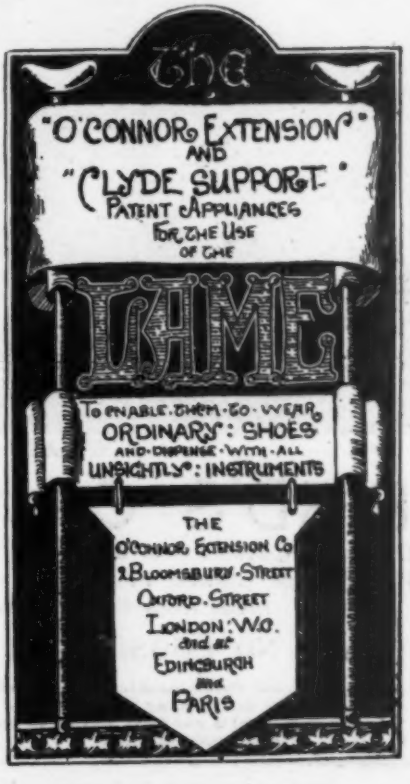
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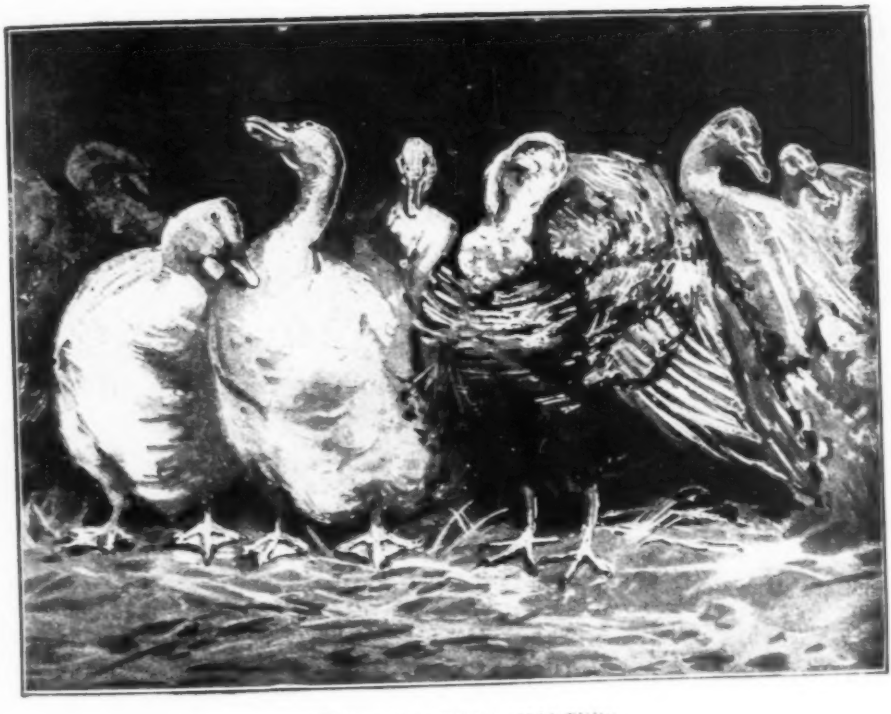
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SOME CHRISTMAS MARTYRS

DRAWN BY ARTHUR TOMKINS



THE CHRISTMAS BELLE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN, GLASGOW AND MANCHESTER

CAPTAIN JACOBUS.

Certain passages from the Memoirs of ANTHONY LANGFORD *Gentleman: containing a particular account of his Adventures with* CAPTAIN JACOBUS *the Notorious Cavalier Highwayman: of his connection with the* PENRUDDOCK *Plot in the time of the* Commonwealth *and of the surprising Adventures and singular turns of Fortune that befell him in the course of these relations. Written by* Himself *and now newly set forth By* L. Cope Cornford.



ILLUSTRATED BY C. M. SHELDON

SUMMARY.

Anthony Langford goes forth to Salisbury one March morning in the year 1655 to tell Mr. Richard Phelps, a merchant, that he loves his daughter and knows that he finds favour in her sight. On the way he meets John Manning, a youth five years his senior, who also loves Barbara, and is in high feather at having won her father's consent to his courtship. After something near a quarrel the two fare together to see old Phelps, where Manning is discomfited, while Anthony finds himself accepted by father as by daughter. Late at night, while he is on his way home, an attempt is made to murder him. He has an opportunity to kill his enemy—no other than Manning—but contents himself with warning him never to be seen again within sight of Salisbury spire. Preparations for his marriage move apace, but at last, as he goes homeward one day, he is stopped by a highwayman—Captain Jacobus, whose real name is Sir Clipseby Carew—and warned that if he proceeds he will be arrested, inasmuch as his estates are confiscated, and himself outlawed, by the Commonwealth. Asked if he has an enemy, Langford remembers Manning, and sees his work in this. Jacobus explains that he is a principal agent in a new conspiracy against the Protector, and asks Langford to join him, persuading him at last. They then ride to Wilton and meet other Royalist conspirators, where it is arranged that Jacobus shall proceed immediately to tell the Earl of Rochester what force the Royalists of Wiltshire can put in the field forthwith. It is arranged that Anthony Langford shall ride with him.

CHAPTER III.

A DEN OF THIEVES.

IT must have been past midnight when we quitted the Orle of Martlets and struck into the road leading towards Grovely Wood, a tract of forest lying about three miles to the northward of Wilton. No sooner had we reached the skirts of the wood, than the Captain, quitting the road, plunged into its branchy depths. Save for an occasional patch of star-spangled sky

above the burgeoning tree-tops, there seemed nothing to guide us, for the place was pitch-black; nevertheless, the Captain held steadily onwards along some sort of rough track

"Ye have just seen the top-side of the King's party, Mr. Langford," he remarked. "Now y'are to behold the bottom. His Majesty's business requires some singular instruments, and its execution sometimes takes his servants into strange places."

As he spoke there fell upon our ears a confused noise of shoutings: and a few paces further, we descried, behind the serried black trees, a red glow as of a great fire.

"The clapper dogeons are in their altitudes, as usual," observed the Captain. "For drinking roaring drunk hand to fist, and raising the Black Spy in general, commend me to Mul-Sack's crew."

Before I had time to ask his meaning, we emerged upon a wide, irregular clearing, where stood a dark mass of building, which seemed to be a chapel. A most prodigious din was going on within: the painted windows glowed upon the night, and a stream of light shone from the open doorway: through which we could see a fantastical crowd of men and women seated about long tables, feasting, gambling and quarrelling. Two sentries, posted one on either side of the doorway, lay propped against the wall, sound asleep; a pot of ale stood on one side of each: and on the other, his match smouldered in the grass. Planted in the ground, in front of them tipsily askew, were their match-lock rests, while the ponderous weapons themselves were leaned against the wall. The red ruins of a huge fire, burning midway between the chapel and the trees, dimly revealed the figures of several horses picketted near by, and the outlines of some covered waggons beyond.

At the moment of our arrival, there was a sudden increase in the clamour: and the wild figures of two men, twisted together and fighting like cats, appeared upon the orange patch of the doorway, swayed to and fro, dropped upon the sward outside, and lay there wrestling. Other figures thronged after them, and in a moment the combatants were hidden from view by a howling mob.

Captain Jacobus dismounted briskly, drew a pistol from his holster, and strode into the crowd, shouldering them to right and left. "Mark ho!" some one shouted: and the cry was caught up and repeated twice or thrice: then, with a complete change of accent, "The Captain! Way for the Captain!" Catching his horse by the bridle, and following close upon his heels, I came up to find the Captain slashing the writhing gladiators on the ground across the head and face with his heavy riding-switch, and rating them the while like a couple of curs.

"Do I pay you to kill each other, you filthy scoundrels," he cried, as the bloody and dishevelled ruffians staggered stupidly to their feet. "No more of it, or I will have the skin flogged off you by inchmeal. Take the horses to stable, some of you. Come in, Mr. Langford;" and we stepped across the threshold.

The place was thronged with a crew of more villainous tatterdemalions than I had ever before clapped eye upon in one place, and the reek of the atmosphere caught my throat. Stuck upon the tables and in iron wall sconces, there were enough candles burning to lighten a street: the unsightly reliques of a huge meal littered the trestle-tables that stood along the walls: and round them was gathered a horrible tribe of beggars and their callets. There was scarce a complete man amongst them: the most had lost a limb in the late wars, and the rest would lack an eye or an ear, or perhaps a nose; while as for those among their women who were not old, lean, and hag-like, the boldness of their manner of attire and behaviour flushed the blood into my face.

Upon our right hand, almost midway in the wall, an arch opened upon what had doubtless been a private chapel, but was now a kitchen furnished with a great stone fireplace, about which two or three stout wenches were busy cooking. As we entered, the crowd, falling suddenly silent, made way for us. Right in front, upon the dais where once had stood the altar, an old man sat in a high-backed chair beside a small table, dozing asleep as placid as though he were alone in a wilderness. His face, burnt dark by the weather, was evil and handsome, and his long white curls flowed upon his shoulders. Immediately above him rose the tall east window, wherein, through the smoke, I dimly discerned the pale figure of our Lord.

At the jingle of our spurs upon the

stones, the ancient arose; and saluting, approached us.

"What the devil, Mul-Sack!" cried Captain Jacobus. "Do you keep order no better than this? Had I been Captain Crook, with a troop of dragoons at my back, you would have been jogging to Tyburn in fetters by now."

"Why, that's the truth, Captain, and where's the use of denying it?" returned the other, with a kind of cringing insolence. "The rogues are fit to make your heart ache, you know so well as I, Captain. If you please to enter your own room, Captain, the wenches will light a fire and bring the best we have."

"Quick about it," said the Captain shortly: and turning his back upon the man, Mul-Sack, and going to a door in the north wall, he took a key from his pocket and unlocked it.

Mul-Sack, crying out some commands in a strange language, plucked a sconce of candles from the wall and followed: when we found ourselves in a vaulted octagonal chamber, which must once have been the Sacristy. Two or three of the wenches bustled in and out with fuel and dishes: in a few moments a faggot was blazing on the hearth, and a plentiful meal smoking on the table. The Captain unlocked a great chest that stood against the wall, and drew forth bottles of Xeres wine: and we fell to very heartily, Mul-Sack coming in and out the while, solicitous that we should lack nothing. When we had finished, the table was cleared swiftly, the door shut, and we were left alone. Captain Jacobus, who forgot nothing, dived once more into the chest, and placed upon the table paper and ink, pens and sealing-wax.



"DREW FORTH BOTTLES OF XERES WINE"

"Write what you have to write, and I'll despatch it forthwith," said he: and sitting down by the fire with his back to me, the Captain lit a long pipe.

I took my head in my hands and tried to think what I must write to Barbara.

Clearly I must tell her the truth of the case, and leave her free to renounce me. 'Twas the least and the most I could do: but I knew well enough she would not consent: and although there was consolation in the thought, how could I endure that her lot should be bound up with that of a broken man and an outlaw?

"To Salisbury? A decus there and a decus back," said the Captain, as I handed him the enclosure. "Have you a couple of crowns?"

I gave him the money and he left the room, to return with Mul-Sack.

"The letter shall be delivered so soon as the city gates are opened," said the old gentleman. "I do not know your name, sir, but you seem a mighty proper young gentleman, and 'tis a pleasure to serve you," he added, politely.



"EVERY WORD I WROTE I THOUGHT OF BARBARA READING IT"

True, the present conspiracy might succeed, the King come to his own again, and all be well, but I owned to myself I had small, bitter hopes of it. There are things in this world must be carried thorough-stitch in spite of one's teeth: here was one of them: every word I wrote I thought of Barbara reading it: and when the letter was done there was no more virtue in me.

"Sit down, Mul-Sack, help yourself to liquor, and get to business," said Captain Jacobus. "What of Mr. Armorer?"

"Trepanned. And the harmanbacks picqued to Rumvile and lodged him in the King's Inn," returned the other.

The Captain, twisting his moustache, seemed to digest this intelligence, then he turned to me.

"He wishes to convey," said he, "that Mr. Nicholas Armorer, my lieutenant, has been captured by constables, carried to London, and confined in Newgate. Stow your whids and plant 'em," he added, to Mul-Sack. "Tell us how it happened in the King's English."

"How should I know?" said Mul-Sack, coolly. "Mr. Armorer must have had an accident in filching the mails from Thurloe's express from Flanders, and afterwards fallen in with Crook or some of his gans, for going out upon the night-sneak we found the cold meat of Thurloe's rider Kaines with a sword-slash in his throat. We stripped him for what he was worth, which was cursed little, but found no screeves on him. So 'tis a nice question whether Mr. Armorer destroyed the mails before he was taken, or whether the soldiers carried them to Thurloe. Ay, Nick Armorer's gone out on the boman ken once too often, Captain. Here's to his bilking the nubbing-cheat, but I wouldn't lay a groat upon the chance," and the old robber tossed off a tot of French brandy and turned his glass upside down upon the table.

The Captain sat ruminating gloomily for a space, Mul-Sack sipping his liquor the while, and casting sidelong glances out of his narrow eyes at his chief.

"And what of the brothers Dickenson?" enquired Captain Jacobus.

I learned afterwards the details of the audacious plot to which this question referred: indeed, (though not without qualms) I assisted later in its development. There were two brothers Dickenson, Mr. Emanuel, and Mr. Jedediah, both of whom were goldsmiths: Mr. Emanuel carrying on a great trade in Paul's Churchyard in London, and Mr. Jedediah a solid business in the High Street, Winchester. Mr. Emanuel was a zealous member of the Rump, which appeared to the Captain much more than a justification for robbing the pair. So he forged a letter to Emanuel, purporting to be from the wife of Jedediah, inviting Emanuel to her husband's funeral: while Mul-Sack (who was a person of grossly misused education), indited another precisely similar, to Jedediah, on behalf of Mrs. Emanuel. When the brothers were fairly on their way to each other's obsequies, Mul-Sack was to rob the Winchester shop, while Captain Jacobus rifled the house in Paul's Churchyard.

"According to the time allowed," said Mul-Sack, in answer to the Captain's question, "the letters would be delivered this morning, so that both the fools should have started to-night. They will be sure to travel at night, for fear of you and me, Captain."

"Why, 'tis very well," said the Captain. "And what next?"

"No more that I wot of, save that Noll's upon the road to-morrow, travelling up from Winchester. I drink to his speedy damnation," said Mul-Sack.

The Captain appeared quite unmoved by this piece of news. "How many outriders?" he asked, knocking out the ashes of his pipe upon the palm of his hand.

"Seven."

"Ah!" said the Captain. "And now I'll bid you good-night, for these are ill hours and we must be stirring betimes. And what think you of Mul-Sack, King of the Beggars, Mr. Langford?" he continued, when the old man had shut the door behind him.

I was dazed and bewildered with the staggering sequence of events, and tired as a dog: but I had somehow acquired an impression that Mul-Sack was a very villainous rascal, and I said so.

"Y'are right," said the Captain. "A most deadly varlet. But he is supple as a glove with me, and his vagabonds are my secret-service men from Southampton port to London town. John Thurloe thinks he owns a secret-service, but mine is worth forty on't. My pilgrims take what they can get: disobedience is sudden death: and in the upshot, the King is very well served. Can ye sleep on straw, Mr. Langford? I know no softer bed:" and the Captain flung himself on a huge truss of fresh straw that had been laid in readiness, rolled himself in his cloak, and seemed to sleep at once.

I laid myself down likewise, and my weariness was so sore, that in spite of sorrow, I dropped straightway into the profound slumber of youth.

In Praise of Pantomime.

UNANIMITY is sometimes charming, but the editors of *The Ludgate* were not altogether prepared for the marvellous unanimity wherewith theatrical managers answered their question as to what is the best form of entertainment for the Christmas season.

There were one or two whose replies, being not quite like the others, may be dealt with first of all. Mr. Maskelyne, writing from the Egyptian Hall, declares that there is nothing like conjuring. Over the way, at Moore and Burgess's a representative of *The Ludgate* had a very interesting talk with Mr. Lawrence Brough, the manager. There must be many, it would appear, who think that there is nothing like negro minstrelsy. What is more, they are very conservative in their tastes, and it is the experience of the management that nothing goes better nowadays than the things that went well years and years ago. In proof of this statement it may be added that on the night of our representative's visit someone was singing, with evident success, a song which was a great favourite when he first began to sing it in the same hall five-and-thirty years ago—before Moore and Burgess existed. Another fact which bears upon the present question is that at Christmas, the company quits the hall that usually suffices and moves into the large hall, which accommodates 5,000 people.



MR. J. L. TOOLE AS "CALEB PLUMMER"
From a photograph by Mayall

Those who love their Dickens—the creator of many an honoured Christmas tradition—and have seen Mr. Toole as "Caleb Plummer," will be strongly tempted to agree with the message the veteran comedian sends through his secretary: "Mr. Toole thinks that one of the soundest and most healthy entertainments for the Christmas holidays is a representation of Dickens's story of *The Cricket on the Hearth*, in which he is always happy in acting the part of 'Caleb Plummer.'"

After this comes the unanimity. Sir Augustus Harris "certainly thinks that pantomime is the best kind of entertainment during the Christmas season." Sir Augustus was on the point of leaving for America when he sent this answer to the question, but, happening to be in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane our representative went to Mr. Neil Forsyth for some further particulars. October had hardly begun, and the booking office had been open only a few days. Yet the public, as well as the libraries, had flocked to engage seats, and there were those who had already arranged that on nights so far away as the middle of next February they would go to the theatre. More astonishing still were certain letters, containing cheques and postal notes, in which, writing last December, people applied for seats at the opening performance of the new pantomime, next Boxing Day.



DIRECTING A REHEARSAL.

After Sir Augustus Harris, let Mrs. Sara Lane speak out of the wealth of her experience:—

Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, London, N.
September 20th, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—Replying to yours of 23rd inst., my idea of the best kind of entertainment for Christmas can scarcely be matter for conjecture. It is pantomime. I do not mean a gorgeous spectacle of processions and ballets, such as in the present days is, I think, too often given under that name; but a pantomime upon the lines of the days of old, full of fun and frolic, of singing and dancing, and containing a simple plot, dealing with the opposing forces of demon spells and fairy aid to oppressed mortals. It has always been my endeavour to mould my pantomimes into this form, and while retaining all the good features of the past, to be ever awake to the improvements of the present day.

Yours faithfully,
SARA LANE.

From Bristol comes another expression of the same opinion:—

The Prince's Theatre
Bristol.
Sept. 30th, 1895.

MY DEAR SIR,—In reply to your favour, I have no hesitation in stating that pantomime still maintains its position as the best kind of entertainment for the Christmas season. It is a tradition, and is as indispensable to Christmas festivities as plum pudding. It is the one great treat that children anxiously look forward to from one year's end to another, as it is generally



THE CORPS DE BALLET.

their only visit to the theatre. In defence of the reproach (?) that nursery subjects are unceasingly chosen for pantomimes, I can only say that as these nursery stories are the first that children are taught, the impressions then created are not easily forgotten, and a natural desire is engendered to witness these familiar stories in stage form. It generally happens that the most favourite subjects in the nursery prove the most popular pantomimes on the stage.—Yours truly. J. M. CHUTE.

and we require an entertainment calculated to banish these cares and relieve our thoughts from business troubles. It is not imperative the attraction should be a pantomime, but the amusement demanded should be of that light and amusing quality which, while dispelling our gloom, would give pleasure to all and offence to none.

EDWARD FLETCHER.

Mr. Mulholland writes very fully, and it is to be noted that he does not share the regrets for the old style pantomime



REHEARSING A JAPANESE DANCE

Not otherwise does Cardiff declare:—

Theatre Royal, Cardiff.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your enquiry as to the best kind of entertainment required for the Christmas season, as a theatrical manager of many years experience, I think the most suitable must be that which is specially bright and attractive and sparkling with wit and humour. A refined pantomime, with plenty of harmless fun, is my idea of the best counter attraction to the dulness, damp, and fog, of our usual Christmas weather. In these days of excitement and worry, of telephone, and telegram, our anxieties are brought to us at once

which were so widely expressed at the time of the recent death of Harry Payne, the last of the old clowns.

Theatre Metropole, Camberwell, S.E., October 9th, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your inquiry as to the kind of entertainment most suited to the Christmas season, I beg to say that, speaking for the theatres proper—apart from which I do not lay claim to any special knowledge or experience—in my judgment pantomime holds the first place, and this opinion I base, not only upon the indications in London—where, by the way, the supply of pantomime recently has seemed to me con-



THE SERPENTINE DANCER

siderably short of the demand—but upon the great popularity of this class of entertainment in the provinces, where every large town practically demands the production of an elaborate "Annual" costing many thousands of pounds, at one, and often at two or more theatres, and supports such productions for runs varying from two to three months. The requirements of the smaller centres are comparatively as exigent in this respect, and are met by the "Touring" pantomime, which has in recent years become an acknowledged and important branch of the amusement industry during the Christmas time, and, indeed, well into the spring season. The majority of the local, and many of the touring performances, are given with great completeness, but it is curious to note in the latter case, that the pantomime which will delight an audience at the beginning of January will fall flat at the end of March. Of course large numbers will always be found to prefer the play proper, the variety theatres, etc., and this is especially so in London, where, however, the huge population upsets ordinary calculation, but there is, I think, a vast majority with whom the idea of Christmas is inseparably associated with a visit to the pantomime, and I am of opinion that this is the typical, seasonable, and popular class of Christmas entertainment. Granting this, we are narrowed down to the particular form which it should take. I see no great cause to regret the decadence of the harlequinade. No matter how well this may have been done, it must have been somewhat monotonous when spread over an entire evening: and when every pantomime was more or less a variant of every other. For myself I have invariably found "Joey" a dull dog. The rough and tumble pantomime is on its last legs, while the variety performance, wrapped up in the remnant of a fairy tale, or the distortion of several nursery legends with an elaborate back-ground of headache-compelling spectacular effect, is a thing of the past. There will probably be several opinions as to how "Ali Baba" acquired his knowledge of the Old Kent Road, and how "Blue Beard" struck up his acquaintance with John Jones of Covent Garden. The time has come when the unities must be considered, and when even the children will resent the maltreatment of their favourite heroes and heroines. The fairy tale should be treated daintily, the plot evolved consistently, set to bright and tuneful music, punctuated by appropriate and graceful dances (I wonder how long the public will stand the high-kicking and other acrobatisms at present yclept dancing?),



"THE NOBLE ART"

mounted in a frame sufficiently gilded to please the children's eyes, but not too heavy for the picture, and above all mingled with a continuous stream of harmless, hearty fun. My subject for the coming season's production here will be *Robinson Crusoe*, and I may say incidentally, that the "King of the Cannibals" having visited these Islands "on a mission" will speak a little English, but "Man Friday" will be practically ignorant of the language, and that neither will have any acquaintance with—say the lady whose golden hair was hanging down her back. In a word, pantomime is in my opinion the Christmas entertainment *par excellence* of the present, and the pantomime of the future will be a fairy play with the music of a comic opera, and the mounting and latitude of an extravaganza.—Yours very truly,

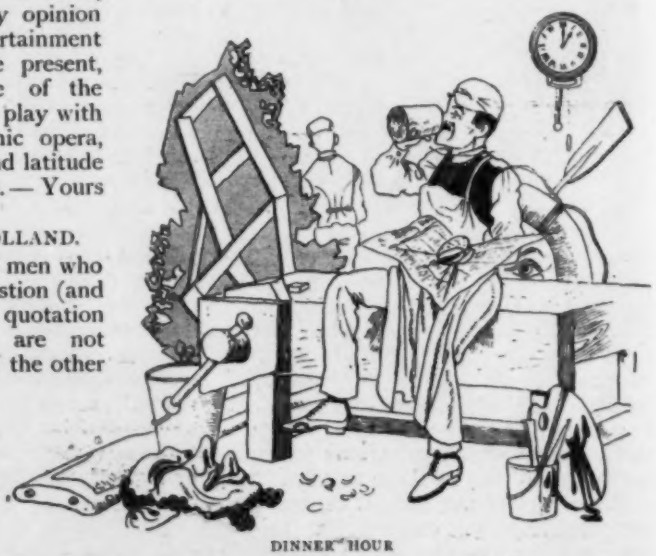
J. B. MULHOLLAND.

These letters, from men who have studied the question (and they are chosen for quotation only because they are not limited, like many of the other letters received, to a bare declaration in favour of pantomime) prove that at Christmas there is practically but one form of entertainment for Londoners and provincials alike. Perhaps, also, they contain, taken together, a sufficient explanation of why this is so.

Pantomime, of course, is the one kind of theatrical entertainment which children can enjoy with anything like a full appreciation, and Christmas is a season when it becomes the bounden duty of the elder generation to lay aside its own peculiar likings and prejudices and labour to make life pleasant for the juniors. The lover of Shakespeare, or of the problem-play, has therefore to put his private wishes aside and take his children, or those that call him Uncle, to see the mixture of fairy-tale and music-hall which goes by the name of pantomime.

But there is no particular self-sacrifice in this. Pretty dresses, faces and dances should be as attractive to the grown-up as to the very youthful, and as a matter of fact they are. There must be many a woman, especially, who is glad to learn at Christmas the words of the songs whose melodies have been familiar, as rendered by barrel-organs or whistled in the street, during the preceding year.

Thus it is that, even as these lines are being written, a host of men, women, and children are going perseveringly through the exercises pictured in our illustrations, so that they may delight the people who are already thinking of taking seats—and even finding themselves already too late to take them—for Boxing-night performances at theatres all over the country. If only because of the vast number of people not always able to get employment, for whom it makes Christmas and the weeks that follow a time of comparative plenty, it is matter for rejoicing that at this season of the year the one most popular form of entertainment is pantomime.



DINNER HOUR



A Transformation Scene.

WRITTEN BY MARY STUART BOYD. ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. BOYD.

PAUSING to regain breath after a steep climb, the Rev. Peter Ormond turned to gaze down on the little seaport nestling close to the shore of the Firth. The straggling principal street drew back from the beach, as if, dreading the surge of the German Ocean and essaying to scale the hill, it had stopped wearily half-way. On the edge of the lower cliff, at whose base the waves boomed angrily in stormy weather and rippled soothingly in fine, ran the Fisher-row, a line of squat, red-tiled dwellings of the fisher-folk. In front of this single row of houses, bordering the cliffs, extended a low, broad sea-wall. During the frequent gales it afforded some feeble protection from the assaults of the billows. In times of peace it formed a convenient and appreciated lounge and chatting place. There would the women gossip as their busy fingers baited the lines, the while the men rested, idly smoking, enjoying the ease and sunshine after a hard night's work. Lower, the waters of the Forth played caressingly around the harbour, and gently rocked its little fleet of fishing smacks at anchor.

Mr. Ormond was a man of sympathies, quick if not profound; and as he viewed the sea sparkling gaily in the fitful December sunlight, he marvelled, as those who study the face of the ocean in its happier moods must ever marvel, that anything so fair could wield a power so cruel: a reflection trite but inevitable. Some time before, a schooner, trading between Leith and Antwerp, that carried a village lad as mate, had been reported missing. After anxious weeks, intimation had come that fragments of the *John and Mary's* long boat and part of her rigging had been washed ashore on the Norfolk coast. It was impossible to evade the conviction that she had perished in the fierce north-easter which wrought tremendous havoc on the 8th of December.

The Misses Marget and Meenie Mathieson, members of Mr. Ormond's congregation, were the aunts and only living relatives of the missing lad, and it was towards their cottage that Mr. Ormond bent his steps this bright winter morning. The Misses Mathieson were persons of some distinction. They lived in a neat, slate-roofed cottage of their own. Miss Marget made dresses for the villagers—she had once turned a black silk for the doctor's wife—while Miss Meenie attended to the house-work and was entrusted with the rougher parts of the sewing—as over-whipping the seams.

The door-knocker shone bravely as ever, but the window-blinds were drawn closely, and the minister's boyish, laughter-loving soul sank within him as he braced himself for the half-hour that lay before him in the exercise of his pastoral duty. Miss Meenie opened the door and silently led the way to the kitchen, where Miss Marget sat in her best black cap, working on a hearse-like bonnet.

"Ye'll have heard?" she said interrogatively.

"Yes, Miss Mathieson, I have heard the sad news, and I came at once to offer my profound sympathy to yourself and your sister in your painful affliction."

Though Miss Marget was the younger, he somehow, all unconsciously, gave her first rank. Perhaps this precedence was due to a certain decision in her manner accompanied by a greater bulk of person. Miss Meenie cried quietly. She it was who had tried to screen Tom's delinquencies from the knowledge of his sterner guardian; for of a truth the rearing of the boy had been a terrible care to the spinsters. Surely it was a scurvy trick of Fate to plump down on these maidens—who had pursued methodical lives for more years than they would have liked to confess—the eminently disturbing elements of a sturdy five-year-old nephew. Still they tried hard to act dutifully towards him. Miss Marget was wont to contrive wonderful cut-over suits that he speedily wore out, and to lecture him on deportment in high-flown language that produced little definite impression on his youthful mind. He was ever a dunce at school. But what boy with the smell of the sea in his nostrils, the sound of the sea in his ears, and the craving for the sea in every fibre of his being could pass weary hours conning dreary columns of maddeningly impossible spelling, or counting endless rows of incomprehensible figures. Many a night did Tommy creep home, after a glorious day's truancy, to encounter a hearty reception from the family tawse, which, wielded in Miss Marget's strong right hand was a weapon of no mean capacity, and to be sent supperless to bed. He soon learned, however, to look



"THE LITTLE BLACK PONIES WITH THE GAY TRAPPINGS"

in the tiny wall-cupboard of his attic room for the piece Aunt Meenie's tender heart had prompted her to secrete against his coming. And when, his school days over, Miss Marget, turning a deaf ear to his pleadings that he might spend his life upon his beloved ocean, arranged to apprentice him to a grocer, an uncle of his mother's at Cupar, it was Miss Meenie who awoke in the morning to find an ill-scrawled pencil note under her door, explaining that, following out his resolutions to be a sailor, he had run away.

Many thoughts crowded on Miss Meenie as her tears bedewed the rusty pieces of crape she tacked on a bodice for "second-best wear;" pieces which

the last time the sisters went out of mourning had been carefully rolled on a smooth rod and put away, with admirable forethought, against the next bereavement. Miss Marget also pondered on many things. She recalled how, his first voyage ended, the lad had returned laden with such gifts for both as his slender purse permitted. She recollected, too, with a jealous twinge, that, seeing in his room a gorgeous eastern shell, she had inquired for whom it was intended, and that he had frankly acknowledged he was to give it to Devina Beith. Devina had been his sweetheart at school, though Miss Mathieson considered it beneath him to "tak up with the like o' her." The girl's father was but a fisherman of unsteady habits, and she looked after the smoky house in Fishers-row, baited the lines, and in her scant leisure knitted the great hose of coarse yarn worn by seamen under their huge boots.

"Your nephew was a fine young man," remarked Mr. Ormond, when, having prayed with the sisters, his visit drew to a close.

"Yes," assented Miss Marget, "he wasna that tall, none o his mother's folk was what ye ca' tall, but Tom was wiry."

"Ay, but he had a bonnie face, an' aye a bricht smile," broke in Miss Meenie, through her tears.

"He niver had a day's illness, but jist a week in bed wi' the measles," amended Miss Marget.

"An' Marget, dae ye min' that even then naething wad serve him but tae hae the window open that he micht listen tae the waves singing. An' him jist gaen' on seven."

"He must have had an inborn love of the sea," remarked Mr. Ormond.

"An' after it a'," said Miss Marget, bitterly, revealing that deep-rooted hatred of the sea ever to be found in women whose heritage is to live within sound of its roar, and to behold the awful desolation it can work, 'to think he's awa noo, an' no a body to read a word o' gospel ower his grave."

Mr. Ormond's heart was overwhelmed with sympathy, and, obeying a sudden impulse, he exclaimed, "Miss Mathieson, I'll tell you what I'll do, if you are agreeable. I'll come up some day soon, and you can gather your friends and we'll hold a funeral service here, in your house."

Miss Mathieson's strictly Calvinistic soul gasped a moment. For this was quite an original idea—at least she had never heard of a ceremony of this sort—a funeral service without a corpse!

"Ay, Mr. Ormond! I ne'er heard tell o' such a thing. Surely it's never been kent in Fife? An' what a speakin' it would mak' in the town."

But an expression of intense gratification overspread her grim features. Miss Meenie, whose chief sorrow had been the absence of the last precious offices for her beloved dead, rejoiced at the prospect of being able to show some respect to his memory. So, after short consideration, they agreed in assuring Mr. Ormond that they "would take it very kind indeed o' him."

"Then, Miss Mathieson, will you let your friends know to come on—let me see—this is Monday; suppose we say Wednesday afternoon, at three. If that will suit you?"

* * *

The Reverend Peter sought the high-road, well pleased with himself, and strode along with buoyant tread till the sudden jingle of harness and the quick hammer of hoofs behind caused him to turn round with heightened colour. He knew the little black ponies with the gay trappings, and he worshipped secretly their owner, Lady Ann Gordon, who drove towards him. He always felt that he preached to an especial audience when she graced the family gallery in the grey, weather-beaten church on a rocky knoll near the beach. His occasional visits to the Castle had been received with a cordiality whose memory made him hold his head aloft for many days. This morning his star was evidently in the ascendant. Lady Ann reined in her ponies, and saluted him by name. Her cheeks were rosy under a transparent veil. Her red cloak was trimmed with fur, and a knot of scarlet velvet stood upright at the side of her smart fur cap. On the cushions sat a watchful schipperkie; behind perched an impassive groom, with folded arms. Lady Ann was full of kindly impulses, and, as she approached the black figure on the road, it occurred to her that Mr. Ormond, a man of social instincts and great culture, must find Christmas lonely in the small village wherein Fate had for the time located him. Why not help him to enjoy himself?

"Mr. Ormond, I am so glad to meet you. We have a lot of children, my brother's bairns, staying at the Castle, and on Christmas Day we mean to have a Christmas-tree in the afternoon and 'charades at night. Will you come to lunch and help to amuse them? Mother will be so pleased."

Mr. Ormond was only too delighted to accede. The anticipation of a dreary Christmas in a town where the festival passed unregarded had been before him for some weeks. To spend it at the Castle of all places in the world! The joyous prospect crowded every other thought from his mind.

* * *

"An' now, Meenie," exclaimed Miss Marget, when Mr. Ormond had gone, "we maun hurry to hae a' thing ready in time."

Hurry they did. Miss Marget sewed at the mourning as for dear life, while Miss Meenie, in her oldest wrapper, with a duster tied over her head, explored, besom in hand, every corner of their scrupulously clean dwelling. That done, she baked scones and cakes, washed every dish and polished every morsel of tin and brass in the house. The sisters went late to bed, and rose early. By twelve o'clock on Tuesday the renovated costumes, frocks, mantles, and bonnets were finished; and the keenest eyes could have detected no speck of dust anywhere. Whereupon they rested from their labours, and, after a scrappy meal of tea and the less shapely of the scones, attired themselves in crape-laden garments and walked down to the town to make final arrangements for the burial service of the morrow. From house to house they passed, leaving invitations. The families of the postmaster, the joiner, the baker, and the draper, as well as a few elderly ladies who maintained respectable appearances upon trifling annuities, were duly summoned. Some discussions had occurred as to the advisability of calling personally on an old sea captain, who dwelt alone in a house at the further end of Fisher-row, and who spent his last years sitting on the sea-wall with his right eye screwed up and his left glued to the end of a telescope. On Sunday he abstained from this pleasing occupation, and clothed, even on the hottest summer day, in a heavy pilot overcoat, attended every ordinance of the Parish Church, where he made his presence felt by joining in the psalms with all the strength of his robust lungs. The consultation ended in the decision to write a note and to deliver it in person. And this visit they modestly postponed till well nigh the close of the round: after startling the good man by approaching him from behind, while he, still unaware of their presence, scanned the horizon, they placed the note in his hand and delicately departed. The wintry sun was setting as they retraced their steps.



"GAZING DREAMILY OVER THE MISTY WATER"

Presently they came in view of a girl with a faded red shawl tied over her black hair, who leant on the sea-wall, gazing dreamily over the misty water.

She did not observe the sisters, but Meenie, suddenly grasping the other by the arm, whispered:

"Marget—that's her!"

"Fine I ken that," replied Marget, curtly.

"Marget, he likit her rale weel," p'leaded Miss Meenie.

"I ken what ye're wantin', but I'll no dae't. She wasna near good eneuch for the like o' him. Her faither's jist a daidlin' body."

"But she's a guid lassie herself; an' oh! Marget, but she's bonnie!"

Miss Marget jerked her arm away and walked fiercely on; and Miss Meenie, not daring to venture further entreaties, trotted meekly behind. The last call, and most important, was at the grocer's, where, after ceremoniously bidding Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie to the service, they purchased a bottle of port, another of sherry and a pound of sweet biscuits. Snow was falling lightly by the time they ascended the incline. Miss Marget desired silence, and merely replied in gruff monosyllables to her sister's conciliatory remarks. Miss Meenie was carefully putting her best bonnet in a band-box on a shelf in the cupboard of the spare room, when she heard the front door softly close, and on entering the kitchen found her sister gone. Half-an-hour later Miss Marget returned exhausted, but with a more peaceful expression on her worn face.

"Meenie, I hae done it. I couldna' hae rested otherwise. Maybe her folks are no what we wud hae looked for, but she's a fine bit lassie hersel', and she's rale broken-hearted. See what she gave me to show you."

It was a photograph of the ill-fated lad: cheap enough, yet rendering truthfully his manly face, illumined by the radiant smile his aunts remembered so well. It was a poor thing, but still the women shed many hot tears over it.

During the night there had been a heavy fall of snow, which was still drifting through the morning light, and the wind moaned dolorously round the cottage where the sad, little company awaited the arrival of the Minister. The blinds were down, and the fire had been "gathered" with a great lump of coal that neither of the hostesses might require to heed mundane affairs in presence of their guests. On the top of the old brass-handled chest of drawers stood a tray bearing two heavy decanters of wine, a plate of biscuits, and the household's entire stock of crystal; and in reserve were platters heaped with scones and oat cakes; while the whole was covered with a damask napkin. The general impression was somehow that of sacramental "elements." On the clean, scrubbed kitchen table, sombrely draped for this especial occasion, reposed the huge Family Bible, and a water-bottle and tumbler. Every chair in the establishment had been brought into the kitchen and all were closely ranged against the walls. A cushioned seat was placed for the Minister's use at the head of the table in front of the Bible. Before the appointed hour each chair was filled, and some late-comers seated themselves on the edge of the two box-beds. Miss Meenie opened the door, and Miss Marget enthroned in the chair nearest the one intended for the clergyman, received the guests with due ceremony. Men, entering from the bluff outer air, felt the greeting die on their lips as they were met by the resigned bow of Miss Marget, who sat pressing a black-bordered pocket-handkerchief to her lips. Miss Meenie's station was an antiquated chair, just inside the kitchen, whence she could easily answer the knocker. Her crape was rusty as Miss Marget's, but scarce as plentiful. Her mouth twitched nervously, and her worn, idle, hands fidgeted restlessly on her black silk apron. Outside in the lobby stood Devina Beith, whose asking had been a matter of conscience with Miss Marget. None of Miss Meenie's gentle entreaties could induce her to enter. She prayed to be permitted to wait there. "She would hear quite plain," she said, "and she could slip off afore onyane kent." And Miss Meenie, appreciating her sentiments, urged her no further. Three o'clock passed: half-past three came, and still the steps of the Reverend Peter were not heard. The brief winter daylight was well-nigh spent. The closed window blinds and "happet" fire afforded scant illumination. Some of the men, the unwonted leisure and silence having a soporific effect, breathed heavily through their noses, and tried to keep awake by stealthily moving their limbs. Little Jamie Clark, an only son, who was



"THE FIGURE BURSTING INTO THE ROOM".

suspected of a leaning towards the long trail, and who was brought thither that the awful example of Thomas Mathieson's fate might the more firmly be impressed on his mind, fascinated by the ship in full sail that adorned the face of the old clock, and with the movements of the pendulum heaving incessantly upon a painted ocean, gazed on, till, half mesmerised, he was in danger of falling from his perch on the side of the bed. Alexander McNeal cleared his throat occasionally, and Mr. Forgan coughed uneasily, but none gave utterance to the thoughts that had taken possession of the minds of all—the Minister had forgotten! Four o'clock struck on the ancient timepiece, and Miss Marget broke the silence by saying in a sepulchral voice: "She's forret." Elder Neven furtively consulted a turnip-shaped watch and replied, in correspondingly lugubrious tone: "No much. If its five meenites, that a'." But the wheels of Peter's chariot tarried till certain of the bolder spirits resolved that when the hands reached half-past four they would leave, whether Mr. Ormond had arrived or not.

On a sudden all became conscious of a cold air in the hitherto close room. Glancing in the direction of the passage whence the draught emerged the assemblage beheld the door open wider, and, looking in upon them through the gloom, shone the face of the mourned sailor! He was white from head to heel, and his features bore traces of suffering. Speechless they stared: motionless, the form returned their gaze. So passed a long moment. Then the figure, bursting into the room, cried out in a cheery voice:

"Hillo! I'm jist in time. I didna ken there was gaen to be a pairty!"

By this Aunt Meenie, who had been nearest, was weeping on his snow-coated shoulder; and Marget had risen—overturning the water-bottle and heeding not—to clasp him in her arms.

"But what's wrang wi' ye a'?" asked the returned one.

"There's naething wrang noo ye've come hame Tammas;" smiled Miss Marget through her tears.

And, the spell broken, it was as though the Prince had kissed the Sleeping Beauty. Davie Thomson, sitting in the window, took upon himself without permission to pull up the blind, while Phemie Scott broke up the gathering coal and put on the kettle. And Miss Meenie, clearing away the Bible and wiping up the spilt water, lifted the huge tray to the table, and requested those present to help themselves and to drink to the health of their boy. For, as Miss Marget faltered: "Our son which was lost is found." In the midst of their joy, Miss Meenie, ever thoughtful for others, looked round for Devina. Slipping out into the passage, she discovered her leaning trembling and faint against the wall.

"Come in Devina, come awa in my dearie, and speak tae him. He'll be terrible prood to see ye."

"Oh, I canna, Miss Meenie. I canna. I couldna speak till him afore a' they folk. Dinna ask me. I'd jist greet an' greet."

Then Love whispered to Miss Meenie, who had never had a lover. "Gang into the back room then, Devina," she said, "an' I'll send him to ye', his love."

And a minute later Tom, summoned by his aunt with a multitude of signs mysterious, entered the back room to the congenial task of kissing a maiden, lovely and agitated, back to composure.

* * *

At the Castle the Reverend Peter, in the garb of Santa Claus, was distributing costly gifts off the Christmas Tree, and delighting all the youthful recipients by quips and apposite remarks. While he held up a splendid model of brigantine to an urchin in man-of-war costume, a sickening memory of that other sailor lad seized him. This was the day himself had appointed: he had not noticed that it would be Christmas Day. They must have been waiting since three: it was nearly five now.

"You are ill, Mr. Ormond," said the Countess anxiously, as she observed his sudden pause and change of manner.

"No; but I must go. Yes," in answer to a shout of dismay from the children, "there is something important. A matter of life—of death I should say—I have neglected. I must go at once."

Refusing all offers of conveyance, Mr. Ormond, thrusting aside his festive garb, and forgetting gloves and muffler, started at a run. The roads were heavy with snow, but he covered the mile and a-half in an incredibly brief space. Breathless and panting he reached the

house of woe, and opening the door without delaying to knock, hurried, unannounced into the kitchen. In his professional career the Reverend Peter never received a greater surprise. The kitchen, wherein he had pictured a melancholy company awaiting his tardy appearance, was filled by a gay—nay, rollicking, throng. Miss Marget, unconscious that her funeral cap hung skittishly over her left ear—pushed there by her nephew's hearty embrace—stood, decanter in hand, urging Captain Pearce to fill up his glass, while Miss Meenie, all smiles, was infusing tea in her best tea-pot; laughter and joyous congratulations resounding on all sides.

"Miss Mathieson," he begun, apologetically, feeling relieved, and perhaps a little chagrined that they had suffered so slightly by his forgetfulness, "I am sincerely grieved——"

"Oh, Mr. Ormond, he's come back. He came back as well as ever," broke out Miss Meenie.

"Yes, Mr. Ormond," amended her sister, "by the grace of God, our nephew, Thomas Mathieson, has this day been restored to us, his sorrowing relatives, well in body an' mind."

"Exceptin' for his airm in a sling," interpolated Miss Meenie."

"But how did it happen?" inquired the Minister.

Whereupon the guests began with one accord and much zeal to enlighten him. Mr. Ormond merely grasped confused items, as: "Terrific nor'-easter," "Both masts lost," "Boats washed away," "Drifted out of her course," "Ae man drowned," "But it's a' richt noo; an' here he is tae speak for his-sel'." Mr. Ormond beheld a man of twenty-two. His left arm was in a sling, while the other encircled the waist of Devina Beith, known to the Minister as the prettiest and most modest of the village lasses.

"Ay, Mr. Ormond, sir. We had nae work for ye the day, but I'm thinkin' we'll hae some afore lang, and o' a merrier kin' tae. Wull we no, Devina?"





Hiring a Guinea Guest

YOU will understand from what you already know of me that I could in nowise have avoided over-hearing the remark of Miss Ridley-Churton to her younger sister. I was waiting until Mrs. Ridley-Churton should arrive, and the two young ladies were looking out of the window in the next room, the one facing Porchester Terrace. "Look, Trixie!" I heard, "isn't that man on the other side of the road exactly like the hired guest Mother had in at my birthday dinner?" I heard no more at the moment, but when I had finished interviewing Mrs. Ridley-Churton (she is a very well-known actress in public life) upon her recent success, for publication elsewhere, I adroitly turned the conversation to the topic of professional guests, and at length bluntly asked her whether she had ever had to call one in upon any emergency. She laughed, and said vaguely that it was vexing to have to do such a thing, doubtless. "No, but have you?" I persisted. "Oh yes, once," she replied, "through an unfortunate disappointment."

"Please tell me about it."

"Oh, it was nothing."

"That's what Mr. Toole used to say in *Walker, London*. But I should really like to know."

"Well, if you must know, I had arranged a dinner-party to celebrate the birthday of my daughter, Phœbe, last February——"

"What age did the young lady attain then, may I ask?"

"Good gracious, man, whatever next! We were to sit down fifteen at table, and a couple of hours before dinner-time a telegram came to say that Mr. and Mrs. —— would be unable to attend in consequence of the death of a near relative. I was vexed, of course, but did not realise the full significance of the disaster until Phœbe screamed and cried out that that would mean thirteen sitting down to table. Then I admit I became alarmed. I don't know that I, personally, should be frightened to sit down one of thirteen, but as hostess it would have been an unpleasant thing for me should any of my guests have qualms about the unlucky number, and I had to guard against the contingency. First of all we debated whether we could reduce the gathering to twelve, but there was nobody we could possibly weed out. Then we deliberated whether there was any neighbouring friend we could dare to invite at such short notice—and there wasn't. I had heard from a lady friend that guests could be hired from William Whiteley's, but I had never really seriously credited it. There was no help for it, however, but to make the experiment; and it was a load off my mind when Whiteley's message came back that a guest should be at my house at eight promptly, and that the fee would be one guinea."

"And he arrived and played the guest satisfactorily?"

"Yes, very well indeed, except that he overdid it a trifle. I had suggested to him that he should be a second-cousin just returned to England—for he mentioned that he knew Canada well; and he did not forget to apply what Gilbert calls "corroborative detail intended to give artistic verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative." All through the dinner he would persist in talking about our mutual relative in Toronto in a manner which quite embarrassed me. But altogether he was a polished and engaging man, with quite an unusual flow of bright conversation."

"Then he rather put some of your genuine guests in the shade?"

"Ah! now I must wish you a very good morning."

THE LETTING OF GUINEA GUESTS.

This somewhat abrupt application of the closure led me to seek Mr. William Whiteley himself for further information. I found him busy universally providing at Westbourne Grove, and I hoped I didn't intrude. He assured me I didn't; and when I brought up the topic of his professional guests, he talked about them freely.



THE HOSTESS

"Have you any guests in stock you can show me?" I asked.—"Not exactly in stock, but my manager has a good register of suitable guests, from whom we can always get a few here for customers to choose from—that is, if they get time to come and make a preliminary inspection; but usually they have to leave that to our discretion, because they want the guest or guests all in a hurry upon some emergency."

"But your orders in the hired guest department are not exclusively emergency orders?"—"No; perhaps a gentleman and his wife come to London. They are absolute strangers, knowing nobody we'll say. They scratch an acquaintance with a neighbour, and invite him to dinner. Naturally they like to impress that neighbour, and they get an agreeable company of guests by paying us from a guinea a head for them, and travelling expenses. The evening is a pleasanter one on the principle of the more the merrier, and that is very likely the start of a round of social engagements for those erstwhile strangers within our gates."

Then I remembered that these interviews would be read somewhere about Christmas.

"And at Christmas?" I said. "Do you help the organisers of festive gatherings, then?"

"I have done so, indeed, and not infrequently. The fact is that London is so big a place that every sort of need exists somewhere within its limits, and has to be met by the universal provider who has any proper pride. Yes, my guests have been called to family gatherings at Christmas."

"But some of your guests are hired by quite a higher class of society than such a case would represent, eh?"—"Oh, yes, dancing men, in particular, we send to some of the best houses."

"As, for instance, er—er—"

"No, I don't think I can mention names. My customers might not like it. But the Mayfair or the Belgravian damsel does not lack partners in well-arranged crushes. You may draw your own inferences."

"You must have some men of good form on your register then?"—"We have indeed, including several barristers to whom the briefs do not exactly flock, and other professional men. We are careful not to admit anyone of doubtful position or respectability."

"Are education and appearance the only requirements for elegibility for your register, or do the pseudo-guests have to be able to sing and entertain generally?"—"Oh dear no. We only want them to be gentlemanly in looks, manners and address. Entertainers are quite another branch of my business. I supply people who do the Corney Grain business, from any price up to ten guineas; but my guests may sing or not at their option."

"I should like a chat with one of those guests. Will you arrange it?"

"Certainly. I'll send one to see you."

A TALK WITH A HIRED GUEST.

When he came I knew he was a professional guest before he mentioned the name of Whiteley. He was rather too well-groomed and too spick and span altogether to give one the idea of being really well-dressed, and his moustache was waxed out abominably. Otherwise he was a good-looking man of six or seven-and-thirty, studiously well-mannered and, indeed, inclined to be ceremoniously so. But he proved to be a sensible, interesting man, comparing very favourably with the average man one finds oneself rubbing elbows against at dinner. Stipulating only that names, especially his own, should not be made public, he was quite ready to gossip about his evening engagements.

"I mean to say," he remarked, "that Mr. Whiteley hit upon an excellent and a commendable scheme when he commenced to find guests for those who might require them. Here am I, a man with a public school education, who has travelled extensively, who has kept himself well-informed, and who has read largely; why the deuce shouldn't I take a vacant seat at a West-end table, or participate in the fun of a rout? I am an insurance agent by day, and, being a bachelor, I find it very congenial occupation of an evening to join in whatever gaiety offers by reason of the inclusion



MR. WILLIAM WHITELEY

of my name on the Westbourne Grove register. I've had some of the jolliest times imaginable in that way, and between you and me I am coming to be a tolerably fair judge of a good dinner."

"Don't you feel isolated, not knowing your fellow guests?"—"Never. If it's a small gathering, the people of the house for their own sakes take good care to brief me about who I am and who the others are; and, if it's a large party, I am not the only person present who is in the midst of strangers. Many a genuine guest knows very little more about his host and hostess than I do. But, speaking of being posted up in the affairs of the *ménage*, I have been the distant relative of some dozens of folk whose names you'll find in the Blue Book, and I have had to play my *rôle* not only at the particular functions at which I have been engaged, but in the outer world once or twice. For instance, in the Park once, I met some people who had been fellow guests with me at a small dinner an evening or two before, and to my consternation they came up and stopped to talk. It was with difficulty that I recollected exactly who I

had been and what I had said on the occasion of our introduction, and I had to play for safety with ambiguous chatter for a minute or two, until I recovered my bearings."



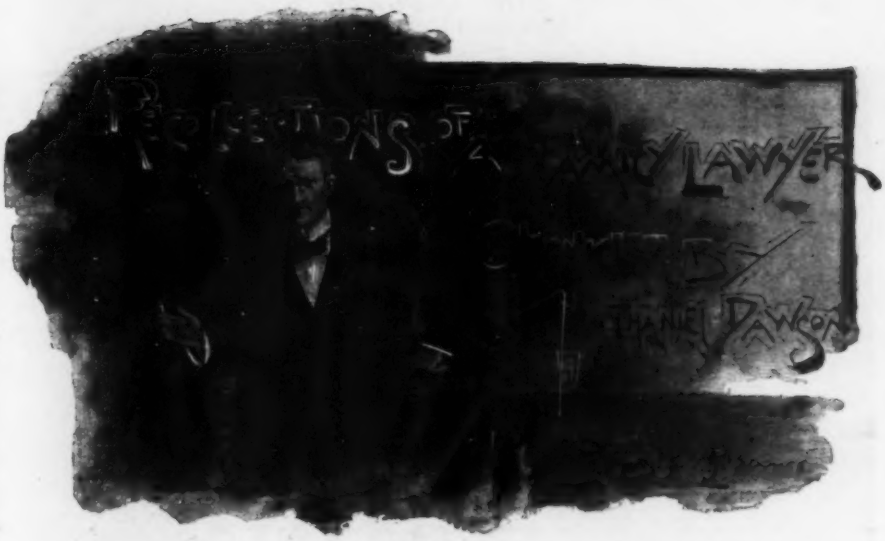
THE HIRED GUEST

"Were you ever fairly stumped in conversation?"

"Never quite; but once dreadfully near it. Two people at a dance were talking to me about a child, whom they spoke of as Violet. I asked some small question about Violet, to keep the ball rolling, and their eyes opened in astonishment. 'Why,' they exclaimed, 'Mrs. —— (mentioning our hostess) said you were out riding with her this morning!' 'Oh, Violet! Yes,' I answered, hurriedly, 'I was thinking of another Violet — Violet Perkins.' But I didn't breathe freely until they moved along, all the same."

"Have you ever had an adventure at one of these functions?"

"No, nothing in particular. Thought I was going to once, though. The daughter of the house made desperate and open love to me. I was placed in a predicament. I knew the girl was perfectly aware who I was, and that being so I was inclined to see the thing through, for she was a most charming girl. Then I reflected that it wouldn't be fair to Whiteley's to involve them in trouble with the girl's mother, who would be bound to blame me. However, I was only human, and when Miss Gertrude asked me to sit out dance after dance in the conservatory I took it on like a bird, as Herbert Spencer would say. All the time there was a handsome young fellow keeping near at hand, throwing the blackest of looks at me. I didn't care a red cent about him and his jealousy while I had those violet eyes to gaze into and that merry little laugh to hear—and then, suddenly, this youth with the thunder in his face came and spoke to the girl, and they went off together, cutting me as dead as a dodo. She had been playing me off against her lover during one of their little quarrels, and the reconciliation having arrived she had no further use for me. I was chagrined at the time, but it was just as well. I've worked an insurance policy on the lives of both of them since then."



ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE.

THE PURSUIT OF CLOTILDE.

IT was about a week before Christmas, and I had gone round to Smurthwaite's rather late in the evening. We had not met for some days, and I was going away for a few days of country life. I found him making ready for a similar departure.

"Do you go to your own people?" he asked, when I had explained that I come to let him know I was going out of London.

"Yes," I said. "I've had to spend Christmas in all sorts of places before now. But somehow I have never seemed to be doing the correct thing except when I was at home. Perhaps I can't get away from the influence of much Dickens, read when I was young."

"You may be right," replied Smurthwaite. "Did I ever tell you of my Christmas abroad?"

"No," I said, "but you will before I leave you. I suppose it is another story of the days when you were a really active lawyer?"

"To tell the truth," said Smurthwaite, "the story began when I was only just out of my articles. I was lodging in a Kennington lodging-house, very near the top. My one passion at this period of my life was for music, and this, you may say, is the cause of my connection with the story I am to tell. Lodging in the same house was a German singer, one Baumgarten, who was more or less connected with matters theatrical and operatic. He had managed tours I believe, but was not altogether a success in life.

"His wife was French, a woman of no very salient characteristics, and he had two or three little boys and a daughter, Clotilde, who was then about seventeen and a very pretty girl indeed. She sang rather well and was fond of music, but her voice, despite her father's calling, had not been very well trained. Gradually, because of the musical tastes we had in common, I became acquainted with the family, and used to spend a good many of my evenings with them. I had a decent voice, and so was by no means a listener only. Clotilde and I were excellent friends—such friends that, somehow, we never thought of falling in love with one another.

"This went on for a considerable time, but I had not yet started practising on my own account, when Baumgarten *père* got an appointment as *impresario* in connection with some operatic tours on the Continent. He had never been particularly fond of his wife. In the course of time he settled over there and his family saw no more of him. Yet, for some reason or other, he was still greatly interested in his daughter. I was only about six-and-twenty when he wrote and got me to consent to become her legal guardian.

"For a time the guardianship counted for very little. Then one day her mother



"SHE CAME ON AND SANG A BALLAD"

came to call upon me in a state of great distress. Clotilde had grown tired of doing nothing and gone on the music-hall stage. She had kept her own counsel and the mother did not know the hall at which her daughter was appearing. But she wanted me to find out and exert my authority. Now, it did not appear to me that my authority counted for much, and I told her so candidly. Nevertheless, I set forth that evening on a tour of the music-halls, and at one of them found Clotilde.

"She came on in a pretty and quite modest frock and sang a ballad—the sort of thing she had often sung of an evening in those Kensington apartments—towards the end of the show, when the house began to get empty and the audience inattentive. I thought she did it rather well, but, managing an interview afterwards, I proceeded to exert my 'authority'—with what result you will, perhaps, be able to imagine. At any rate, the lady still continued to appear at the halls.

"From ballads she presently got to ballet, and for some considerable time appeared as King of the Fairies in the lightest costume imaginable at one of the biggest of the halls. At times I had opportunities of putting small hindrances in her way; but they were all ineffectual, and, to be frank, there was a considerable interval during which I saw practically nothing more of her than her name upon the hoardings or in the newspapers. Illustrated papers had not then begun to take an interest in the stars of the music-hall, and so her press-cuttings can hardly have been worth subscribing to Romeike's for.

"However, the affair grew more interesting presently. She came to my office one day, accompanied by her mother, and a little beetle-browed, sallow-faced, black-haired foreigner, who was said to have qualified as a lawyer in Holland. Clotilde desired me, as her guardian, to give permission for her marrying the gentleman.

"The suitor for her hand knew not a word of English, but I happened to be pretty apt at German, and so proceeded to cross-examine him as to his means and his intentions. His intentions were numberless as they were excellent; his means were disproportionately small. I pointed out that it would be as well if he were to wait until the two were more on an equality before thinking of matrimony. Thereupon he proceeded to sulk, casting angry glances both at me and at Mrs. Baumgarten, while Clotilde entreated me—dropping very naturally into the English to which we were accustomed—to give my consent to the match.

"For a time I was obdurate; but, seeing that they were set upon it, and knowing that my own powers of interference in the matter were exceedingly limited, I told Clotilde presently that she would be a fool if she persisted in the affair, but that if she chose to go on I should take no steps to prevent her. The mother was in despair, but Clotilde went off with her sullen brute of a suitor, and from that time I saw nothing of her for a couple of years, or more. I forget whether I learned at once, or only after an interval, that the couple had disappeared together, and that there was no sufficient reason for supposing they had gone through any form of matrimony.

"After this there came, as I have said, another interval, and I presently began to think that the whole thing was ended so far as I, personally, was concerned. A letter which I received somewhere more than two years afterwards, however, showed me I had been mistaken. Briefly, old Baumgarten wrote to tell me that his brother had died, leaving to him for life a fortune of some £50,000, with reversion to his children at his death. He had written to his wife, and heard from her that she knew nothing of Clotilde's whereabouts, and now he appealed to me to help him to find her. Indeed, it was more than that: his part in the affair was simply that he forwarded me a sum of £100 for preliminary expenses.

"Christmas was drawing near, and the winter had been even more trying than the London winter is usually. This new piece of business seemed no less than a nuisance. However, I retained most vivid memories of the horrible little person with whom Clotilde had gone away, and very quickly resolved to do all I could to save her from him. Her mother, whom I interviewed forthwith, knew nothing, save that a day or two after her disappearance she had written from Rotterdam to tell of her safe arrival there. 'Are you going in search of her yourself, Mr. Smurthwaite?' she asked.

"Now, I had intended to employ a detective, but I was so run down that I needed a holiday, and Mrs. Baumgarten's suggestion at once commended it to my fancy. 'I think I will,' I answered without hesitation, and the next evening, having made all necessary arrangements with my managing clerk, I started for Rotterdam.

"You will imagine that I did not expect to find traces of Clotilde very easily. It was my old love of music which put me on the track at last. For in Rotterdam I fell in with certain members of a touring operatic company. They sang in Dutch, a language of which I am altogether innocent; but it occurred to me, and they agreed, that I should do all right in the choruses, and so I joined them. We went from Rotterdam to Amsterdam, thence to the Hague and Scheveningen, and so to Rotterdam again. I believe my companions fancied from my questions as to Clotilde that I was an ancient lover seeking her out. I let them think so, and gradually gathered the information I needed by interrogating divers people connected with the music-hall stage to whom they introduced me. In the meantime I came on night after night with long hair, crowned with laurels, and wearing a sort of scalloped night-gown, to sing in the chorus of operas every word of which was Greek to me.



"A LITTLE BEETLE-BROWED FOREIGNER"

"Presently, in consequence of my having obtained a clue from my new friends of the music-hall fraternity, I posted off to Berlin. There I set forth on a tour of the *tingl'-tangl's* and *café concerts*, and using the knowledge I had gained during my brief stage experience, discovered very quickly that she was still singing in music-halls under her own name. I found also that she had left Berlin on a tour. It was suggested that I might possibly find her at Breslau.

"At Breslau I found the *tingl'-tangl'* at which she had been playing only the week before. I spent my Christmas Day there, and ate the inevitable turkey stuffed with flour and raisins and other such incongruous ingredients. Then I travelled on to Vienna, where I arrived early on the morning of the Sunday after Christmas Day.

"I had my breakfast, and visited a sort of glorified Turkish bath. Then I commenced a tour of the various *tingl'-tangl's*, and after three or four unsuccessful efforts I saw her name, Clotilde Baumgarten, printed in great red letters on the placard outside a *tingl'-tangl'* rejoicing in the name of the *Orpheum*. I entered and made enquiries. In a few minutes I was at the address which had been given me.

"Clotilde was living in two small rooms on the fourth floor, a small visiting card with her name on it pinned to the door. I knocked at the door and an old woman showed me in to where the object of my quest was sitting engaged in repairing some prettily coloured stage dress. The little brute with whom she had gone off lounged *en déshabille*, and unshaven, on a sofa. I could see at once that he was living on her, as I had anticipated he would do, and I daresay I scowled at him as blackly as he did at me.

"'Good heavens!' cried Clotilde, glancing apprehensively at him, 'What on earth has brought you here?'

"I knew that the man could not understand English, the tongue she had instinctively used in addressing me, and so of set purpose I replied in the same language:

"'I must find an opportunity to tell you that later on, and you must help me. In the meantime let it suffice that I happened to be in Vienna, saw your name upon a placard, discovered your address, and came at once to renew an old acquaintance.'

"Her master began to mutter barbarously, and Clotilde turned and explained to him the purport of the last half of my speech. Then, giving me an imploring glance, she began to talk the commonplaces which would have been proper to the occasion had my visit been the mere conventional call it purported to be. We conversed mostly in English, and the husband watched us with an ill-concealed suspicion.

"'The fact is,' I said presently, losing all patience, 'I want you to leave this man. Your uncle has died, your father is a rich man while he lives, and you, when he is dead, will be worth, at least, £10,000. He wants you to come away, have your voice properly trained, and then, if it seems worth while, go on the stage in grand opera.'

"'You must find a time to talk it over,' said Clotilde, trying hard to make it appear that what I had said was some commonplace. 'But for Heaven's sake be careful. Even if you had nothing of the kind to say you would run a tremendous risk.'

"The rest of the day was one continual effort on our part to get a chance of consulting, continually thwarted by the infernal cleverness of the Dutchman. I took them for a drive, and as I sat at Clotilde's side, he facing us with the same look of sullen suspicion, I told her more of the details of my errand and explained that I was perfectly reckless (as indeed I was in my hatred of that little black-haired scoundrel) and willing to take any risks that might be necessary, so only I could get her away from him.



"SHE WAS REPAIRING SOME PRETTILY COLOURED STAGE DRESS"

She upon her side was pitifully eager to escape and no less pitifully fearful of the attempt. 'I will come if you compel me,' she said, 'but you don't know the danger you run, even now. You may be knifed at any moment.'

"We returned to the *tingl'-tangl'* to lunch—a clause in the agreements compelled the artists to take all their meals there—and there she made an attempt to escape from the espionage of her master for a space, asking him to go and fetch something from their rooms. His answer showed his attitude with brutal frankness:—'Do you take me for a fool?' he asked, bluntly. 'We'll all go together.' We went. Clotilde and I stood at the door while he fetched what she required, and you may judge how set upon

rescuing her I was when I tell you I was almost irresistibly tempted to lock the door upon him and bolt before he could call assistance.

"In the afternoon it was the same, and in the evening he still watched suspiciously. During the performance I occupied the stage box. Imagine my surprise when I heard the door open and two men enter, talking with the purest Drury Lane accent I have heard in all my days. I turned and recognised the two new comers: a pair of acrobats whose show I had been watching half-an-hour earlier. They were congratulating one another upon the fact that the morrow would see them on the way back to England — and London was the whole of England to them. They had gone from engagement to engagement on the Continent during three years, and they were heartily sick of all foreign people and their ways. It struck me that I had chanced upon confederates, and I put the matter to them with the utmost frankness. When I ceased speaking I knew at once that I had failed again.



"I WALKED AT CLOTILDE'S SIDE"

"'There's no doubt you'd be doing an action any man might be proud of, guv'nor,' said the elder of the twain: they had called themselves 'Brothers' so long that the elder had come to exercise an elder brother's authority. 'The man isn't worth his weight in good guano, though he's only fit to manure the fields with. He lives on what she earns, and treats her cruel bad. But, the fact is, we are sick of these here foreign countries. We want to get home, and the little brute is uncommon handy with the knife. No offence to you, guv'nor, and here's hoping you may succeed. But we must stand out of it.' He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. 'Lord, to think that in two days a man'll be able to get a pint of good old four-'alf instead of this stuff: swipes, I call it.' Upon my soul, he spoke with such an air of longing for the home country that I had not the heart to be the least bit vexed at his refusal to co-operate.

"I stopped on until the end of the show — which arrived at an hour when the very gayest of Londoners are all asleep. All the night I was getting an occasional word with Clotilde, but always under the jealous eyes of the man who was her master. Supper came at last—supper for the artists—and I, as guest, sat at the head of the table. Another privilege, which for the same reason fell to my lot, was that of paying for divers things. Presently there entered a man who wanted us to go in for a mild—a very mild—gamble for oranges. I tried my luck and found it magnificent. For a matter of six kreuzers I won oranges enough to supply the company. But the man still watched me jealously, and I fancied that some of the others had an inkling of what was afoot, and watched me with that sort of interest which is inspired by the sight of a man who

plays a game which may cost him his life.

"Presently the supper was ended, and we quitted the hall. I walked at Clotilde's side.

"'Come now,' I said, 'come at any time you like to my hotel and we will drive out to an intermediate station and so escape him.'

"Her voice was pitiful. 'If you insist I'll come. But do be careful. He suspects worse things than you intend, and he is quick with the knife. We shall both be stabbed. But be ready and I will come.'

"With that I had perforce to be content and, returning to my hotel, I waited wide awake until the morning. She did not come. I took a bath and breakfasted. Then I went off to call at her apartments again, for I had formed a wild plan whereby she was to be arrested on a false charge of stealing my ring or my watch, and liberated as soon as the little Dutchman was safely out of the way.

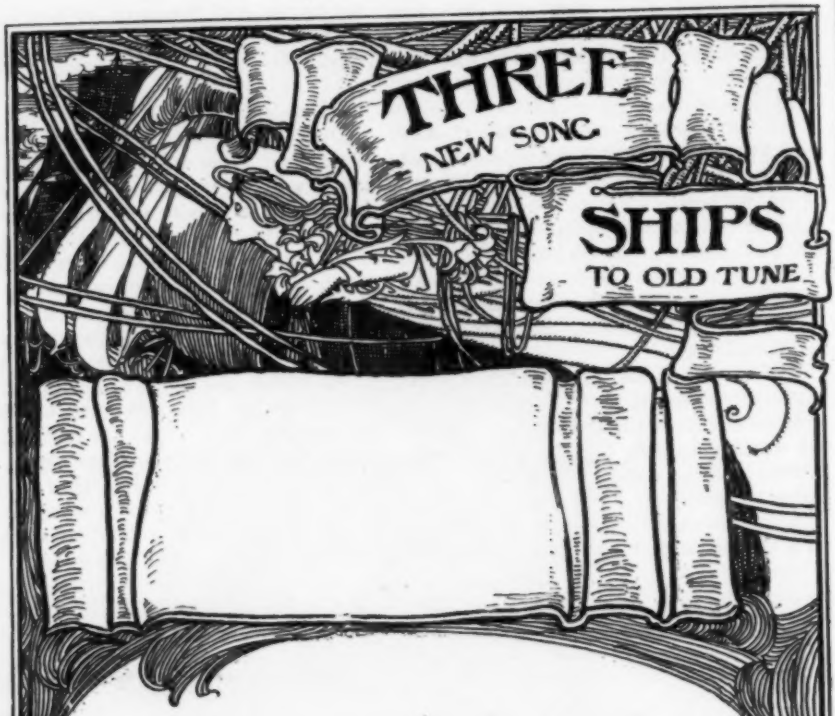
"I mounted the stairs, and did not need to knock at the fourth-floor door. I knew that I was beaten, for the card which had announced the names of the lodgers was gone, and I hardly needed to enquire of the *concièrge* to know that Clotilde had been carried off by the man who had thwarted me all the previous day. My chase had ended without result, and I returned to England."

By this time Smurthwaite's tumbler was empty. As he refilled it I spoke. "But is that all?"

"So far as I am concerned it is the end of the story," said the lawyer. "I know nothing more of the fate of Clotilde. Did I not tell you that the true story never has an end?"

And once again I sat rebuked and silent.





I saw three ships come sailing in,
Come sailing in, come sailing in—
I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day in the morning.

O jolly sailors, now whence come ye,
And what may the names of your Captains be?

"My Captain sails from the Lowlands low,"
"And mine from the Islands where poppies grow."

"My Captain's sailed for a year and a day
From a land still further than these away."

"My Captain's clad i' the scarlet red."
"My gallant Captain gives drowsihead."

"My Captain's clad all in cramasie,"
"And mine bears a sword beside his knee."

"My Captain," the third man smiling said,
"Has tattered cloak and a crownéd head."



The first ship was black from stern to mast,
The second scarlet from first to last:

On the third tall vessel the sails were gray,
And a wind sighed in them night and day.

On the first ship's deck there was empty graith,
And on her banner was broidered "Death."

The second flag was of goldwork deep,
And bore a legend in silver, "Sleep."

The third was woven of women's hair,
And "Christ" was the legend that it bare.

I bent my knee and I bared my head,
"Get thee behind me, Death," I said.

"Furl up thy sails and from harbour keep;
I will ha' none of thee, Messer Sleep."

I bared my head and I bent my knee
"Christ my Captain, come down to me!"

Death and Sleep they sailed west away,
Eastward vanished the sails o' gray,
And bells rang out for the Christmas Day.

I saw three ships come sailing in,
Come sailing in, come sailing in—
I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day in the morning.

NORA HOPPER.



THE MAGIC PAINTER

WRITTEN BY H. D. LOWRY. ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES ROBINSON

THIS is one of the secrets Doris confided to the Visitor during the time of his sojourning down here. It need not have been a secret at all, but for the foolish incredulity of Ellen, who laughed at the story when it first was told her, and was manifestly insincere when, afterwards, she professed to be convinced of its truth. Doris did not really care, knowing that the evidence she possessed made her position unassailable. But she is unaccustomed to ridicule, and so a beautiful story became a secret.

You must know, to begin with, that Doris's father is a painter, and that he delights above all things in making portraits of his daughter. Moreover, as is only natural, these pictures, which give him such great pleasure in the painting, are no whit less to the taste of those for whom he works. And so Doris can hardly remember the time when she was not accustomed to sit for him.

"What a jolly dog yours is, Doris," said the Visitor one morning in the garden. "What do you call him?"

"I call him Christmas," said Doris.

"Did you get him given to you at Christmas?"

"Yes. At least——" Doris paused and looked at her companion rather critically. "Would you like to hear another of my secrets?"

"Of course, I should," said the Visitor, and the story followed without further delay.

Last Christmas Eve, Doris was sent to bed at an unreasonably early hour. As a matter fact, she always is; but, knowing her parents have the best intentions in the world, she usually goes quietly, after having made a merely formal protest. She did so on the occasion in question, but, having got into bed, she found it more than usually difficult to get to sleep, since she was greatly troubled with many grave cares. Of course, you do, generally speaking, get pretty well what you want (if you have duly announced your wants) at Christmas time. But it is not always so, and the things which Doris desired were so beautiful, and she desired them so much, that she was more than a little afraid she would never get them. Some, at least, she thought, would surely be missing; and her need of each was so great that she felt certain the absence of a single one would be a disappointment making imperfect her pleasure in the rest.

There had been carol-singing in the village ever since the dark evenings began, and Doris had learned many of

the Christmas songs most loved among the people. Being abed, she saw that to sleep would be the best way of passing the long hours which must elapse before the morning. And so, to quell distracting thoughts, she sang these carols softly to herself. Her cares still troubled her, however, and at last she bowed to the inevitable, ceased her singing and let herself think of them. Curiously enough, it was then she fell asleep. On that point she and Ellen are agreed: she certainly fell asleep.

But in the middle of the night she must have arisen and wandered a long way, for when she became conscious of what was going on around her she was in a place she never had visited before. Another child might have been frightened, but the place in which she found herself was a studio, and in front of her was an artist engaged upon a half-finished portrait of herself. It was all so very natural she was hardly surprised, and before she had time to wonder how she had managed to forget the way in which she got there the artist turned on her the pleasantest face that she had ever seen.

"Getting tired?" he asked. "I shan't keep you more than another ten minutes."

"I'm not at all tired," said Doris. "I don't seem to have been here more than a minute."

The artist laughed softly, and Doris liked him better than ever. "Yes," he said, "I do paint quickly, don't I? But then you are a capital sitter. Had much practice?"

"Lots!" said Doris, emphatically. "I am always sitting. I——"

"You don't like sitting?"

"Yes," she answered, but in a voice that told him that her answer would have been "No," but for her desire to spare the feelings of a comparative stranger. "But I don't think sixpence an hour is enough."

"Perhaps it isn't very much," said the painter. "And you are such an excellent sitter."

He began to work again, and once more the child was amazed at his rapidity. "Fond of singing?" he asked, pleasantly, without glancing in her direction.

"I'm going to have a really good soprano one of these days," said Doris. "At present I can't sing very loudly, but that's rather lucky, for I sing to myself a good deal when they make me go to bed. I was singing to-night . . ." She paused, for the daylight was streaming in through the skylight, and she was not very certain about the time. "I was singing last time I went to bed," she continued, "to keep myself from thinking."

"Ah," cried the painter, "you've found it a good thing for that, have you? I find there's no plan like it. Now if you would sing me one of your carols I should paint the quicker, and you would forget that you were sitting." Doris began to sing at once. A thing which puzzles her to this day is that the song she sang was not one of the carols that were being sung in the village. The words and the music both seemed quite new to her, although she knew them perfectly, and to this day she cannot remember where and how she learned them:

Lady Mary, in your bower
Why weep ye sadly?
Tall and white your lilies flower,
All birds sing gladly.
Mary, Lady Mary,
What sorrow bear ye?

'Tis the Child that shall be born
(Foolish thou, who questioneth),
'Tis the crown of cruel thorn,
And the sure-appointed death.

Mary, Mother, left alone,
Why go ye gladly?
Wherefore make ye not your moan,
Weeping most sadly?
Mary, Mother Mary,
What comfort bear ye?

The painter worked while she was singing and the child marvelled at the swiftness with which the picture progressed. When she found that she did not remember any more of that strange new song she broke into speech. "It is almost like stepping in front of a looking-glass," she said.

"What is," asked the painter.

"Being painted by you," said Doris, and the painter laughed again very pleasantly.

"I do work rather quickly, don't I? You see, I have such a lot to get through."

"Do you paint many pictures?" asked Doris.

"Whole galleries full," said the stranger, who had by this time become her friend. "I am at it all the time, and I paint all kinds of pictures: this sort of thing, and landscapes and castles—lovely, strong castles that

never fall into ruins and never get deserted, and all sorts of things. . . . . I say, I wish you'd sing me another song."

Doris sang again, and still the artist painted. Presently he had finished. He looked almost idly at his picture while Doris went through the last verse of her song. When it was ended he spoke:

"You see, I've finished."

Doris darted across the room and stood looking at the picture, almost as if she had really been looking into a mirror. She was accustomed to be painted skilfully, but the celerity of this stranger left her absolutely amazed.

"You might almost be a photographer," she said.

"Well," said the artist, with a little air of being embarrassed by her flattery, "I suppose I am almost as quick. . . . By-the-bye, Doris, is there anything you want very badly?"

"Presents?" asked Doris.

"Yes," said the artist.

"I can't tell you how many things I want, and I want them all badly. It's like a box of building bricks: if one were away the others would be of little good."

"Do you expect to get them?" asked the stranger.

"Well," said Doris, confidentially, "I don't know. I generally get what I want when Christmas comes if I have told them, and of course I have done that. But, then, I have never before wanted such nice things, or so many."

The painter began to fumble among his brushes.

"For example," he said, "what do you want most of all?"

Doris meditated.

"There's a red leather music-case," she said. "I should like it to carry when I go to my music lessons."

"Ah," said the painter, "we will see what we can do. I don't think the picture is quite finished, after all. Suppose you sit for a few minutes longer? Do you mind?"

He found his favourite brush and began to paint into the picture such a music-case as Doris had described. She watched it growing on the canvas, and as it grew more and more like the object of her desire she began to envy her pictured self. Presently the artist had finished and turned to speak.

"Is that the sort of thing you——?"

But he had no time to complete the sentence. Doris uttered a little cry of joyful surprise.

"Look!" she cried.

By some strange piece of magic she was holding the red morocco case which the artist had imaged in his picture of her. It was the very thing she had been wishing for.

"Did you put it into my hand?" she asked. "You must be a better conjurer than the one we saw last Christmas."

The artist laughed his pleasant laugh.

"But I thought that one of the things you wanted would be of no use unless you had all the others as well?"

Doris remembered. What he had said was true, but she had been so delighted with the music-case for a moment that it was a grief to be reminded of the fact.

"Yes," she said, "it is true. There was a top I saw: a top which went on spinning for ever so long, and made the loveliest sort of music all the time."

"This kind of thing?" asked the painter, going back to his canvas. In a very few moments she began to see that he understood what she meant, for the top he painted into the picture was the exact likeness of the one she wanted.

"Yes," she cried, "that is what I mean." And then, while he added the finishing touches to the painting, she grew silent and listened. It seemed to her that she could hear, now that his painting of the humming-top was almost complete, the sound of its wonderful music. Of course she understood now that this man was a magic painter—probably a fairy, though he might have been an angel—but still the music puzzled her. And so she uttered a cry almost of fright when a very beautiful top, which for some few minutes past had been spinning musically on the floor beside her, ran down, and rolled under her chair noisily.

"It's you again!" she said. "I wish you would come to my party."

"Oh," answered the painter. "I think it's both of us together. But you may as well tell me the other things, mayn't you?"

"If you don't mind," said Doris, and one after another she told him what were the presents she had been desiring. One by one he added them to the portrait he had painted of her, and each, as



"SHE FOUND HERSELF IN A STUDIO"



"SHE OPENED HER EYES"

its likeness was completed, appeared miraculously in her hand, or on her chair, or even on the floor at her side. There was quite a pile of beautiful things at last. Doris had begun to be very much delighted, and he did not need, having finished one addition to the picture, to ask her what he should paint next. She told him. But at last she had nothing to say, although it was easy to see that there was something lacking.

"Is that all, then?" asked the painter, turning with brush in hand. "It doesn't seem many."

"No," said Doris, "there is another. But——"

"But what?" demanded the painter, when she paused again.

"It's a dog, I want," she said. "I'm sure you can't do that."

"You see," said the painter, and in a few moments the loveliest long-haired Skye-terrier in the world began to appear on the canvas.

Doris was delighted. "How did you know that the dog was to be one of that kind?"

"Was it?" said the painter. "I suppose I must have guessed. You know, I'm rather good at guessing. It isn't a bad dog, is it?"

Doris did not answer. The picture of the dog was almost finished, and she was wondering how the real animal would make its appearance. The stranger painted on, making it lovelier and lovelier every moment; and suddenly there was a dog on Doris's lap, jumping up to lick her face and barking as a dog only can bark when it has found its dear mistress at last after being lost a long while. And as Doris tried to quiet it, so that she might thank the painter, she suddenly opened her eyes and found herself in bed.

How she got there she could never tell, for she had brought all her presents with her, and the dog was on her bed, barking and kissing her face as it had been doing when the painter and his studio disappeared. In a moment Doris was out of bed, and going, the dog at her side, to her father's and mother's room. Curiously enough, although the morning was full early, her father was not asleep. On the contrary he was standing half-dressed at the bedside. He turned as Doris entered. "Hullo, Doris!" he said: "Are you awake so early?" Then the dog dashed forward as if to make his acquaintance. "Why, you've got a dog!" he said. "Where have you gone wandering in the night?"

Doris did not know, and although her father described to her the personal appearance of every artist that he knew of dwelling within a radius of twenty miles, he still hit on no one who bore the least resemblance to the man to whom she had been sitting. "Perhaps he's a new man," he said. "If so he's pretty sure to call round one of these days. By the way, did you remember to thank him?"



"THE LOVELIEST SKYE-TERRIER"

"Of course I did," said Doris; "but the dog was jumping up and licking my face, and before I could quiet him I found myself in my bed. But all the things he painted on the picture were there upon my bed, and the dog was still barking and

licking my face. So it can't have been a dream."

"Of course not," said her father. Then his voice and his face changed together. "Why it is Christmas Day!" he said to Doris's mother. "Where are our presents for Doris?"

The mother had been very quiet while Doris was telling her story. Even now she did not speak at once. Then, "We must get her something nice when Christmas is over and the shops are open again," she said, not attempting to explain how it was she had forgotten the Day of which she had been talking not many minutes before Doris went to bed.

Doris was almost grieved. "To think you should forget! Still, it came all right, for the painter gave me everything I wanted. I don't believe there'll be anything left for you to give me but chocolates." Then she went back to her room, and in a few minutes was telling the story to Ellen, who came to dress her. Ellen, as you are aware, behaved unworthily; but it really didn't matter. Her foolish incredulity only made Doris fonder of the gifts of the Magic Painter, and everyone who has since been trusted with the secret of how they came to Doris has agreed that to say she dreamed the whole story would be to talk absurdly.

"You can't dream things and find them on your bed when you wake," said Doris to the Visitor.

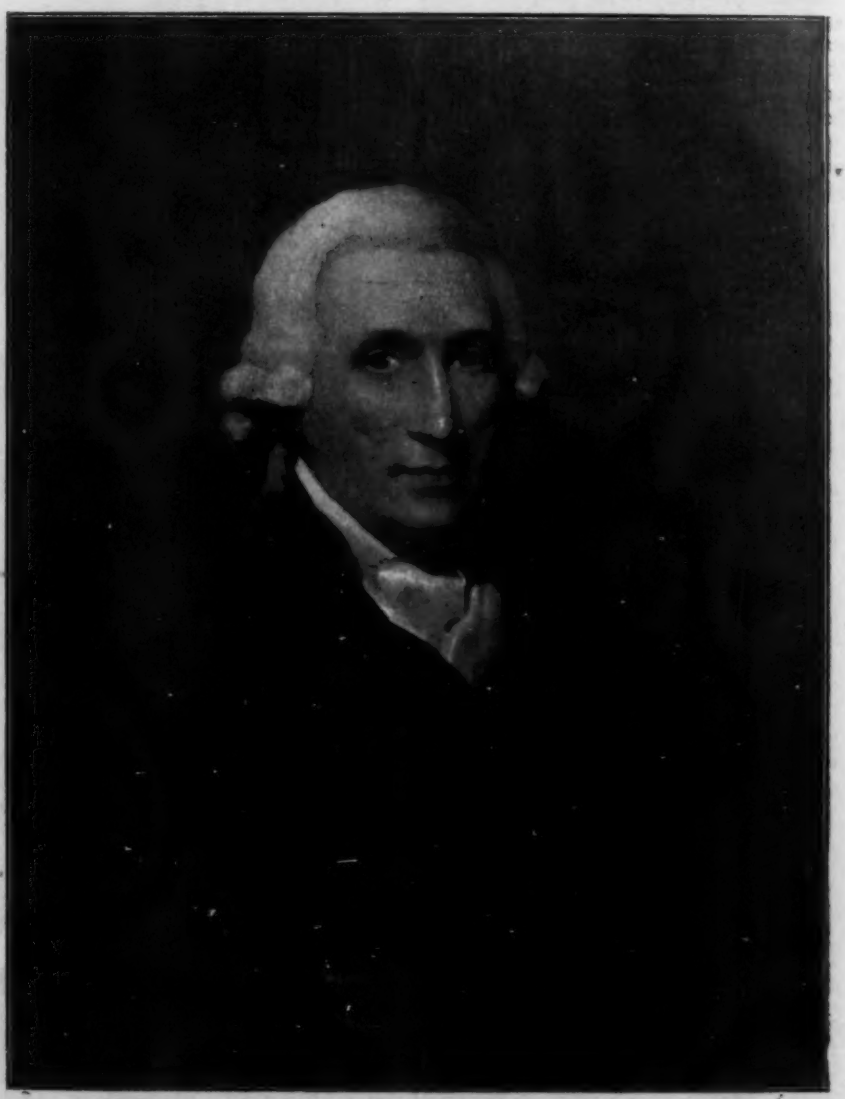
"I'm afraid not, Doris," said the Visitor. "And yet one goes on dreaming."



From Generation to Generation.

THE GLADSTONE FAMILY.

Mr. Gladstone informed the Editor of "The Ludgate" that he was much pleased with the impressions of the following reproductions of family portraits submitted for his inspection. The veteran statesman also offered certain suggestions as to the pictures, and these have been accepted as far as possible. To the Editor's



SIR THOMAS GLADSTONE

MR. GLADSTONE'S PATERNAL GRANDFATHER

regret the exigencies of time and space prevent him from adopting the right hon. gentleman's recommendation that the series should include a fine representation of Sir Thomas Gladstone, by Ouless, a drawing of Mr. Gladstone's brother, Captain Gladstone, by Richmond, and portraits of the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Neville, Mrs. Gladstone's maternal grandparents, and of her beautiful sister Mary, Lady Lyttelton.



HELEN, WIFE OF SIR THOMAS GLADSTONE

MR. GLADSTONE'S PATERNAL GRANDMOTHER



ANNE, WIFE OF MR. ANDREW ROBERTSON

MR. GLADSTONE'S MATERNAL GRANDMOTHER.



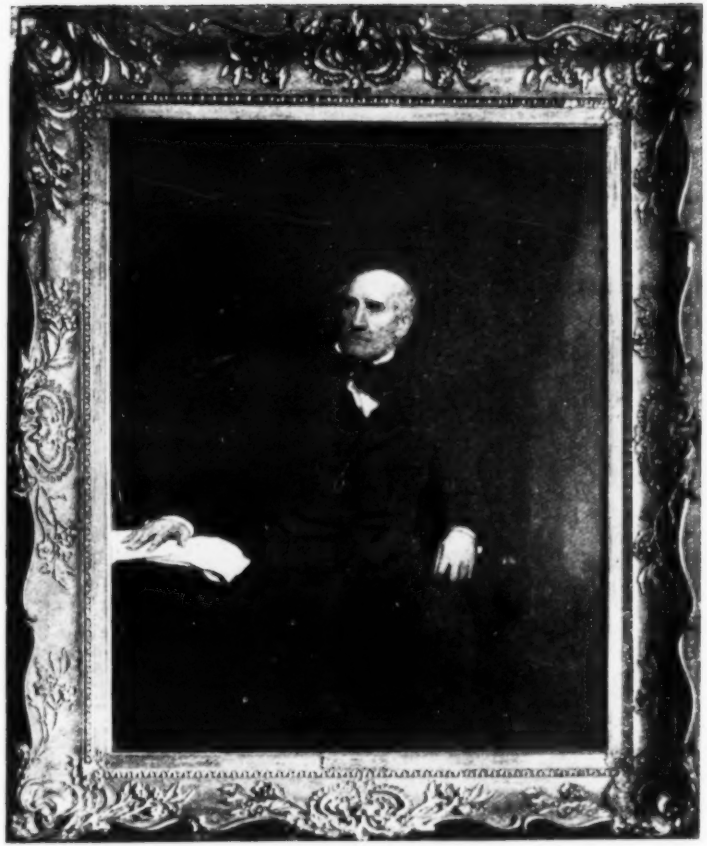
MR. ANDREW ROBERTSON

MR. GLADSTONE'S MATERNAL GRANDFATHER.



ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF MRS. ROBERTSON

MR. GLADSTONE'S MATERNAL GRANDMOTHER



MR. GLADSTONE'S FATHER



MR. GLADSTONE'S MOTHER



SIR STEPHEN GLYNNE

MRS. GLADSTONE'S GRANDFATHER



LADY GLYNNE

MRS. GLADSTONE'S GRANDMOTHER



LADY GLYNNE

MRS. GLADSTONE'S MOTHER



SIR STEPHEN GLYNNE

MRS. GLADSTONE'S FATHER



ANNE

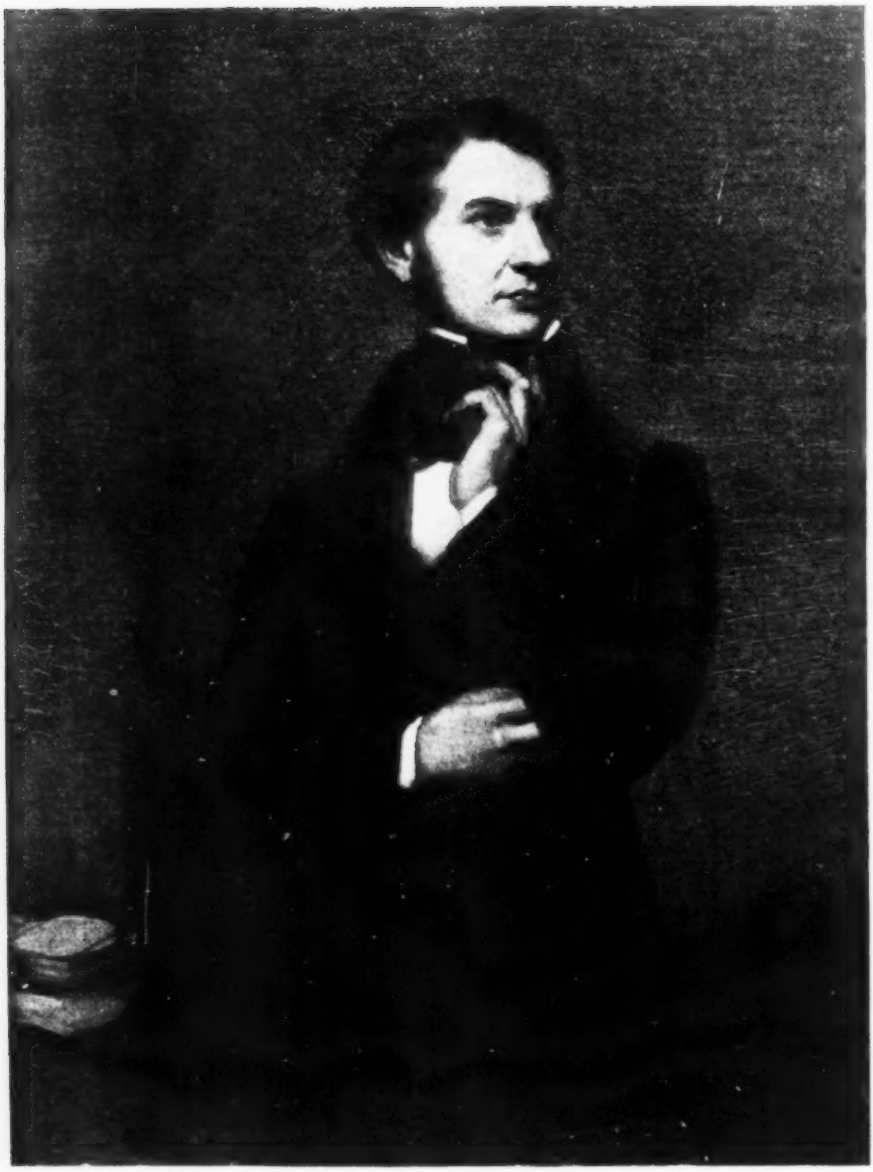
SISTER OF MR. GLADSTONE



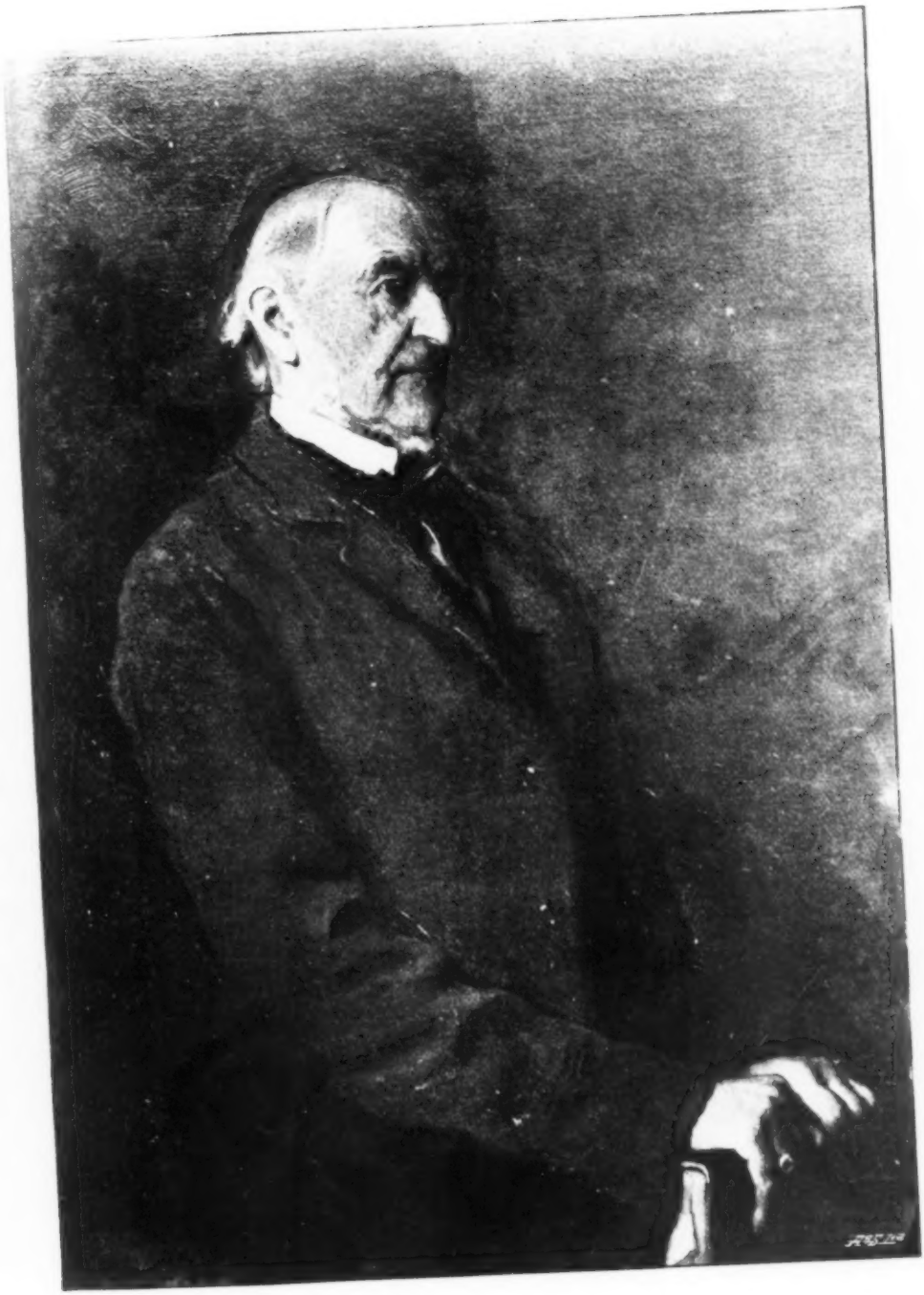
MR. GLADSTONE AND HIS SISTER



SIR STEPHEN GLYNNE



MR. GLADSTONE



MR. GLADSTONE

FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANK HOLL, R.A.



MR. GLADSTONE

FROM THE PAINTING BY [illegible] E. MILLAIS, EAST., R.A.



MR. GLADSTONE

FROM A PHOTO BY ROBINSON AND THOMPSON, LIVERPOOL



MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE AND MISS DOROTHY DREW

FROM A PHOTO BY ROBINSON AND THOMPSON, LIVERPOOL



ILLUSTRATED BY J. H BACON

In The Captain's Room.

THE North German liner *Kaiser Wilhelm III.*, built at Bremerhaven, was three days out on her maiden voyage to New York. Fine weather, for the depth of winter, had been experienced and the speed maintained proved that the vessel was a good one although "Made in Germany." The passenger list was large considering that the *Kaiser Wilhelm III.* had sailed on December 21st, not a popular date for leaving one's home, much less one's country. On Christmas Eve the celebrations on board were very enthusiastic, and here and there in quiet corners rather pathetic. The saloon was effectively decorated, and two Christmas trees had been creditably manufactured. But the excitement culminated when Captain Stein proposed "*Der Vaterland*," on which all loyal Germans shouted "Hoch!" and drank more champagne than was good for them.

Surgeon-Colonel Hedford had not been prominent in the amusements of the voyage and the taciturn person who accompanied him in most of his deck rambles had been conspicuous by his absence. But on Christmas Eve all recalcitrants had been beaten up and every available man had been requisitioned to contribute something to the sum of the general happiness. After a dance on deck—the dancers well wrapped—had been successfully accomplished owing to the steadiness of the vessel, the motion of which was almost imperceptible, a concert was given in the Saloon. "*Stille Nacht heilige Nacht*" was well received, but by the time it was sung Hedford and his friend thought they had done enough in the way of contributing their company to the audience, and so they slipped away quietly. They were making for the smoke-room when the Doctor met them with an invitation from the Captain to adjourn to his room. Captain Stein had only invited Hedford, but the Doctor could not well avoid including his friend, more especially as he had noticed the pair so constantly together. When they came on deck they found that a sudden change for the worse had taken place in the weather. The night, which had been very mild, was now bitterly cold. A fine snow was falling. The masts, ropes, boats and deck-houses were white. The whole vessel had been metamorphosed into a spectre ship gliding with even motion over a jet black sea. Captain Stein had already a guest when they entered his room. This man, a Hungarian named Andrassy, had, after a long residence in Chicago, become plain Anderson. He was a musical enthusiast, and a cultivator of the emotions generally. He was, therefore, a contrast to Hedford himself, and an exact antithesis to Hedford's friend. Anderson became eloquent after the whisky and cigars had passed round twice. He was in the middle of a long-winded homily about the children and their Christmas trees and their pretty little shoes, which would be filled with presents in the morning, when the Captain put in:

"I am glad the little ones had a good time this evening. They won't want much to eat to-morrow."

"Bad weather ahead?" Anderson asked with a trace of anxiety.

"Well—pretty bad. The glass has

been falling rapidly. We'll have a rough spell for a couple of days at any rate. That's why I put so much of to-morrow's programme into to-night's bill. We are more likely to be battened down to-morrow than dancing on deck, I can tell you."

Captain Stein spoke English with scarcely a trace of foreign accent, and he had also mastered the vernacular of our mariners, as many a lazy Briton who had sailed with him found out. Anderson crossed his legs uneasily. Hedford and his friend puffed leisurely at their cigars. The Doctor was equally placid.

"By the way," the Captain said to Hedford, "I did not quite catch your friend's name when you introduced him."

"Pardon me," Hedford replied, "Mr. —" then with a jerk—"Mr. Smith."

Mr. Smith did not assist the conversation much. He was a wet blanket of the worst description. Stein vainly tried a few anecdotes, but they fell flat. Only one of the party — naturally, his own officer, the Doctor — was able to laugh at his famous joke. It had crossed the Atlantic many times.



"HE FIRST OPENED THE CABIN DOOR AND LOOKED OUT"

"Come, come, Hedford," the Captain said at last. "This is Christmas Eve. Tell us a good story. You are a mine of anecdote and a prince of story tellers. Pass the decanter, and spin us a yarn."

"Tell them about Henrik Ibbetsen," said the silent Smith—whose other name was Trowbrigg. "That's a proper yarn for a Christmas Eve. Give 'em the shivers if they want 'em."

Hedford shook his head, but Smith's proposal was unanimously passed, the emotional man being very pressing. The Surgeon-Colonel gave way in consequence and prepared to commence his story. His preparation was somewhat curious. He first opened the cabin door and looked out. Then he locked it on the inside, and turning to his audience said seriously:

"Gentlemen, I must ask you upon your honour to keep secret what I am about to tell you."

They assured him that he might depend upon them, so he began immediately in a quiet impressive voice:

"It might do good to publish this story far and wide. On the other hand, its publication far or near might do incalculable injury to humanity——"

"That's a good start," the emotional man interjected, as he settled himself more comfortably in his seat.

"It's a cholera story——"

"I shall like this," the Doctor grunted, cramming a handful of tobacco into the immense bowl of his meerschaum and lighting it hastily.

"I had got some credit," Hedford continued, "over a life assurance case

which at the outset was supposed to require the assistance of a toxicological expert, and I had seen some cholera service in India, so when the dreadful epidemic broke out in Biedenburg I was not surprised to receive an urgent letter from an old friend of mine, Dr. Müller, then at the head of the Biedenburg Board of Health. I joined him at his own request and that of the Board of which he was an administrator. He had been winning golden opinions for his work ever since the disease had broken out, and certainly from the time of my arrival if ever a man fought an epidemic out to the bitter end with every weapon known to science that man was Müller. My own work, however, did not lie much in a line with Müller's, for while he and the other doctors were doing all that men could to stamp out the epidemic my business was to inquire into its origin. You remember that one curious phase was noticed—the type was pure Asiatic cholera, but the connecting link by which it had been introduced was lost, or rather never had been found. You may imagine the difficulties in my way when you think of the immense number of deaths which had occurred before I came to the city. In some cases whole families had been exterminated without any proper record of their symptoms or treatment having been kept. Then the shipping in the harbour had, in the early stages of the disease, been very loosely looked after. The task before me appeared impossible, and, as a matter of fact, it turned out impossible. I made no headway——"

"That's the first of the wind," Captain Stein interrupted, as a soft moan sounded without. "Excuse me, Colonel; go on with your story. You did not give up, I'll swear."

"No, but I might nearly as well have done so. At Müller's request I made the acquaintance of the girl to whom he was engaged. She was English, a Miss Brentwich. Müller would not go near the house in which she lived, dreading the possibility of bringing the contagion with him. This extreme caution I set down to nervous strain from overwork; for surely Müller should have been aware that it is almost impossible to transmit cholera in such a manner. But then he had no time to think out the everlasting problem of the union of the soil-microzymes and the cholera-microzymes, or to settle the question in his own mind, so far as his own conduct for the moment was concerned, whether cholera is or is not a miasmatic-contagious disease. He left all that to a more convenient season, and meantime ran no risks. Indeed, he only wrote to Miss Brentwich when absolutely necessary, and he had given her elaborate instructions as to disinfecting every object, great or small, that reached the house from without. Miss Brentwich was a handsome girl, and I have no doubt that under ordinary circumstances I should have found her society agreeable. But she was very depressed, and it was too evident that she only tolerated me on account of the news I brought her from the pestilential seat of war. There was a romantic story about her engagement. She had, owing to her pretty face, splendid figure, perfect manner, and admirable banking account—to mention her attractions in the cumulative climax to which the average man is amenable—a large circle of admirers. In the process of natural selection these had been eventually reduced to three, George Morrison, English; Henrik Ibbetsen, Dutch; and Wilhelm Müller, German. Müller, when he found that he had only secured third place in the struggle for existence in the good graces of Miss Brentwich, quietly withdrew and devoted himself to his profession. But Ibbetsen, a well-known pathologist and a rising man, did not yield so readily to a mere sporting English gentleman. Up to this time no actual proposal had been made, but every one knew that Morrison had only to ask and he would receive—that is, be accepted. George Morrison was in the first batch of cholera victims. He was skilfully and chivalrously attended to the last by Müller. On the outbreak of the epidemic, Ibbetsen had shut himself up in his house, and saw no one. His conduct was considered strange and cowardly. Miss Brentwich knew of this and, although in great grief, she accepted Müller out of gratitude. As to marriage, Müller had no time to think of that. His hands were full. Most of these details I got from a Mrs. Selwyn, who lived with Miss Brentwich, both as a paid companion and a near relative. The widow had an ear for gossip, and would have made an excellent correspondent for a society paper if she had not already found a more desirable post.



"WITH A BOUND HE WAS ON ME"

Shut up as she was, it was extraordinary how much she seemed to know about the daily lives of the Biedenburg people. This knowledge she was always ready to impart. The gabble about Ibbetsen struck me as really very strange. A man like him was badly wanted in the hospitals, and in the huts. He had been a fearless practitioner, and never counted his own life when science or humanity required his services. And the strangest part of the gossip was the fact that the complete change in Ibbetsen's whole nature was exactly contemporaneous with the outbreak of the cholera. On that I formed a theory and acted on it. I determined to interview the man, no matter how rigidly he secluded himself. After some difficulty I did so. Ibbetsen's appearance was a startling surprise. I had heard of him as a man of iron nerve and of rigidly abstemious habits. I found him not only a hopeless drunkard but a drugged drunkard. I have never experienced anything more painful than that of my visit to him. It is bad enough to be in the company of a man who is merely drunk. It is much worse to be in the company of a man who is in delirium for want of stimulants after a prolonged drinking bout. But Ibbetsen was practically in delirium tremens and deadly drunk as well. The combination is an ugly one."

"I gave him—you know," nodding to the physician of the *Kaiser Wilhelm*, who had let his pipe out.

"Of course, you gave him——" the Doctor was cutting in with when Hedford interposed. "This is not a clinical lecture, Doctor."

"I got him into bed and finally asleep, and considering his condition I felt rather proud of my prescription. I then sent a message to my hotel to say that I would not return that night. This despatched, I rang for Ibbetsen's servant and directed him to sit in his master's bedroom and call me if any change took place in the condition of my patient. On that I lay down on a couch and fell asleep. I was awakened soon by a touch on the shoulder. It was Ibbetsen himself who called me, and not his servant. The man had evidently gone to his own quarters. Ibbetsen was wide awake and partly rational. He talked incessantly. My business, of course, was to get him asleep again as soon as possible, but when the powerful medicine I had given him failed so soon I was puzzled how to act. Trying to occupy his mind and draw it away from exciting fancies I said soothingly:

"'Sit down here and let me tell you the news!'

"'The news?' he gasped. 'Any more news?'

"'No, no, it isn't news. It is only about an appointment I have with Dr. Müller at the cholera hospital.' I don't know how I came to say that. It was a bad time to say it if I wanted to prove my theory, and on my own theory it must be absolutely destructive of my treatment.

"'Cholera!' he yelled. 'Cholera!'

"With a bound he was on me. I had some trouble with him, for he was a powerful man. His nervous system was in a bad state, but his splendid physique had not had time to suffer permanently. I was obliged to use great violence, for there was no help near. I was fighting for my life. I got through with it at last, and Ibbetsen lay back on the couch exhausted, and crying childishly.

"'Cholera! Cholera!' he sobbed. 'All dead, all dead! The Englisher, Morrison, was a fine man. But he was the first to go.' Then with a burst of fury he shouted:

"'Where is the damn spy?'

"I slipped behind a screen.

"'Hoch! Hoch!' he maundered on. 'That was a fine dinner-party. *Gott in Himmel* that was a brave dance of death. The mistake was they did not drink from skulls. There they are. Plenty of them! Skulls everywhere! Ach!'

"He stopped for a moment and then resumed. 'I did not drink that night. But I have had a royal drink since.'

"'Here's to the first of the cholera men,' he shouted, and, taking a bottle of brandy and a glass from a stand I had not previously noticed, he poured out a tumbler-full of raw spirit.

"'To the Englisher, Morrison, the first of the cholera men;' he said this slowly and deliberately as he raised the glass to his lips.

"I stepped from behind the screen in the hope of taking the brandy from him. The light of the single gas jet was faint, but it shewed me Ibbetsen's distorted face glaring in a mirror opposite. My own face was reflected close to his. There was a small space between. In

that space it seemed to me that a slight film began to gather. My nerves had been wrought upon by what I had gone through. The film took shape—the shape of a face.

"'It is the face of the Englisher,' Ibbetsen said, in a low, steady voice. Then he drank off the brandy. Whirling his right hand suddenly round his head he dashed the bottle which he had been holding, at the mirror. It struck the glass in the centre and smashed it to atoms.

"'Good-night, Morrison,' he said, in the same low voice, and fell back on the couch.

"The next day he was permanently insane."



"MY OWN FACE WAS REFLECTED CLOSE TO HIS"

Anderson was now livid. Captain Stein had risen from his seat and stood bolt upright, with his head shot forward, a habit of his on the bridge when steaming full speed through a fog. The doctor hardly breathed. Outside, the wind was rising fast. The ship began to heave.

Hedford continued: "Ibbetsen's laboratory was a wonderful place. I did not covet the man's condition, certainly, but I envied him his laboratory. I was a long time searching for what I wanted. I found it at last. It was a thick glass jar with a well-gelatined stopper, and labelled—but that would anticipate. Wait a moment (this to the Doctor, who was about to interrupt again.)

"A few minutes with a microscope proved what I expected.

"I left the house and went to my hotel. The grey dawn was brightening into day when I arrived. Notwithstanding the hour, Miss Brentwich was at the hotel. She was waiting for me. Her face, always wan and white as I had seen it, wore a new horror. Some fresh blow had fallen.

"'He is down at last,' she gasped.

"'Müller!'

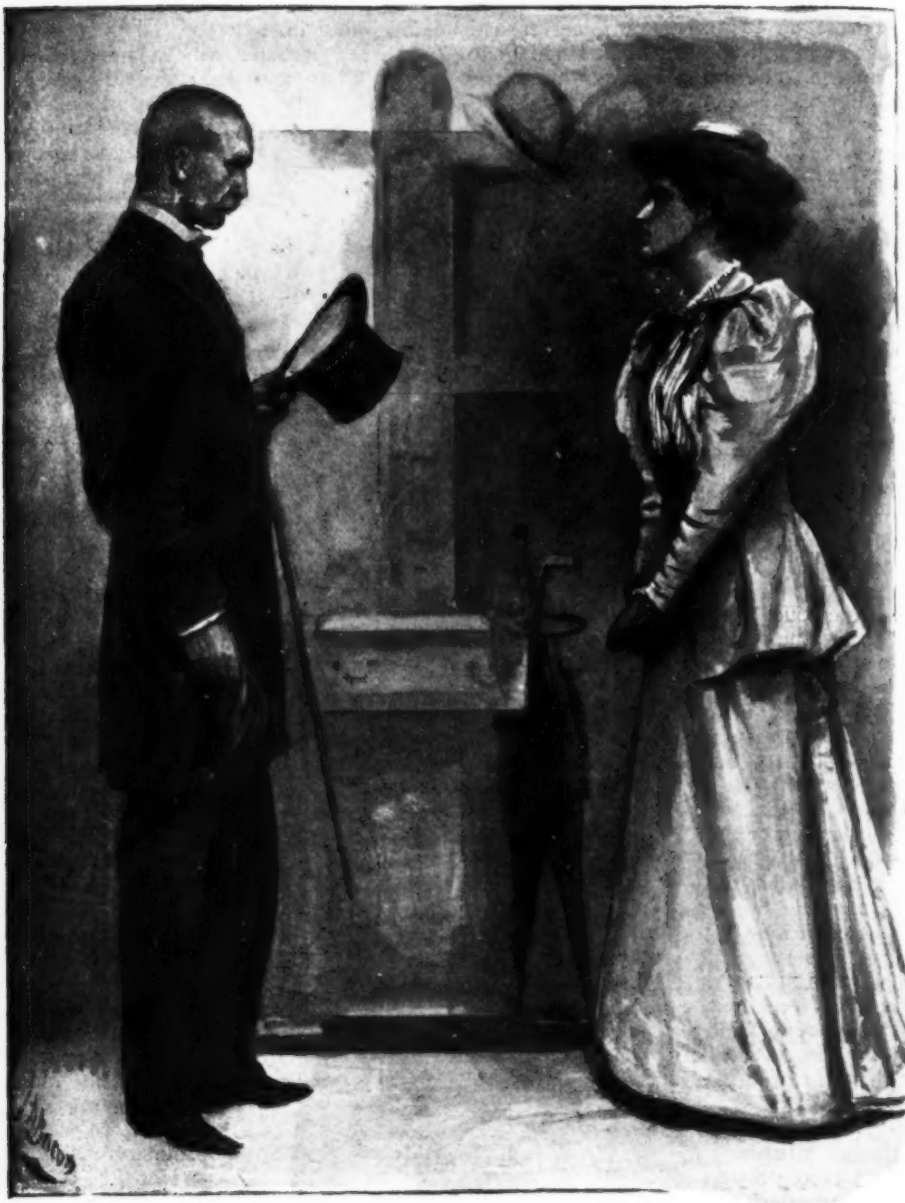
"'Yes. Human nature could no longer stand the strain. You will go to him. You will save the brave fellow. I cannot bear more than has already befallen me. I wish I were dead.'

"She said this without a tear. Her tears had all been shed.

"Müller was not past hope when I found him. But he thought he was. I believe I could have saved his life——"

Omnes: "Which of course you did!"

"Not I. I allowed him to die, as I might say, without benefit of clergy — that is, without even the alleviation of pain which science can in the last extremity provide. Wait!" said Hedford again sharply, for the faces of his hearers (excepting that of the imperturbable Mr. Smith) were frowning fiercely at him.



"'HE IS DOWN AT LAST,' SHE GASPED"

"In his terror of death Müller told me the secret of the epidemic of Asiatic cholera in Biedenburg."

"Which you have told us?"

"Not yet."

"Great Scotland Yard!" Captain Stein interjected; "what's next?"

"This: Ibbetsen had given a dinner-party to his friends, including Müller and Morrison. The host had a special wine in his cellar which Müller knew that none of the guests drank save himself and the Englishman. Müller also knew all about the cholera bacilli-farm in the laboratory. He dosed the special wine, and at the last moment left to look after a pretended urgent case."

"What a fiendish joke!" cried the Captain and his officer. Neither Smith nor Anderson spoke.

"No," said Hedford, "that's the worst of it. It was not a joke; nor even an accident, as poor Ibbetsen thought till the thinking of it drove him mad."

The wind was now whistling through the rigging. The Captain gave a hasty order without and closed the door of his room again with a bang.

"Müller believed," Hedford went on without noticing the interruption, "that he could confine the disease to one man, Morrison. And so he could. But it happened that owing to some banter at the table all the guests had drunk the fatal wine. Ibbetsen would have done the same, only that owing to a slight indisposition he avoided stimulants that evening. Eleven out of the thirteen—a number which served for many a merry jest at table—who sat down developed Asiatic cholera within two days; some of them within a few hours. Their residences were widely scattered, and so the epidemic got ahead of Müller——"

A message was here delivered to the Captain. He apologised hoarsely to his guests and left the cabin. The others followed. When Stein returned from the bridge he found his friends listening to the singing of an English anthem which could be faintly heard from the Saloon. They were waiting for him. Snow was falling in blinding drifts.

Hedford said quietly:

"Müller indirectly killed many thousands whom he vainly tried to save—but he did directly kill, and he meant to kill, one man, George Morrison."

Very softly from the saloon floated up the last line of the anthem.

"*On earth, peace! Good will among men!*"



Vagabond's Christmas Dinners.

WRITTEN BY G. W. WARD. ILLUSTRATED BY C. SHEPPERSON

'TIS a curious thing about Christmas dinners, but one seldom forgets them, however commonplace they may have been. I conjure up recollections of a few, more or less unconventional, as I sit at my solitary repast to-night, with never a spray of mistletoe or holly to give it a Yule-tide air for once, and the maid-servant clattering the dishes in her impatience to be away to some merry-making. And this is my first Christmas in England for close on ten years!

Where did I spend last Christmas—and the one before that—aye! and many a one before that? Why, bless my soul, it makes me feel a regular old fossil when I think of them—and me not out of my twenties yet! That first 25th of December from home! I had gone abroad; you know, youth will be served—lads will stray off, thinking the world afar is waiting, for their coming to smother them in riches and glory—and December found me in Egypt, and low water: "*Out on the sands when the funds are low*," as a jocular companion—another child of calamity—used to sing. I had just missed accompanying an Austrian merchant up the Nile, on a trading tour (poor beggar, he lay fettered in the Mahdi's camp for the next three years, till death passed him out); then a broken officer—with a broken leg, too—cut me out in a race for a billiard-marking billet; and finally I joined the Khedive's revenue service. I was a cook, at ten shillings a week, and I had to "find" myself. Now cooking is not my *métier*. As far as boiling an egg goes, I will cede place to none, but there my skill ends. And I had to cater for one captain and one mate, who, curiously enough, liked good living. They taught me to make hash, and thenceforward the *menu* was mainly hash until other novelties were introduced to my notice by the first lieutenant, with sarcastic politeness, and an Arab sailor was detailed to perform most of my work. It was the 24th when Joe—navigating officer—inquired casually:

"Is the pudd'n under way?"

"What pudding?"

"Why, Christmas pudd'n! S'pose you never had no Christmas pudd'ns where you was dragged up!"

This scornfully, as if suffering, hash-nourished Nature was on the brink of a revolt. I mollified him, and with many misgivings started on the contract. To eat plum-pudding is one thing—to make it over a tiny charcoal stove, aboard a forty-ton schooner lying embayed on the edge of the Libyan desert, a couple of hundred miles from Alexandria and groceries, is another, especially when you have not the faintest notion how to begin. Joe evidently shared my doubts as to my skill, for he watched the preliminary operations with swelling scorn mingled with well-founded fear that in experimenting I might spoil what slender stock of flour, and currants, and such-like material our larder boasted. At last he took the matter in hand personally, while I went on deck and smoked. I was still in my 'teens, and felt thoroughly home-sick. By-and-bye Joe called me and enjoined me to "keep 'er bilin' for five or six hours—then teem 'er." "She," I discovered, was a tin enclosing the precious pudding. I obeyed. Evening advanced, the Arab sailors had supped, and prayed, and howled themselves to sleep in their quarters forward, and not a man was visible on deck as I scaled the galley companion and emerged into the bright moonlight with the little cauldron in my grasp. Extracting the pudding-tin therefrom I stepped to the side and began to "teem 'er," very cautiously—the lid half off, and the pudding wobbling about inside. Ow! didn't the water scald as it dribbled out! Twice I had to put it down and blow on my parboiled fingers, and still the water trickled. So I slid the lid a little further off, to give it easier egress—and then "she" fell into

the sea! It is tame reading, I know, but if my captain and Joe had formed part of your circle of acquaintances you would understand that my immediate prospects promised to be far from tame. Joe was a Gravesend gentleman, and he had picked up his flow of language from the bargees. He was not only quicker at an oath than the skipper—who had only graduated on God-fearing sailing-ships—but he also introduced a far greater variety of expression on occasions. And this would have been a case calling for his most eloquent flights. There "she" was—cool enough now, in all conscience—sinking peacefully to the ten-fathom sands over which we lay anchored, her environing cloth gleaming faintly like a burial robe as she descended. I could swim pretty well. Often had I dived in company with the Greek spongers and with the Arabs who eke out such a precarious living by bringing up cockles from the depths of Alexandria's old harbour, around Fort Aïda. But thirty feet, by moonlight, in a cove that contained one shark at least, to my own knowledge, were as profound as thirty thousand. And for a pudding, too, a miserable pudding! Then I thought of Joe, and his profanity, and I hesitated no longer between him and the deep sea. At precisely 8.22 p.m., on that blessed Christmas Eve, anybody who happened to be looking would have seen me heading towards the centre of the earth, chasing "her." She had a good start, and no longer gleamed as she sped downwards, but when one is desperate he recks not of these trifles. About the fifth stroke I overtook her—she was in my grasp, flabby and sloppy in her bathing-dress. At 8.23, breathless and triumphant as was the Fitz-James when he settled Black Roderick, I was again upon *El Nezeem's* deck.



THE WAR CORRESPONDENT AND HIS SERVANT

I had never been missed. Another five minutes boiling made "her" all right, barring a suspicion of salt, and at noon next day she graced our board for a brief half-hour—the best Christmas pudding I ever ate, either before or since.

Since! Well, that is saying a good deal, because I have had one or two very decent ones in later years. One that was sacrificed during a sojourn in Malaya wasn't half bad, considering that a Madrasi made it in the mud hut which he called a cook-house. But Christmas out there is no more seasonable than pantomime would be at midsummer here. 'Tis "agin nature," as the father of triplets plaintively remarked. To begin with, the conventional turkey declines to be reared. Some months beforehand the projector of the feast will import a lot of turkey eggs from a northern port, like Shanghai, and induce his geese or hens to hatch them. Then his troubles begin. Mosquitoes spear the helpless chickens to death, so they have to be kept in a net-covered coop, and then the ants go for them, or they die of the heat, or over-feeding, or something. Anyhow, it is forty to one against any surviving to serve as a piece of resistance on Christmas Day. Take mince pies, again: you simply cannot negotiate mince pies within half a degree of the equator. The unhappy man who catered at the "chummery" whereto I have wandered in thought, had this point accentuated that evening. Some of the pies were thrown at him, as a matter of fact—but that was when the evening had waxed late, and everybody had toasted his "absent friends," "the old folks at home," "sweethearts and wives," and all the rest of the dear ones from whom they were exiled. It was really only a safety-valve for all the youngsters' emotion, the mince pie episode—a sort

of substitute for the snowballing at the school which one or two had but lately left. There was no lack of greenery at that table, bare though is this at which I sit to-night. There were jungles of it, hiding the whitewashed walls, whereon lizards were wont to sport unhindered by anything but an odd photo-frame or tennis-racket. Yet the place of honour was held by a little sprig of holly or mistletoe, bestowed as a great favour by some friendly skipper on the China run; grown in the shadow of a pagoda to adorn a tropical feast in honour of the great tragedy nineteen centuries ago!

One of my Christmas dinners out China way was eaten at sea. Archibald Forbes has recounted, in picturesque language, how he unexpectedly enjoyed one in mid-Atlantic, in the winter of '59, after his rescue from a waterlogged old tub whose larder consisted of some salt beef and sodden biscuits. Ours was rather better than that, for the purveyor was the purser of one of the finest ships in the Norddeutscher Lloyd's fleet. Prominent in the centre of the saloon was a fine fir, braced firmly on every side, and loaded with all kinds of pretty trivialities. Hidden among the leafy needles were clusters of electric lamps. Altogether it was about as gorgeous a sample of a Christmas-tree as one would wish to see anywhere—something that a dozen stewards and two or three of the engineers had been working at all the previous night. And there was not a single youngster within three hundred miles! We dined—thirty or forty people of all nationalities and professions—talking all the time about the jolly Christmas we were going to have after all. Then we would gaze admiringly at the tree, and ask one another if it was not "Sehr schön?" Dinner over, the captain—a burly, brass-buttoned, Bismarckian-looking Teuton—went away, so we passengers dispersed for a smoke. Towards nine o'clock, however, the stewards rounded us up to see the tree-worship begin.

"Now the jolly German Christmas fun is going to begin," everybody said.

"Bring champagne," quoth our dignified skipper. It was brought. "Your hel's," he went on, as he raised his glass in salutation of the company. "Yours," we all said, as we emptied ours.



"THEN SHE FELL INTO THE SEA"

Then he went out again, with his officers. We hung about, waiting for the wild revelry—nobody caring to begin despoiling the magnificent tree, or start a song with some rousing chorus, until the band came along, or we were officially authorised—and then four bells struck, and some of our party began to drift off to bed. Then somebody shut the piano, and the electric illumination was strangled by a steward, and it became painfully apparent that our "Merry Christmas" was over! It was almost Forbes' experience reversed.

To write of my '92 Christmas dinner is easy, because I had none. That is to say I didn't eat any, though one was waiting. It came about in this way: A couple of months or so before I started out with a curious-looking Russian prince, one Wiasemsky, to travel overland from Bangkok to Moscow. He had already tramped across Siberia to Pekin, and thence (he said) through China and Tonquin, so that when I

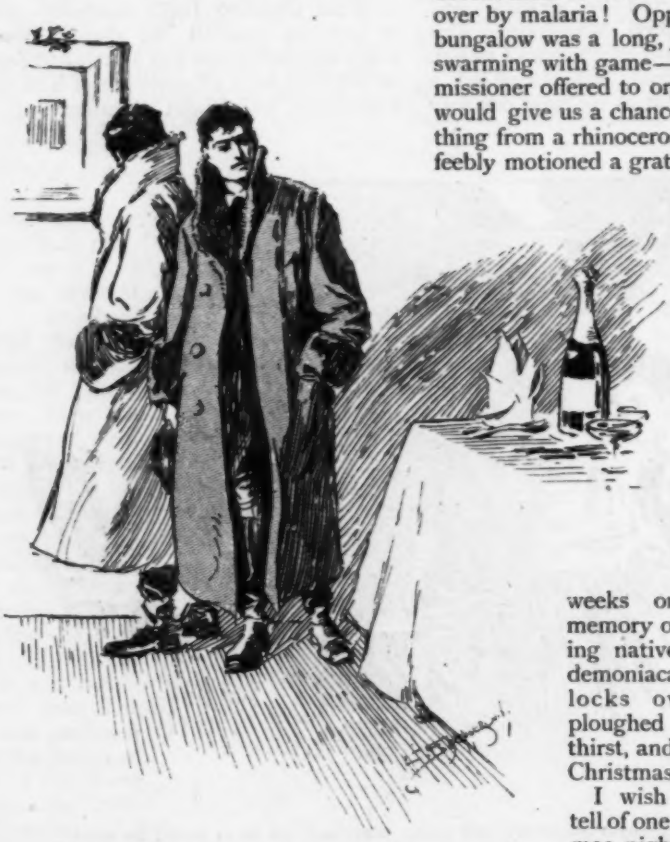
threw my little lot in with him, he was homeward bound, with a mere trifling nine or ten thousand miles still to go. It would be straying from my Christmas dinner reverie if I recounted the various adventures of the journey through Siam and Lower Burma—enough to know that by the 23rd December our party—consisting of the prince, a Polish sergeant who acted as servant, and myself—had reached Maulmain. The authorities were bothered to make us out. Judged by externals we resembled a bankrupt circus, but as we paid our way the tail of several of those aggravating beasts—and, finally, the caves. "Finest sight in the world," somebody said; "Reckoned to excel even the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky." So we drove out there in dog-carts early the next morning, with a lot of policemen shepherding us, nominally out of deference to our greatness, but really, I suspect, to keep us from invading India suddenly—and at last we reached the alleged caves. They were mere holes in a little hill, forty or fifty feet deep, all smelling of bats and blue-lights, and about as interesting as



"TALKING ALL THE TIME ABOUT THE JOLLY CHRISTMAS WE WERE GOING TO HAVE"

we were clearly not tramps. Besides, was not Wiasemsky a prince, and not even a lord nearer than Calcutta, "acrost the Bay," to compete with him? But then again he was a Russian, and to be a Russian is to be suspected of espionage when one is within the boundaries of our Indian empire. However, pending absolute proof of our *bona* or *mala fides*, we received a sort of semi-official welcome at the hands of the young *militaire* who acted as Commissioner. We were shown the jail and the working elephants—which last seemed poor fun to us after our six or seven hundred mile tramp at looking at a decayed tooth through a microscope. Whilst we were wandering about, wondering how soon tiffin time would arrive, his Serene Highness began to shiver. Then he said he wanted to go home. I protested that we must stop and eat the Government luncheon that was waiting, but in vain. So we called for our vehicles, and as we waited I, too, shivered. Then I wanted to go home. We had got jungle-fever. All that day and night we tossed on our beds in Maulmain's solitary little hotel, burning and freezing alternatively, and saturating ourselves with quinine; and at breakfast-

time on Christmas morning I crawled out to see some visitor. Our arrangements—made shortly after our arrival in Maulmain—involved our departure that afternoon for Rangoon, *vid* Pegu and Shwegeen, and in accordance therewith a particularly nice and amiable Deputy Commissioner had called to speed us on our way. Somebody folded our tents for us, and we stumbled in a stupefied sort of way down to the quay, whence we were taken in the launch of our friend the Deputy Commissioner to his domain of Martaban, up-river. It is provoking even to recall—and how much more disappointing it must have been for the Deputy Commissioner—the array of turkey and dumpling and Heidsieck that he had provided for his "illustrious" guest, and, incidentally, for me. For weeks we had been scrambling along on rice and chicken—"paddi and sudden death," for the chicken was generally alive half-an-hour before we devoured it—and there, just as we got a really decent meal to sit down to, to be bowled over by malaria! Opposite to our host's bungalow was a long, jungle-hidden hill swarming with game—the Deputy Commissioner offered to organise a beat that would give us a chance of potting anything from a rhinoceros downward. We feebly motioned a grateful refusal. Then he kindly volunteered to treat us to a parade of natives of all the types found within his dominions—Karens, Coringees, Chittagonians, *et hoc*. Again we shiveringly declined. Then we glanced at the table and shuddered, and went to bed. The next six weeks or so is a dim memory of delirium, of jolting native carts drawn by demoniacal trotting bullocks over roads like ploughed fields, of burning thirst, and hospital. Merry Christmas, forsooth!



"WE GLANCED AT THE TABLE AND SHUDDERED"

I wish I had space to tell of one interesting Christmas night which I spent in Hong Kong in companionship with an adventurer—forgotten now, probably, but then almost within reach of recognition, and wealth, and the power that wealth confers—Monsieur Mayrena, otherwise Marie I., King of the Sedangs. But that, as the barrack-room biographer says, "is another story," as must be the reminiscence of still another Christmas dinner eaten—in gaol.

Mr. Conan Doyle.



MR. CONAN DOYLE, modestly following the example of Mr. Meredith and others, did not make his name with his first book. At the same time the cold satisfaction of a merely posthumous reputation did not appeal to him. So he wrote a historical novel which was not exactly like every other historical novel. This unusual feat attracted attention at once.

Mr. Conan Doyle does not, as the reviewer would say, "break fresh ground." He breaks the oldest and most exhausted ground, but he finds treasure. The detective story was an old, disused, abandoned working. Most authors left it with contempt, shouldered their type-writers, and went off to the new and the neurotic. Mr. Conan Doyle stayed and found Sherlock Holmes. If he had found a gold mine instead, it would probably have been worth less to him financially, and the general loss to the reading public would have been incalculable. Probably, the most cruel thing Mr. Conan Doyle ever did was to run one Sherlock Holmes story through two numbers of a magazine, thus keeping us waiting a whole month in suspense.

Under the Red Lamp, *The Parasite*, and *The Stark Munro Letters* remind us that Mr. Conan Doyle is Dr. Conan Doyle. As a doctor he does not practice, and as a novelist he does not preach.

The "Ludgate" Prize Competitions.

The "Ludgate" Prize Competitions have been attended with a large measure of success, and the Editor anticipates for them still greater popularity in the immediate future. Of the latest batch of novel plots by far the most original in conception, and most brilliant in execution is "On Christmas Eve." It is written by a lady who prefers that her pen name of "J. Colne Dacre" only should be published. The best copy of verses, "The Spoiler," by Mr. T. McEwen, is also much above the average. For the photographic contest an enormous amount of excellent work was submitted to an expert, whose report is as follows: "Mr. F. H. Padgett must be congratulated on an unconventional rendering of a vigorous 'Head Study.' In pose and expression alike, the picture shows able and careful treatment. Of the four commended photographs 'Evening Shadows' (Thos. B. Sutton), and 'Over Ninety' (C. H. Cooke), ran the winner closely. The former, though an excellent photograph, fails to convey sufficiently the idea of evening, though that might easily have been done by a little more attention to the sky. The other two are 'A Warwickshire River' (Thomas Taylor, Moseley, Birmingham), a good example of modern landscape photography, and 'Loading Sand' (T. G. Hibbert, 28, Bampton Road, Sheffield), notable for the natural rendering of the horses' positions." For the next Competition the subject must be connected with the sea; and all photographs must be received not later than the end of December, while the result will be announced in the February number. The only condition attached to these Competitions is that the proprietors reserve the right of reproducing the prize-winning and commended photographs in "The Ludgate," and any others in "Black and White:" in the latter case the usual payment will be made.

THE BEST NOVEL PLOT.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

By J. Colne Dacre.

Characters: Sir Jasper Holland. Wilfred Holland, *his nephew.* Mrs. Mongorten, *a widow.* Dobson, *a groom.* Mr. Wander, *a curate. Guests, Detectives, Servants, etc.*

SIR JASPER, a rigid disciplinarian resides at Holland Court with his nephew, a manly young fellow of twenty-three. Wilfred meets, and becomes enamoured of a widow lady living at Vernon Place, a pretty house four miles away. His uncle learns of the attachment, and calls upon the lady: what happens is not known. On the day before Christmas, Sir Jasper goes to town on business, returning by a late train. Dobson, the groom, awaits his arrival with a low dog-cart. It is a five miles drive over heavy roads. The snow has ceased, but the night is dark; and, as it is close on twelve, they pass none on the way. On reaching Holland Court, Dobson stands at the horse's head, expecting his master to alight. As there is no movement in the vehicle, the groom, believing his master asleep goes to rouse him. He finds Sir Jasper dead, his throat having received a mortal wound from a sharp weapon. No trace of the murderer is discovered. Not a footstep is noted on the snow. The hedgerows are unsullied in their whiteness: no assassin could have concealed himself there to await his opportunity. Only the wheel tracks and prints of the horse's hoofs mark the path. Dobson has neither seen nor heard anything suspicious. Nothing has been stolen from the body. The reason of Sir Jasper's hurried visit to London does not transpire.

Sir Jasper's nephew, Wilfred, inherits his title and estates, and after a few

months of mourning weds Mrs. Mongorten. They spend the season in town, only returning to Holland Court in late autumn. A house-party, large and gay, fills the mansion, and the tragic end of its late master is well-nigh forgotten. Lady Holland is a capital hostess, and, though several years her husband's elder, she enters heartily into fun of all sorts. Her idea it is to invite the village curate to dine on Christmas Eve, and thereafter exhibit the Sunday-school magic lantern. Mr. Wander gladly agrees, and a huge sheet is fixed at one end of the library—Sir Jasper's favourite room, which Lady Holland usually avoids as she considers it gloomy—whither the company betakes itself after coffee. The chairs for the party are placed in a semi-circle in front of the screen. The room is dark, but for the disc of light on the sheet and for a vagrant ray on the anxious features of Mr. Wander as he fumbles nervously with his apparatus, which seems to be slightly out of order. The laughter and facetious remarks suddenly cease, as, vaguely at first, more distinctly afterwards, a vision is perceived to be taking shape on the sheet. It is night; no light except that of the carriage lamps illumes the picture of a dog-cart on a snowy road. It moves slowly, and behind, stealing ever closer, comes a bicycle, ridden by a tall, slender figure. The man on the back seat seems asleep, and when the figure, lunging skilfully with a gleaming weapon draws a deep gash on the exposed part of his neck, he scarce moves; and only the horror-stricken spectators see, as, silently turning the bicycle the miscreant rides off, that the face is that of a woman.

The company, spell-bound, watches the scene fade away; then the suave voice of the unconscious Mr. Wander is heard saying:

"All is ready, now, ladies and gentlemen. The first slide is a representation of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden."

Lady Holland is found rigid and death-like in her seat. She is seized with violent brain fever, and only recovers consciousness to make full confession of her crime ere she expires. She had, when very young, been Sir Jasper's wife: he had divorced her. In revenge she had resolved to become secretly acquainted with his nephew, and wed him without his uncle's knowledge. Sir Jasper, discovering her intentions, visited her and threatened to expose everything. By this time she loved Wilfred and was desperate. She knew Sir Jasper had gone to town on some mysterious business, for Wilfred had told her as much that afternoon. So being a skilled bicyclist she watched her opportunity, and stealing noiselessly in the rear of the carriage, dealt that swift cut which severed Sir Jasper's jugular vein and left her, as she believed, unfettered.

She dies penitent. Sir Wilfred never weds again.



The Best Set of Verses.



THE SPOILER.

By Thomas McEwen, 4, *Carlton Gardens, Belmont, Belfast.*

Haze in the air, white dust upon the street:
In shady gardens lazy bumble-bees
Drone out the days of shining, shimmering heat,
From flower to flower beneath the laden trees.

Quick on short gloamings follow moon-lit nights,
And from the meadows wreathing mists arise;
The ebbing tide creeps from the shallow bights,
Leaving the gleaming sands bare to the skies.

The moon drops down behind the western hill,
And in the darkness just before the dawn,
Out of the North fell Frost steals forth to kill,
And heap his golden spoils upon the lawn.



The Best Photograph.



STUDY OF A HEAD: MEDAL PHOTOGRAPH

BY H. PADGETT, WINCHELSEA



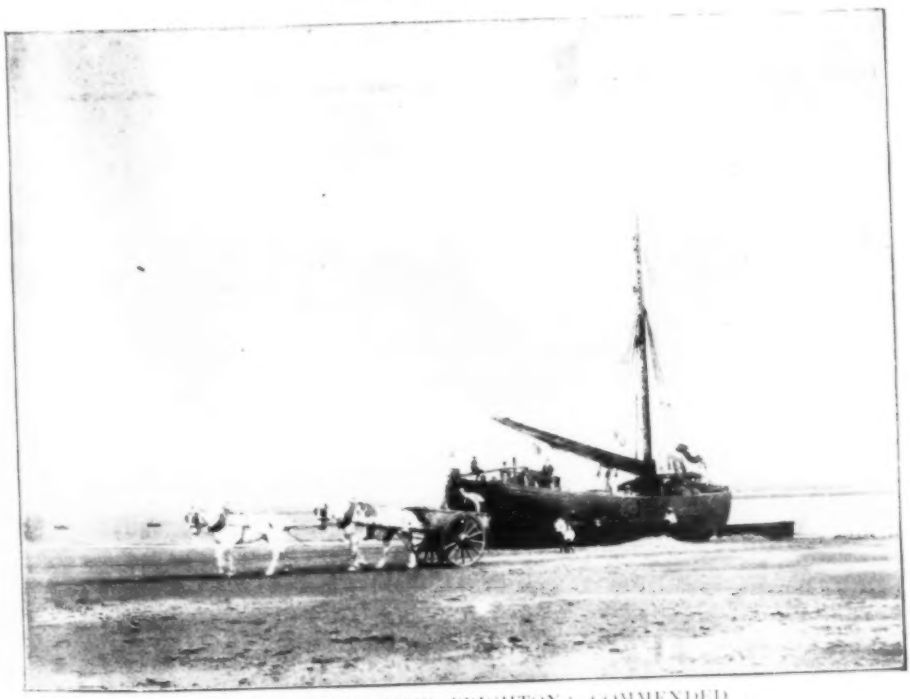
EVENING SHADOWS: COMMENDED
BY THOMAS E. SUTTON, LIVERPOOL



OVER NINETY: COMMENDED
BY G. H. COOKE



A WARWICKSHIRE RIVER: COMMENDED
BY THOMAS TAYLOR, BIRMINGHAM



LOADING SAND, NEW BRIGHTON: COMMENDED
BY T. G. HEPPER, SHEFFIELD

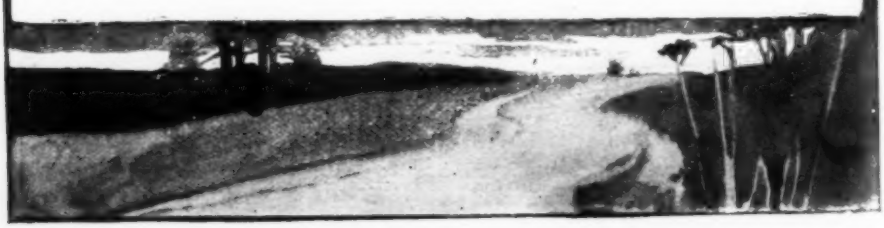


I WILL make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of birdsong at morning and starshine at night.
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom,
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rain-fall at morning and dew-fall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire

R. L. STEVENSON.



Verses originally published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Dublin.

BY R. DONOVAN

THE capital of "the most distressful country" wears no sorrow on its brow. It is a pleasant dwelling-place; and, Matthew Arnold to the contrary notwithstanding, a pleasant place, in some atmospheres, to behold. The situation of the City, though it does not make for cleanliness, and though it increases the burthen of the City Fathers, enables the citizen to give to his life whatever of brightness and joy sea and coast and mountain, and the healing influences of nature have it in their power to afford. Few cities are placed within such easy reach of a varied and charming scenery. From the very heart of the City, on a clear day, may be caught glimpses of the ever-changing Dublin hills—now blue as the sea, now grey as the cloud, now emerald and evanescent. From the upper rooms of the houses in the higher quarters of the City, the varied outline of the Bay may be discerned. A twenty minutes railway drive to the north or to the south of the Bay brings one within sight of prospects which sea and mountain combine to enrich. To the north lies Howth—the Ben Edar of the Gael—bright with gorse and heather, its black cliffs rising sheer from the floor of the sea, and commanding views of the coast from the mountains of Down to the flat shores of Wicklow. River and City, plain and hill and sea, are all combined in one far-stretching panorama. From the southern shore rises Killiney, whence even more beautiful views can be had. At the foot of the hill break the waters of the Irish Sea on a shining strand. To the south the view is ended by the chain of the Wicklow Hills—"the Golden Spears" the Celt named them, the Sugar Loaf the Celt's successor has re-named the most conspicuous. On the east, rising up to the Dublin Hills, lies the Valley of Shanganagh, rich in green lawn and dark grove, and thick-set hedge-row vividly contrasting with the barren slopes beyond. Close at hand lies Kingstown, prettiest of harbours, and beyond the dark mass of Howth marks the outline of the Bay. Lady Dufferin and Denis Florence McCarthy have sung all these charms. Cyclist and pedestrian may penetrate the mountains, bleak and barren on their summits, with dark tarns nestling here and there, and a silence and a loneliness as complete as if a desert lay between them and the lively City of the three hundred and odd thousands, that recreates itself amidst all these pleasant places.

The City itself was once a walled town placed on the higher slopes of the southern bank of the river. It has thrown itself out north and east towards the sea, unfolding square after square, and opening street after street, until now the old town is but a neglected corner of the city of which it was the nucleus. The river runs through it from west to east. The main artery of thoroughfares cuts it from south to north. The south-eastern quarter is the fashionable portion. There lie Merrion Square, Fitzwilliam Square, St. Stephen's Green, and their adjuncts, with their population of professionals and wealthy folk. Fashion has "cut" the northern quarter, where range upon range of what were once fashionable residences are being turned into tenements. One square — Mountjoy — makes bold resistance to absorption. The south-west is the industrial quarter. There are situated Guinness's mammoth brewery, and the distilleries of that Irish whisky, famed in story, in commerce—and in the police-courts. There, too, in old nooks and forgotten squares, are the halls and homes of industries that have vanished. The exiled Huguenot set up his silk-loom in the Liberties; the weaver spun his Irish wool there; the dresser of skins and the maker of gloves—from whom the Parisian learned the art in the later years of the last century, to make the industry his own—worked there. Only the ghosts of these trades now flit hither and thither. Irish poplin is still, it is true, something more than a name. But

it has been almost extinguished by its own merits. Our grandmothers valued a material, one dress of which lasted a life-time, and then made frocks for a new generation. To our daughters a dress that does not pass away is a terror and a night-mare. So the good old poplin has receded before the lighter products of Lyons looms, and the Dublin silk-weavers have become fewer and fewer. A fine Dublin-made glove is also still procurable, but Paris has triumphed. The old City, however, has yet its interests, if only for the traces of what has been. There are the old Cathedrals — St. Patrick's, shrine of Swift; Christ Church, the cathedral of the Danes, with Strongbow's tomb in the nave, and the altar and candlesticks of James II. in the crypt.

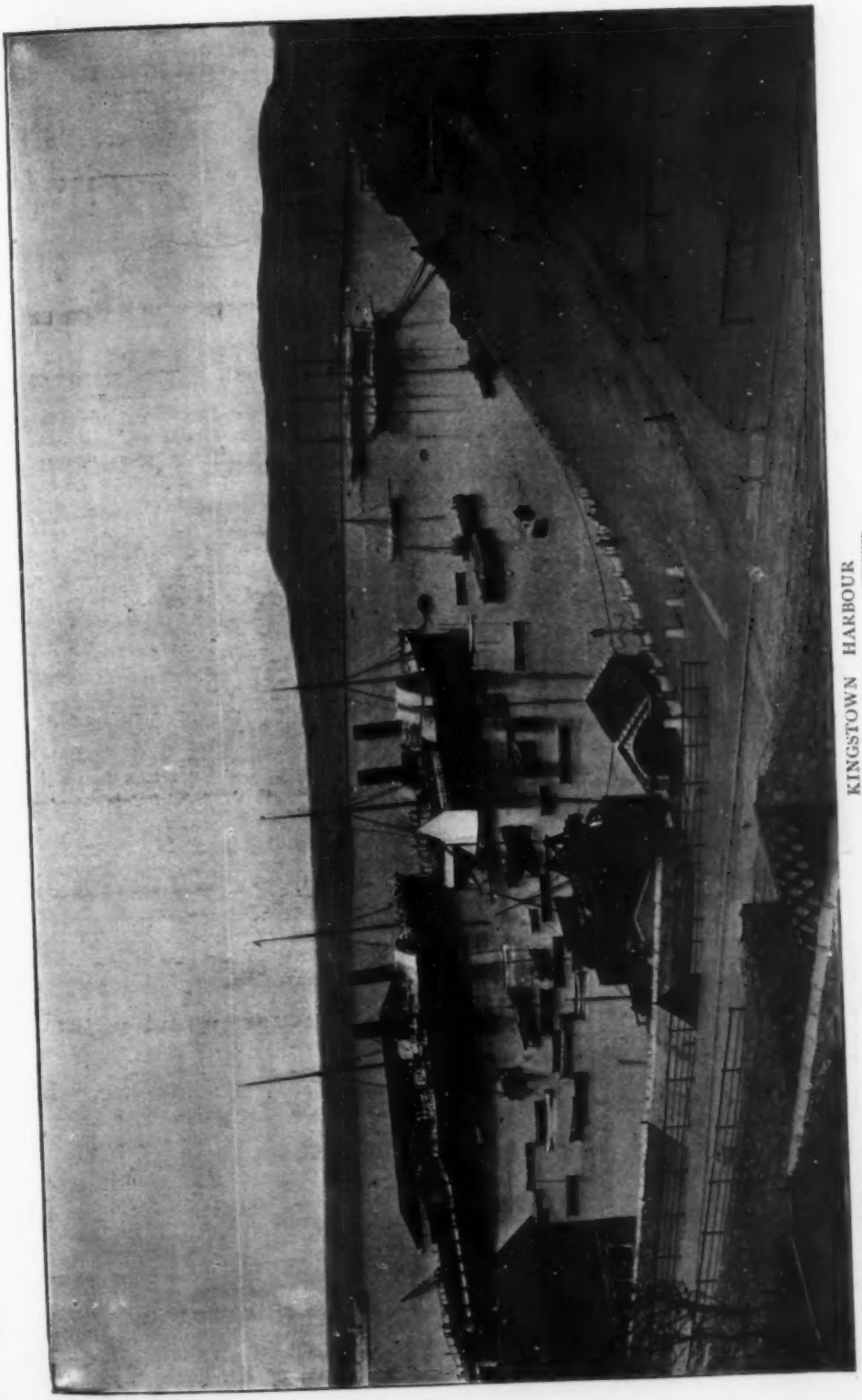
All the City ways lead to College Green. It is the heart of the town and its most beautiful site. Trinity College and the Bank of Ireland — the old Parliament House — are among the architectural boasts of Dublin, as they are the centre of much of its historic interest. Dame Street runs west from the College to the Castle, and is the local Lombard Street. Banks, insurance offices, the offices of stockbrokers, the Chamber of Commerce occupy and almost monopolise it. The buildings are handsome and varied in style and structure, and the old are gradually yielding to the new. From the College, too, runs, to the south, Grafton Street, where the fashionable shops are situated and where the City promenades.

The Dublin of to-day—broken as are many of its links with the past—is the child of the Dublin of yesterday. It lacks some of the characteristics of a national capital, but it is neither a mere provincial centre nor a manufacturing city. Being the seat of the Irish Administration and the home of the Courts of Justice, it still preserves some of the features of a metropolis. True, the Irish noble has no longer his Dublin house. The residences where once the nobility and gentry lived have all been transformed. One is a mendicity institution, another a military barracks, a third a grammar school, a fourth the nucleus of our Irish South Kensington. Hundreds of the houses that were decorated by Italian artists for the Irish gentlemen of the last century are now thronged tenements, where the poor of Dublin are crowded. A trade in artistic marbles, dug out from the walls of Dublin tenements, was the vogue for a while among the vendors of curiosities and antiques. Here and there a successful doctor or lawyer saves from the wreck a mansion whose stucco work betrays the artist hand. But the fashionable resort of the gentry and nobility of Ireland Dublin has ceased to be. London has competed successfully for their possession. When the Viceroy holds his Court the Irish lady dons her feathers and jewels in a Dublin hotel and proceeds to the Drawing-Room in a hired carriage. When, once a year, the best horse-show in the world proves irresistible in its attractions, the Irish nobleman steers his yacht into Kingstown Harbour and there plays host. The desertion has been complete.

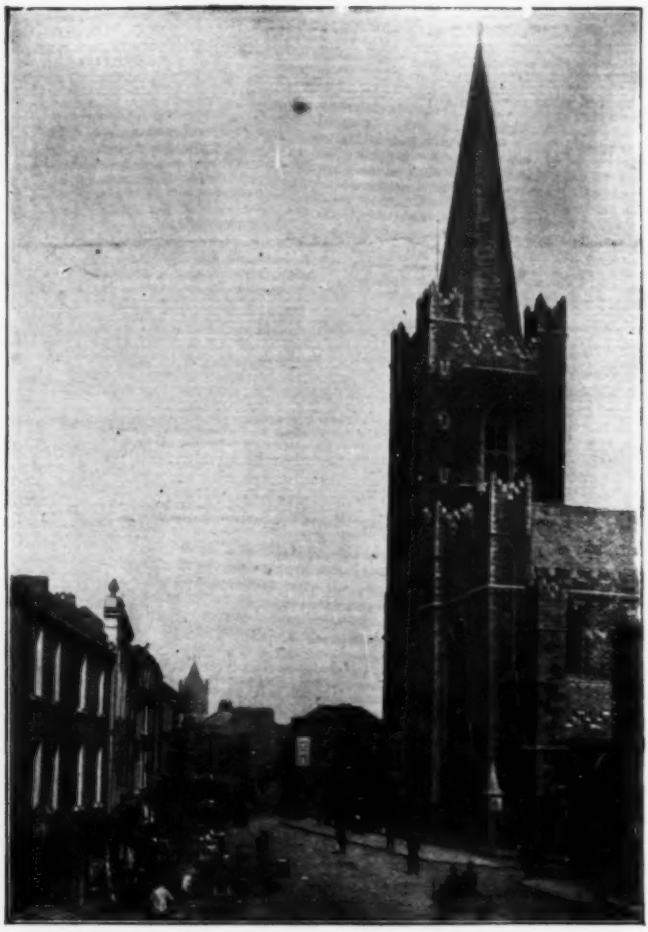
The loss is not wholly compensated for by the survival of the official and professional class, but the existence of the latter in such numbers makes Dublin still a characteristically residential city. The professional element of the population is almost equal to the commercial, and is one-fourth of the industrial. Socially, the Irish capital is still a lively place. The intellectual and artistic life is not wholly provincial. Dublin still radiates an influence. It is a city of traditions not altogether forgotten, and maintained in vitality by institutions that cannot pass away.

The Viceroyalty is not the worthless mimicry of the reality that some—of both divisions of our politics—would have people believe. True, the keenness of political strife for the last three lustrums or more have rather isolated the Viceroyalty. Now the boycott is maintained on one side and now on another. Castle and Mansion House are separated as by a gulf. The College hoists its flags only when Viceroys of its own predilection pass the way. But wherever else the proposal to abolish the Viceroyalty meets with favour it finds little approval in Dublin.

Then the Irish Bar is still an institution of repute. The *laudatores temporis acti* may assure us that it is but the shadow of its former self, that the learning and the wit of former days are no more, that the era of the giants has departed. One does not accept all this without a doubt, and he notes with satisfaction that when the Irish Bar does



KINGSTOWN HARBOUR
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. LAWRENCE



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL
From a photograph by W. Lawrence

export a member for contests in the lists beyond the Channel, his place is not in the last flight, but the first.

"The Silent Sister" of Oxford and Cambridge is another centre of influence that its reputation does scant justice. Its members, indeed, have none of that zeal which Toynbee Hall and the University Extension movement typify. Town and Gown war not upon one another in these latter days. But the University might be more to the City and the City more to the University than their existing relations express. Nevertheless, the savants are not wholly apart and segregated. The existence of the University gives a tone to the City that it might not otherwise possess. Its scholarship vitalises the scientific and antiquarian societies and gives their work a special value. When the Colleges of the City attached to the new Royal University have struggled into vigorous life this effect will be still more manifest.

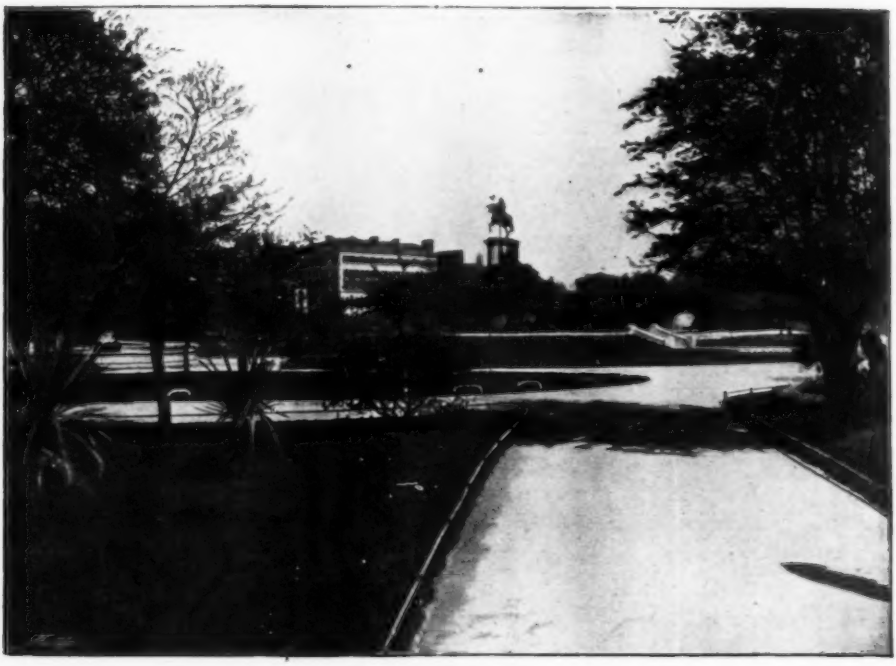
More directly in touch with the City and of more immediate concern to the metropolitan and national interests, is the Royal Dublin Society. It is a multifarious and many-functioned Society. It endeavours to combine in one body the functions of the Royal Society, the Agricultural Society, the trustees of the British Museum, the authorities of South Kensington and the trustees of the National Gallery. The Society patronises an art school and an art gallery, and organises big shows of cattle, sheep and horses; it conducts farming experiments in Connaught and classical concerts in Dublin; it administers the National Library of Ireland and distributes the Treasury Grant for the improvement of horse-breeding; it gives an eye to the development of Irish fisheries and listens learnedly to disquisitions on the higher ranges of abstruse science.

The Royal Irish Academy is another learned institution. Its interests are mainly historical and antiquarian, though pure science and polite literature are not excluded from its purview. Its library is full of the materials of Irish history. The treasures of its museum are now exhibited in rooms situated in magnificent new museum buildings which form the chief architectural gift of the Imperial Treasury to Dublin. The Tara Brooch, the Ardagh Chalice, the Cross of Cong are among the more precious.



THE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR



ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN PARK



THE VICEREGAL LODGE IN PHŒNIX PARK

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. LAWRENCE

The volumes of its transactions contain all the light that can be shed on the civilisation of Pagan and Early Christian Ireland. The names of its scholars are held in high veneration by the students of the island story—Petrie, O'Donovan, O'Curry, Wilde, Reeves, Stokes, to name but these.

Art is tended by the Royal Hibernian Academy, the Academy of Music, the Dublin Musical Society. Dublin has its traditions here, too. Every Dublin man is fond of boasting that Handel's *Messiah* found its first welcome from a Dublin audience. But the native schools of painting and music need a vivifying touch; and Ireland has nothing now to show in art comparable to the work of the Scots school, and in music there is greater capacity for enjoyment than for creation among the myriad lovers of the art. The City sculpture is, however, creditable. Omitting the effigies of kings and poets bequeathed from earlier generations, there is no public monument that is an eyesore. Foley has done that much for his native City.



LORD ARDILAUN
From a photograph by Chancellor

Dublin is also an educational centre of some importance. The medical schools and the King's Inns are the resort of the professional students. The former, though their decline is a cause of pressing anxiety to the Dublin licensing bodies, still muster six hundred strong. The latter are numerous enough, too, to show that the tendency to adopt professional rather than commercial careers is still dominant among the Irish people.

Commercially, Dublin is rather a shop-keeping than a manufacturing community. The chief Dublin exports are porter and whisky, and the manufacture of these commodities is the chief Dublin industry. The annual exports of porter exceed half-a-million hogsheads. The port



MR. JOHN WIGHAM
PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

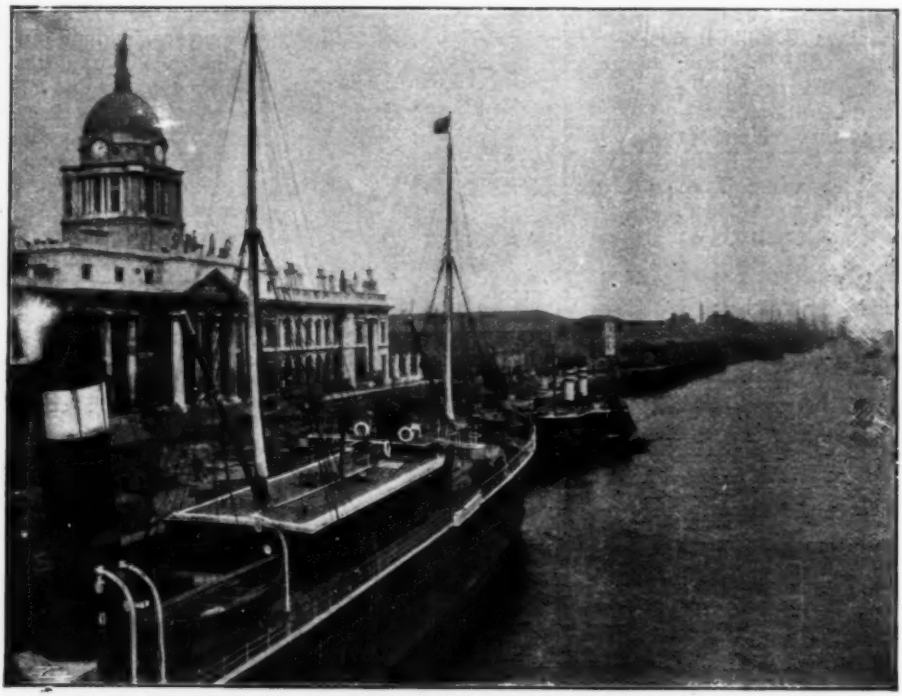


REV. DR. SALMON
PROVOST OF TRINITY

From photographs by W. Lawrence

looks towards Great Britain, and its trade with the sister island far exceeds all its foreign trade. The statistics of the port for 1893 will show how completely Britain monopolises the trade of the Irish midlands, south and west. In that year the coasting trade with Great Britain was represented by a tonnage of 1,275,535 of cargoes entered and 1,006,868 tons cleared. The direct foreign trade amounted to only 227,446 tons entered and 41,577 tons cleared. Besides its own manufactures, Dublin is the port through which passes the agricultural produce of Paris" with a stock, of which the advantages are set forth. The great names of Guinness, Jameson and Power, however, have no foreign rivals. Large as is the export trade done by these firms, the home trade is still more considerable. The capital represented by the breweries and distilleries of Dublin alone amounts to many millions. The great firm of Guinness's, of which the nominal capital was £6,000,000, is now represented in the money market by a sum nearly three times as great.

The employment given as compared



CUSTOMS HOUSE AND NORTH WALL FROM THE BUTT BRIDGE
From a photograph by W. Lawrence

the central districts of Ireland. This great trade proceeds largely through the hands of Dublin factors and is one of the sources of the City wealth.

The wholesale trade of the City is not what it once was. The Scots, Manchester and London merchants now do a large direct trade even with the smaller Irish towns. Though still considerable, the trade continues to decline. The traveller through the country towns now notes, as a common advertisement on the hoardings, that "Mr. and Mrs.——have returned from Manchester, London and

with other industries, is not as large in proportion to the capital invested, and Dublin has room for a few more chimney stacks. The poorest of the Dublin poor have a hard struggle in the winter months; and the high death-rate of the City tells of systems unprepared by sufficient nutriment to resist the attack of disease.

The business done in the Dublin Money Market is substantial. Irish stock is almost all in the hands of Irish investors, and there is a surplus of capital that overflows into other lands

for profitable investment. Whatever be the cause of the absence of industries, lack of native capital is not one. There is more than enough for Irish wants. Were the Irish capitalist prepared to take a few more risks in Ireland, the result would be good. For the present, however, the Dublin Stock Exchange is employed in placing Irish money elsewhere. Irish stocks are almost all at fancy prices now, and the return is surprisingly low for a country that is commonly represented as without credit.

The City Government is not inefficient. It has difficulties to contend with, as the government of every old city must have. But it is steadily making headway. The Corporation has given the citizens a water supply that at once exterminated typhus from the purlieus of the City, and raised an impassible barrier against the worst forms of epidemic disease. The water is brought from the Wicklow Hills, and is of pure quality and excellent taste. Sanitation has a dread enemy in the character of the dwellings occupied by the poor in some of the decaying quarters of the City. Within their limited powers the Corporation has done excellent work towards remedying the evil. It is assisted by a private Company—the Artisans' Dwellings Company—which finds this humanitarian work an enterprise that returns a satisfactory dividend on the invested capital. The Guinness Trust is also an active agency in the same good cause. Only one criticism need be offered of the results of these separate efforts. The artisan and the well-to-do workman is the chief beneficiary. The unskilled labourer is scarcely affected.

One advantage the masses enjoy in Dublin: it is a City of many lungs. The squares are numerous, and public spirit has thrown open the gates of the most beautiful to the denizens of the congested areas. Lord Ardilaun's gift of St. Stephen's Green, a charming city garden, was a princely one, and it is enjoyed as befits the gift. The Phœnix Park is one of the finest public parks in these countries. The Imperial tax-payer takes care of it for the people of Dublin, and they appreciate the service. When the Corporation have sweetened the Liffey—the work is to be undertaken at an estimated cost of nearly £300,000—the municipality will have accomplished the heaviest task now before it,



VIEW OF GRAFTON STREET
From a photograph by W. Lawrence

and have removed the principal obstacle to the enjoyment of Dublin.

On the whole, the Dublin citizen is disposed to be proud of his City; and, notwithstanding its drawbacks, he has reason to be. There are wealthier communities, there are more brilliant societies, there are more stately cities. But for the quiet worker who loves a quiet life—that is not all gloom and yet burns not the candle at both ends—the Irish capital has its charms. It is neither too small for variety nor too big for sociability. No five o'clock tea table in Dublin is quite out of range of another, and though everybody in Dublin is not acquainted with everybody else; they all know one another. Hence there is an air of cheerful friendliness and easy gaiety about the City and its people, never more noticeable than at Christmas time.

Nowhere can Christmas be more pleasant. The City puts on the air of one big home. There are no empty squares or deserted streets; few faces are to be seen wearing the stranger's lonely look. The Celt is sociable; and although Dane and Saxon and Norman, Huguenot and Fleming and Jew have each contributed to the Dublin stock, the social habit is Celtic. Dublin people do not take their pleasures sadly. One other characteristic is to be set down to their credit. They are generous and charitable beyond most communities. The strife of creed has cut its channels through society; but one virtue is common to all creeds, and it is the greatest of the virtues. Nowhere are the sick and the orphans and the dying so well taken care of; nowhere is the voice of the poor more quickly hearkened to. Christmas in such a community is sure to be bright. There are no Christian duties undone, and no reasons why all should not be merry to their hearts' best content.



The Dexter Bells.

WRITTEN BY J. AUBREY TYSON. ILLUSTRATED BY SAM REID



AY, stranger, you may well say there is music in the Dexter bells, and music, too, such as few may hear elsewhere in this great world, for they speak a language all their own — a language that the poor tillers of these fields and those who toil all day in yonder factory can easily understand. For well-nigh a hundred years have their sweet notes echoed through our valley, and many an humble cottager who sleeps his last sleep in our old churchyard has been christened, wed and buried to the rhythm of their chimes.

It may seem strange, perhaps, to find a peal of bells as rare as ours in a village peopled only by simple-minded country folk who know but little of the great world beyond their hills. Many men have marvelled not only to find them here, but that we should know so well how to ring them. Theirs is, in truth, a strange and beautiful story and, if it is your will, I'll tell it to you.

Nearly a century and a-quarter ago a young lad left this village to seek his fortune in a foreign land. He prospered, but it was not until he was an old white-haired man that he returned to visit the village of his birth. He then caused a peal of bells to be hung in the old belfry, and since that time no week has passed that their silvery notes have not made glad the hearts and homes of Dexter.

Having thus obtained the bells the villagers had next to find eight men to ring them. This did not take them long, for soon they had eight honest village lads to man the ropes, and for several weeks the young Squire walked across the fields each Sabbath morning to call the peal.

In this company of ringers was the village farrier's son—a tall, sinewy youth not then out of his teens. There was no more likely lad in all the county than young Ned Blakesley. He seemed a bit ungainly when one looked at him at first, and words came to him less readily than to many of his fellows; but in feats of strength and in the practice of his craft the young smith had no rival for many a league around. It was not altogether because of his physical qualities, however, that he had become the village favourite. His merry eyes, his kindly heart and his deference to his elders did more, perhaps, to win him men's regard than victorious wrestling bouts and well-turned horse-shoes. There was not a lass in Dexter who would not gladly have offered him her red lips to kiss if he had asked her; but Ned was an honest lad, and though he was as fond of a pretty face as any man might be, it was not for any hapless girl to point to him as the author of her undoing.

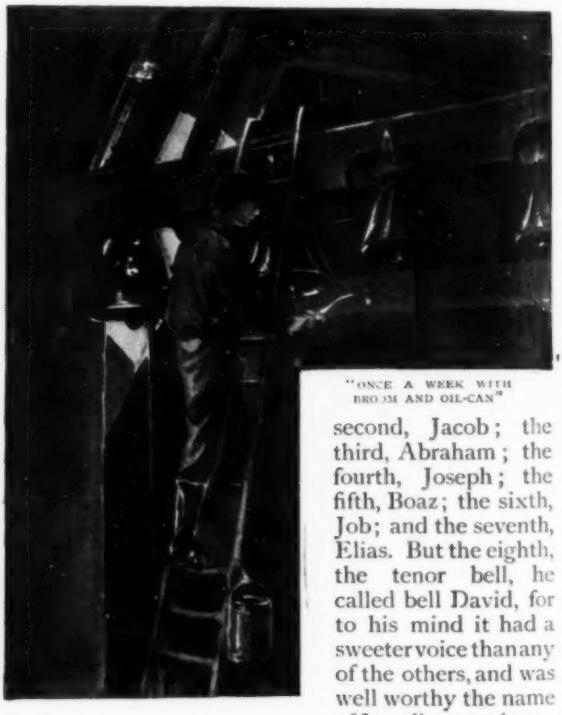
With the Squire there to call the peal, all went well from the first in the ringers' room; but there came a time in the autumn when the Squire went abroad and it became necessary to find someone to take his place. Among the ringers there were none who knew anything of music; but, being urged to do so by his associates, Ned, after a little hesitation, undertook to call the peal, and was successful.

A marked change seemed now to come over the mind and conduct of the young bell-ringer. Hitherto the boy

had always been bright and lively while at his work, but now he seemed to have suddenly become more meditative than he had ever been before. His industry was unabated, but there were times when his thoughts would seem to wander and cause him to involuntarily suspend his labour. Often his father, raising his eyes to mark the cause of a sudden silence in the shop, would see the boy gazing dreamily in the direction of the Dexter belfry, while a piece of glowing metal lay before him on the silent anvil.

After he had taken it upon himself to call the peal, Ned had become sensible of a strange sense of responsibility. He conceived the bells to be something more than human, and at times he fancied he was able to detect in their notes that strain of pensive melancholy which lurks in the voice of the nightingale. Believing that the bells possessed intelligence, he often wondered if it pained them to be loved only for their music, in the manner that men love women for their beauty, rather than for the gentle spirits that are within. For several weeks these thoughts filled his mind, and then he began to pursue a course of conduct which they suggested. Having first cleared away from the interior of the belfry the accumulated rubbish of past years, he thoroughly cleaned and whitewashed the place, and oiled the parts of the bells which were exposed to friction. Then it became his custom to visit the bell-room once a week with broom and oil-can, until at length the appearance of the heretofore neglected belfry would have done credit to the most scrupulous housewife in Dexter. His sympathetic affection for the bells almost amounted to idolatry. The very birds which haunted the belfry rafters became hallowed in his eyes, and as much as man might do to minister to their comfort was done by Ned. He never disturbed a nest unless some parent bird more witless than the rest commenced its structure immediately about the bells themselves, and he seldom went aloft that he did not take with him a can of meat and worms for the owls and jackdaws in order that they might not be obliged to leave their young to search for food. Then when winter came, and the feathered denizens of the tower sought some summer clime, the isolation of the bells appeared to him more pitiful than ever.

If, however, there was one trait of Ned's that, more than any other, amused unappreciative villagers, it was his habit of calling the bells by Scriptural names. There were eight bells in the peal, and of these the first he called Israel; the second, Jacob; the third, Abraham; the fourth, Joseph; the fifth, Boaz; the sixth, Job; and the seventh, Elias. But the eighth, the tenor bell, he called bell David, for to his mind it had a sweeter voice than any of the others, and was well worthy the name of Israel's great singer.



"ONCE A WEEK WITH BROOM AND OIL-CAN"

Time wore on and the youth became a stalwart man. He married one of the village lasses, who bore him seven as bonny sons as ever a fond wife placed in her husband's arms. To all who knew Ned's affection for the bells, it was not surprising that he should bestow their names upon his boys, nor that as soon as their young arms were equal to the task he should make a place for them in the ringers' room, and teach them how to get music from the bells. Thus, after the lapse of a few years, it came to pass that every ringer was a Blakesley.

As a fond husband and parent Ned left little to be desired; but, as with the bells, there was one among his sons more dear to him than all the rest, and this was he who bore the name of David. This favourite son was the third in years, and far more bright than any of his brothers. Unlike most other children of the village, he had a fondness for learning, and while he was yet a little lad he had read every book that was procurable in Dexter. Being quicker than the rest, he was oftentimes more wilful; but there were none who knew him who did not like him for his witty speech and merry little ways. As the boy became a man, however, he became noted for his dissolute conduct, and when he entered upon his twentieth year he had long borne the reputation of being a wayward son, shirking his work to steal away to his books or wild associates. He was not nearly so popular as his father had been, and the villagers marvelled that Ned, whose industry and sobriety were unimpeachable, should be so patient with the lad. Little by little had he lost the respect of his friends, until at last only three remained faithful to him — his parents and his sweetheart.



"IT WAS AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS EVE"

Betty Seacombe, the daughter of the innkeeper of the village, was the acknowledged belle of Dexter. She was three years younger than Dave Blakesley, and from her early childhood she had been accustomed to regard the bell-ringer's son with a feeling of admiration such as no other aspiring young villager had ever been able to kindle in her mind. She discovered many virtues in the rapidly-growing boy that escaped the notice of others, who only sought his faults, so that, at last, when he came to her one day and confessed his love, she gave him the full measure of her maidenly affection. Dave, loving her devotedly, had always remained faithful to her, and was to a great extent susceptible to her influence. Knowing this, his mother looked to her for aid in bringing back the erring boy to the path of rectitude from which he had so early learned to stray, and, working together, they were indefatigable in their efforts to effect the lad' reform.

One day, several weeks before Christmastide, Ned devised a scheme whereby the bells might be made to ring familiar tunes; and for well-nigh a whole week, leaving the shop in charge of two of his boys, he busied himself effecting a new arrangement in the belfry. When this was done he sent to London for a man to arrange certain Christmas tunes in such a manner that, by reading numbers from a sheet of paper, he might be able to call the bells in their proper order to the ringers. Then, pledging his sons to secrecy, he made preparations to give the village an entertainment the like of which they had never known before. Night after night the ringers went together to the belfry to engage in dumb practice on the ropes, the while Ned called the numbers of some old favourite Christmas hymn. Overcome with the delightful anticipation of the surprise he had in store for the villagers, the old man almost seemed a boy again. His sons, too, shared his enthusiasm, and all kept their secret well. Twice or thrice the old man, surrounded by his seven stalwart sons, was seen making his way at night in the direction of the church; but when questioned as to his destination, he always replied promptly, "We're just goin' to have a look at the bells and tidy up the belfry a bit; that's all."

Christmas Eve was come at last. All day had the old man looked forward impatiently to the night. As the twilight shadows began to fall among the hills he found his excitement almost irrestrainable. Within a few hours

would his beloved bells speak to men as they had never done before. Darker and darker grew the evening and brighter became the old man's eyes. At eight o'clock he called his sons. One by one they filed into the cottage kitchen until six were there. But where was David?

The old man, chafing under the delay, repeatedly called the name of the absentee, but failed to obtain a response. Presently there was a knock at the cottage door, and upon opening it they found one of Dave's boon companions who had come to say that Dave would meet his father and brothers at the church.

"I told the lad to meet me here!" exclaimed the old man angrily, as he stamped his foot. The messenger departed, and a few moments later the company of ringers were on their way to the church.

It was an ideal Christmas Eve. There had been snow during the day, but now the air was crisp and clear. Overhead the moon and stars shone brilliantly, and underfoot the snow crunched monotonously beneath the heavy, steady tread of the ringers. It was not long before Ned and his sons arrived at the church, and as they entered the ringers' room they saw that David was already there. Ned heaved a sigh of relief, but said nothing; then removing their heavy coats the ringers addressed themselves to their task.

In a clear, steady voice the old man called the numbers, and every time he called a ringer leaned forward on the rope of the bell whose name he bore. Ned, besides calling the peal, rang the bell Abraham, which had no namesake among his sons. It was a goodly sight to see that father and his vigorous boys bend mind and muscle to the production of those sweet sounds which, swelling from the dark belfry into the frosty, starlit air, fell with a glad and gentle cadence among the fields and peaceful homes of the villagers. As the peal proceeded, the light of exultation sparkled in the old man's eyes, and he glanced proudly at his boys, whose manly forms bent and rose in prompt obedience to his calls.

But suddenly a spasm of pain convulsed Ned's features, and the sons looked apprehensively in the direction of their brother David. The tenor bell was ringing out of tune. The old man ceased to call, and six of the ringers released their hold on the ropes; but the tenor bell still rang on, its ringer appearing to be all oblivious of the consternation he had caused. One glance sufficed to explain the nature of the trouble. Davé was drunk.

Ned with clenched hands and flashing eyes strode across the floor.

"Let be!" he cried. But David, apparently not hearing him, continued to stagger to and fro with the bell-rope in his hands.

"Let be!" the old man cried again, and this time there was menace in his tone. The intoxicated boy only gave a foolish laugh and went on as before.

A moment later the brothers started forward to grasp their father's upraised arm; but they were too late. The blacksmith's heavy fist had fallen full on the face of the swaying lad and felled him to the floor.

With an exclamation of horror the brothers turned away. For several moments the angry parent gazed silently upon the prostrate form of his favourite son; but his set features did not soften.

"We've done with the bells to-night," he said abruptly. "Put on your coats."

A few moments later two of the sons turned towards the insensible boy, and made as if they would bear him home.

"Let him be," commanded their father firmly.

Then, taking their lanterns in silence, they went out into the night. For some distance they walked stolidly on, each busied with his thoughts; but as they neared the cottage the old man stopped abruptly, and when he spoke the sons scarce recognised their father's voice.

"We'll go back," he breathed hoarsely, "and God would do well to strike me down as I go, even as I smote down the lad." A deep sob issued from his chest, and then, with quickened steps, he led the way back to the church. When they came to the belfry door the old man entered first.

"Dave!" he cried. There was no answer, and as they looked they saw the boy was gone. The father rushed out through the open door.

"Dave!" he cried, and the frenzied accents echoed from hill to hill; but again there came no answer. The old man staggered back to where his sons awaited him in the tower. He stumbled at the threshold, and reeling across the



"FELLED HIM TO THE FLOOR."

room, he fell insensible beside a large crimson stain upon the floor.

The next day the Dexter chimes were silent.

* * *

For seven years an old man mourned and two women wept and shared a common sorrow in Dexter. Since that fateful Christmas Eve no word had been received from David, and no one knew whether he was alive or dead. The sunshine seemed now to have all passed from out old Ned's life, and he brooded in silence over his misfortune. His affection for the bells seemed to have suffered a diminution, and he no longer found the same solace in their peals that he had been wont to find before. Ned saw how bravely the poor mother bore the awful blow which his rash act had inflicted upon her, and did all that was in his power to alleviate her mental sufferings. There was another also, who, because of the unswerving fidelity to his long-lost son, found a warm place in the old man's heart. This was Betty Seacombe, Dave's old sweetheart. Year after year had Betty repulsed the advances of all who sought her hand, for her faith in Dave was still unshaken. She believed he was still alive and would one day return to make good his promise to her. Thus it came to pass that Ned soon came to feel for the faithful girl all that affection he would have bestowed upon a daughter if he had had one. He did not share in her belief that Dave would one day return to Dexter, though he was always careful not to tell her so.

Ned was growing feeble now, and had resolved that with a last Christmas peal he would cease to ring the Dexter bells. One stranger had already found a place in his company of ringers, and now another might find entry also. Having come to this conclusion Ned set about making preparations for his farewell service as the village bell-ringer.

Once again the twilight shadows of a Christmas Eve stole over the little village of Dexter, and at the accustomed hour Ned Blakesley and his sons walked across the fields to Dexter church. With them was a ringer who, seven years before, had taken the place of the absent David. Ned walked behind the others, and on his arm leaned Betty Seacombe, who had come to see the ringers at their work.

The chiming of the bells was now familiar to them all, so it was with none of the feelings of trepidation which had characterised their first attempt that the ringers assumed their respective positions. Ned grasped the rope of bell David, and soon the bells were pealing blithely. But the old man's voice had lost much of its former power to-night, and the numbers issued in unsteady accents from his lips. For a time the bells rang merrily together in perfect concord. Then, as once before, there was a startled glance towards the ringer of the tenor bell, for it was ringing fitfully and out of tune.

"I cannot do it—I cannot do it," the old man cried, as he released the rope. "There be none of that glad music in my old heart to-night. Lass, lass!" he sobbed pitifully, as he made his way with feeble steps towards the weeping Betty. "Lass, thee loved the lad—my boy—my David. Thee knows why I cannot ring the Dexter bells to-night."

The young girl placed her arm around the old man's neck, and led him to a stool. He sank down helplessly, and buried his face in his hands. The sons stood silently beside their ropes with folded arms and downcast gaze.

"Yes, dad, I know," the girl said softly.

"There is no more music in the Dexter bells for me," he sobbed. "They have forgotten me, lass—they have forgotten me, and only speak to others, and now to-night they will not speak at all."

But, even as he spoke, his beloved bells raised their voices to a well-remembered strain. Softly—sweetly, and as kindly as they had spoken to him in his youth they were speaking to him now. There was a startled exclamation from the woman by his side, but though he heard it he did not raise his eyes. Was he dreaming? Whose hand had taken the rope of David when he had let it go? Whose voice was that which called the long familiar numbers of his favourite Christmas hymn? And why was the fair girl hanging round his old neck and weeping on his bosom? A hot thrill pervaded his body, and left him as cold as a frosty tombstone. An awful fear was in his mind. Was he about to wake? No; for as he raised his eyes the dream went on. The ringing

ceased, and a tall, well-dressed man turned towards him, and held out his hand.

"Dad, have you forgiven me?" he asked, gently.

The old man shook as if with palsy and, as he scrambled to his feet, there was a light upon his features as bright and beautiful as the halo which surrounds the Christ-child's head. A great sob issued from his bosom, and tottering forward he fell into the stranger's outstretched arms.

"Betty, it is Dave."

Well, that is my story, stranger. What followed cannot be described in words, and maybe Betty wouldn't like to have me tell it all. Old Ned lived peacefully for several years, and up to the last month of his life he sat in yonder belfry and called the peal. He is sleeping in the old churchyard now beside his wife, and there is a story told among the country-folk that every night his spirit climbs the belfry stairs to sit and smoke a phantom pipe from midnight until cock-crow beside the Dexter bells. I don't believe the yarn myself; but still if it is possible for a ghost to walk at night, the Dexter belfry is just the place Ned Blakesley's ghost would go to sit. The brothers are all alive, and still ring the bells of Dexter as their father used to do. Betty? Well, she's not far off, and if you will come into my cottage here, she will make you a cup of tea. Betty is—eh? Ay, stranger, I am he who rang the sweet-toned bell David on that joyous Christmas Eve, and Betty is my wife.



Books of Children.

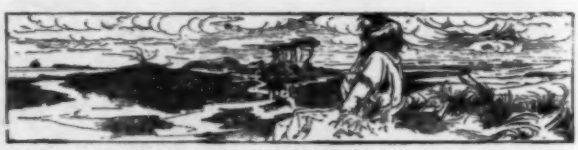


IT has fallen to the lot of Mr. John Lane to publish many a lovely book; but you will be ready to aver that he has put forth the most exquisite piece of work like to come from the Bodley Head for many a long day in his new edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verse*, with illustrations by Charles Robinson. The cry of the author against the illustrator is frequently heard; nor can you expect otherwise, for the author must usually fail to convey to the artist the ideas concerning the characters and the setting of his stories which dwell in his mind, but are not to be found in his printed tale. Illustrations, therefore, which delight the keenest lover of the book, may happen to disappoint its writer. But Mr. Robinson's art has so absolutely caught the spirit of the poems that you are certain his loudest eulogist would be R. L. S. were the Master still with us.

To children all the world is Fairy-land, and they go through it making every day some fresh discovery that marks the day as memorable. To Robert Louis Stevenson (as you may see in his essays and his letters) it was granted to keep this exquisite illusion until the end of his life. He expresses the attitude of the child, and just as certainly his own, in the naïve couplet:

The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

If you will look at the lovely picture Mr. Robinson has set about these lines you will perceive how thoroughly he has understood his author. Indeed, of this picture, as of many another, it may be said that those who buy the book, in its newest form, though they be ancient lovers of it, will soon come to think of poems and pictures as things which must have been created together: they will find it hard to believe that the best of them were not both the creatures of a single brain.



THE WIND



YOUNG NIGHT THOUGHT.

That view of the world, as a place full of strange new things to be discovered, permeates the whole of the verses, and is similarly to be found in Mr. Robinson's drawings. Look at the heading of "Young



Concerning some aspects of the drawings we have already written: they are beautiful interpretations of the poems. But they are worthy to be praised apart from that. In some there is marvellous intricacy and endless detail: you may study them a long while and still find fresh food for delight. Yet are you more apt than not to overlook the detail, for the excellent reason that the intricacy is not due to the artist's effort to conceal the lack of a pictorial idea. In every drawing such an idea informs the whole and the eye is so well pleased with that whole that it is not naturally inquisitive as to detail. The best art always appeals to you in that way, for in the best art the most wonderful detail is subordinated to the whole. Another point remains to be dwelt upon: the way in which Mr. Robinson gets his effect where it does not please him to use much detail. There is a line of children marching to bed with candles in their hands, and strange shadows on the floor, round which it were an easy task to write pages and pages of letterpress. But the finest things in the whole book (if you accept the standpoint of your present guide) are certain tiny landscapes. There is a corner in the National Gallery where the landscapes run large, and

Night Thought;" at the solitary child in "The Wind;" at the wonderful little picture of children lifting a window-blind to look out into a dark and windy night; look, if you will, merely at the tiny figure which stands by the initial letter in this illustration. You see the old fairy-land from which you have been an exile these many days, and behold the beautiful and bold adventurers of whose noble company you were one in the childhood you have almost forgotten. They are all looking forward (as one of the little poems reminds you) to the time when they will be even as you are; but as you watch them you could almost find it in you to tell them never to be grown up, always to be children, since to those who let themselves grow older the time comes when the world's fulness of things which are not beautiful becomes its most patent feature.



THE LAND OF NOD

many a man goes there, when the City is close and crowded, to get from Old Crome and one or two others a reminder of the fact that the world has regions where the wide sky and the open moorland give you liberty to breathe. But for the future the same impression of wide free space will be obtainable within the tiniest chambers, if those chambers hold this book. A little drawing of one inch by four, "The Wind," shows you such a stretch of landscape as you might climb huge hills in the clear autumn weather and still fail to see. The same may be said of the head piece, "The Unseen Playmate," and of another which apparently shows all the people in the world—the child's world—taking shelter from the rain beneath a veritable army of umbrellas. But it is necessary to stop somewhere, and now the book may be commended to the study of all who love children and all who love beauty. To call it the best illustrated book of the season were to be guilty of a sort of inverted hyperbole. There is really no book like it.





When fairy tales are to be retold, as when old gems are to be reset, a skilful workman is needed to the task, else it were better left alone. From the land of the piskeys comes this grey and golden volume of fairy stories born again—*Fairy Tales, Far and Near*, retold by A. T. QUILLER COUCH (Cassell)—and the facile pen of "Q," resting doubtless from matters of greater moment, is responsible for them. Whether or not such work should be left to literary lapidaries who want the creative instinct and, like your tropic tangles of flower-gemmed parasite, depend upon something solid, something partly hidden, to support their brilliance, is a question. Pens there are, and able ones, whose achievements, even to the writing of notable story books, had not existed save

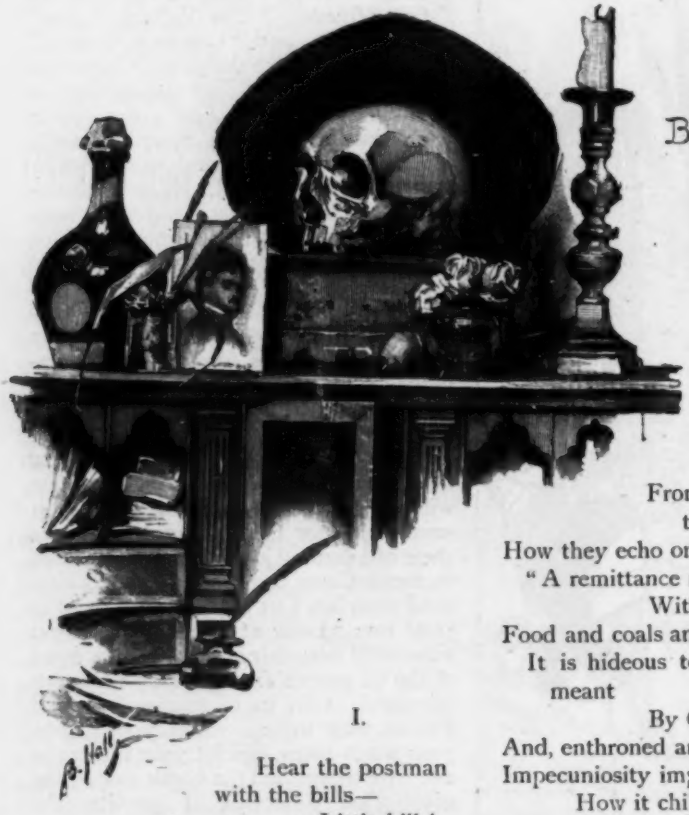


for what went before. Their flights depend on those of other wings; their triumphs consist in retouching other men's canvases and sewing brilliant braid to the tail of other men's coats. But the creative artist is not thus happily employed. He can do a thing better worth doing; and the man who, having new fairy stories hidden in him, yet occupies his time in setting forth old ones, surely robs our babes and sucklings of their just due. Having said which you will hasten to add that, as these stories were to be re-written, nobody could have done the task better than "Q," and few so well. He has touched them with his own delicate play of fancy, he has rubbed the dust off them, he has greatly brightened them. "Q," moreover, is most catholic in his sources of inspiration and provides fare for every taste. "The Three Robes of Wonder" comes from *Traditions de l'Asie Mineure;* "The Valiant Tailor" from Grimm, and "Gammer Grethel" and elsewhere; the delicious "Carnation, White and Black" has its spring in *Nouveaux Contes des Fées";* the source of "Prince Hatt" is a South Smaland tale and its variants; and so forth with the rest. Mr. H. R. Millar's distinguished and delicate black-and-white work adds a charm to this charming booklet. His quaint fairy palaces, beautiful maidens, bearded magicians, kings and disguised princes are all quite as they should be. The artist has a pen-and-ink style peculiarly his own, and never employed it to better advantage than here. *Fairy Tales Far and Near* comes to us somewhat early, but, anon, no little stocking, hung by little hands to the foot of little cot and little bed, will be complete without it. Hide the book from your small folks for the present, but hint to them of a coming joy at present concealed in Santa Claus' bag until Christmas Eve. And now, Mr. COUCH, a solemn word in your ear: "Look at home for the next volume of fairy tales. Let us have some of the 'lil people' from your own Cornish fairyland. Give us of your piskeys and buccas, your mine demons, your giants, your witch-hares, and let your theatre be the lone shores and the bleak moors, the giant-piled fortresses of granite, the lands of golden apples and golden birds, where piskey-led maidens work for Robin o' the Carn and his merry little men. Write such a magic book, invent your own mysteries and horrors and heroines and delights; and good luck go with you!"



The Bills.

(BEING A WAIL IN THE WAKE OF EDGAR A. POE.)



By Eden Phillpotts.

I.

Hear the postman with the bills—
Little bills!
What a secret misery the sight of them instils!
How they flutter, flutter, flutter
In their envelopes of blue,
While you open them and mutter,
In a whisper or a stutter,
"What the deuce am I to do?"
Thinking where, where, where
Is the money that shall square
Every paltry, petty item, that monotonously fills
Little bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills?
Ah! those saddening little, maddening little bills!

II.

Read the lengthy household bills,
Awful bills!
Glancing at their totals grim, the brain with horror thrills.
From the East and from the West
How they echo one request:
"A remittance must be sent
Without delay."
Food and coals and clothes and rent—
It is hideous to reflect on what is meant
By Quarter Day.
And, enthroned amidst your cares,
Impecuniosity impertinently stares
How it chills!
How it kills
All the future, how it fills
With the haunting fear of ills,
Does that pressing and distressing
File of bills, bills, bills—
Those offensive, comprehensive household bills!

III.

There's another sort of bills—
Brazen bills!
Each its diabolic task effectively fulfils.
How all hunger to be paid
In that paper cannonade!
Will the trouble never end?
Still they send and send and send
Day and night
In a clamorous appealing to the debtor's scanty purse,
In a wild and greedy grabbing for the starved and shrunken purse;



BILLS, BILLS, BILLS!

DRAWN BY HARRISON WEIR

And you curse, curse, curse,
Sinking sure from bad to worse,
Till a resolute endeavour
Cries, "Now—now flit, or never,
And renounce the unequal fight!"
Oh, the bills, bills, bills—
They are bitter, bitter pills
To digest.

And unblushing
Importunity. It fills
With a frantic, maniac anger in the clutches of the bills,
Of the bills,
Of the bills, bills, bills,
Of the screeching and beseeching cloud of bills.



Smiling ghosts of pleasures flown,
Lo! we greet ye with a groan;
Ye will never more return, sweet hours of rest.
We shall have no more repose
From the stunning
And the dunning;
For the monster grows and grows,
Till it shatters iron wills,
Under crushing

IV.

Comes the threatening of bills!
Cruel bills!
Pictures of a ruined home inspire the writers' quills.
'Tis the last, the sorest strait,
And we shrink before the fate
That is bellowed in the menace of their tone.

Cringing now amongst our friends,
See, the humble prayer ascends
For a loan!
And relations—rich relations—
Will they heed our supplications?
They are stone.
They've no carking, biting, wearing,
Tearing trouble of their own;
No great horror of despairing
Poverty they've ever known.
Are they fathers? Are they mothers?
Have they children, sisters, brothers?—
Have they hearts?
Back the message comes from each.
God! They preach, preach, preach,
Preach
A sermon on our bills.
Purse-proud opulency thrills
With a shudder at the bills,
At the bills,
Saying "Go, go, go,
Pay the money that you owe.
You are blotted from our wills,
From our wills, wills, wills.
We shall never meet your bills—
Oh, dear no, no, no.
Ask the hills, hills, hills
If they'll help you in your woe—
Beg the sea to pay yours bills,
Pay your bills, bills, bills."

* * *

So the grinding torture kills,
And a heart-beat slows and stills
Lost in wilderness of ills;
Drowned in bills, bills, bills.
Hark! the railing of the bills,
Of the bills, bills, bills;
Mark! the wailing of the bills,
Of the bills, bills, bills;
See them patter on his coffin,
As they fill the wretch's grave
Full of bills, bills, bills
Cursed bills!





CAVALIER AND ROUNDHEAD

FROM "PHIL MAY'S WINTER ANNUAL"

MR. PHIL MAY'S Annual is already an institution, and every year its hold upon your affections becomes stronger. The artist is one whom a magnificent success has in nowise spoiled, and the present volume is every whit as delightful as its predecessors. The gem of the whole, if it be necessary to choose, is a very beautiful drawing of a "donah," having beneath it a quotation from Chevalier. It is realistic enough to satisfy Mr. George Moore, but it is also as lovely a thing as you are likely to come across in many a long day's study of modern black-and-white work. Yet the level of the collection is so high that the lover of this particular drawing would be in nowise surprised if another, whose taste he had hitherto admired, deemed it not the best. For all of them are excellent: which is to say, they really are Phil May's.

New Turns at the Music-Halls.

Miss Marie Wilton.

MISS MARIE WILTON, who entered a few days ago upon her first engagement at the Tivoli and Oxford, made her first public appearance in a pastoral play, *The Queen of the Roses*, in which she took the title-rôle. After that she appeared as principal at the Colosseum, Dalston, in juvenile spectacle. Her introduction to the London Halls took place at the New London, Shoreditch, and she has since appeared at Collins's, the Metropolitan, the Middlesex, the Royal, and at Gatti's, over the water. She possesses a gift which is less rare among music-hall singers than it used to be—a voice you may term musical—and she dances gracefully.



MISS MARIE WILTON
From a photograph by W. Wright, Cheapside

Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves.

The appearance of the "veteran tenor," Mr. Sims Reeves, at the Empire, is calculated to shock the folk who think ill of the music-hall, for you cannot expect them to realise that it is but another proof of the falseness of their cherished ideas on the subject. The daring of the step is



MR. SIMS REEVES

DRAWN BY G. G. MANTON



MRS. SIMS REEVES

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MENDELSSOHN





LES MINSTRELS PARISIENS



MR. GEORGE LEYTON AS HENRY V.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.

great, for it is no small undertaking for the most vigorous of singers to sing in a huge hall like the Empire, and all the world knows how long Mr. Sims Reeves has been the very best known man of his profession. His appearance at the Empire is a sign of the times, and will do a great deal to bring about that further elevation of the halls which their patrons still desire. At least it should give some of the people who think exceeding ill of the halls an excuse for going to see for themselves that they are wrong. It is with great pleasure we publish a portrait of the lady who, having for a year or two been the most promising of the pupils of Mr. Sims Reeves, lately became his wife. Miss Maud René is the daughter of a French father and an English mother and had the good fortune to be born on this side of the Channel. Her voice, an exquisite soprano, seemed to mark her out as a singer destined to shine on the operatic stage, but matrimony is one of the few things which interfere with what seemed destiny, and before Christmas is here she will have followed the example of her husband and accepted an offer from the directors of the Empire to appear on the stage where he has scored his most recent successes.

Les Minstrels Parisiens.

The grotesque trio, who come from the Ambassadeurs to the Palace, have there scored a decided success. "Chansonniers de la rue," they style themselves, but the title hardly gives an adequate idea of the varied gifts they bring to their work. They are, indeed, grotesque enough for anything, but they are this not because they can shine in no other light. They are genuinely humorous, and they know how to sing. In addition, they are excellent instrumentalists, and make their points quite legitimately, and without the slightest suspicion of that vulgarity which you are sometimes compelled to pardon in the eccentric comedian.

Mr. George Leyton.

Mr. George Leyton is so exceeding well known that the details of his past career on the variety stage need not to be recapitulated here. It was a very bold idea to attempt to adapt Shakespeare for the music-hall, but the success of the historical tableaux from *King Henry V.* at the Oxford has altogether justified the original boldness. Mr. Leyton has done the same sort of thing before, having appeared in the part of Wellington at Waterloo, and subsequently in a military sketch entitled "The Last Grip," which was suggested by *Black and White's* coloured supplement of last Christmas. Naturally these successes mean that Mr. Leyton will be with us in London for a long time to come, and he has ambitions of which we may see the fulfilment in the near future. He is blest by fortune with an excellent voice and an equally distinguished stage presence, so that he can do this kind of thing without suggesting the sort of reflection which comes to you in watching certain others in the same sort of work. It is understood that Mr. Leyton sees opportunities for a repetition of his latest success in the adaptation of other Shakespeare plays on the same lines as those of *Henry V.*, and—you will see what you will see.



On the Stage.

COMEDY THEATRE.

A NEW AND ORIGINAL COMEDY, IN THREE ACTS, ENTITLED

THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT.

BY ARTHUR W. PINERO.

Mrs. Emptage	(a Widow)	Miss HENRIETTA LINDLEY
Claude Emptage	(her Son)	Mr. AUBREY FITZGERALD
Justina Emptage, Theophila Frazer	(her Daughters)	Miss ESME BERINGER, Miss WINIFRED EMERY
Sir Fletcher Portwood, M.P.	(her Brother)	Mr. CYRIL MAUDE
Mrs. Cloys	(her Sister)	Miss ROSE LECLERCQ
Rt. Rev. Anthony Cloys, D.D., Bishop of St. Olpherts		Mr. ERNST COSHAM
Alexander Fraser—"Fraser of Locheen"		Mr. J. G. GRAHAME
John Allingham		Mr. LEONARD BOYNE
Denzil Shafto, Peter Elphick	(his Friends)	Mr. J. W. PIGOTT, Mr. STUART CHAMPION
Horton	(a Servant at Mrs. Emptage's)	Mr. MULES BROWNE
Quaife	(a Servant at Mr. Allingham's)	Mr. J. BYRON
Olive Allingham		Miss LILY HANBURY (By permission of Mr. Tree.)
Mrs. Quinton Twelves		Miss EVA WILLIAMS

The Scenes are Placed at Mrs. Emptage's House, in the neighbourhood of Regent's Park, and at "The Lichens," Mr. Allingham's Cottage at Epsom. The events of the First and Second Acts occur on the same day, those of the Third Act about fifteen hours afterwards.

DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

A NEW PLAY, IN THREE ACTS, ENTITLED

HER ADVOCATE

BY WALTER FRITH.

George Abinger, Q.C.		Mr. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT
Douglas Ferraby, Esq., John Melcombe, Esq., Michael Dennis, Esq.	(Barristers-at-Law)	Mr. OSWALD YORKE, Mr. HOLMES-GORE, Mr. FORBES DAWSON
Dr. Marshall	(A Country Doctor)	Mr. C. W. SOMERSET
Welsby	(Abinger's Clerk)	Mr. CECIL RAMSEY
Sergeant Black	(A Detective)	Mr. WILLIE YOUNG
The Hon. Mr. Justice Vesey	(One of the Judges of the High Court of Justice)	Mr. CHAS. HARTON
Flack, Marker	(Country Policeman)	Mr. ALFRED PHILLIPS, Mr. D. NORMAN
Mr. Bodmin	(Clerk of Assize)	Mr. S. TREVOR
Mr. Maclean	(Judge's Clerk)	Mr. A. H. LYONS
Mr. Blackstone, Q.C.	(Counsel for the Prosecution)	Mr. LYSTON LYLE
The High Sheriff		Mr. R. VAUGHAN
The Chaplain		Mr. P. J. HILLIER
The Judge's Marshal		Mr. F. W. BEDELLS
Foreman of the Jury		Mr. A. COLLINS
Mrs. Field	(A Nurse)	Miss GERTRUDE KINGSTON
Mrs. Melcombe		Miss HENRIETTA WATSON
Blanche Ferraby		Miss LENA ASHWELL
Female Warder		Miss MAJOR

Barristers, Reporters, Solicitors, Jurymen, &c.

ACT I., SCENE ... Abinger's Chambers, 5, Plum Tree Court, Inner Temple, London, E.C.
ACT II., SCENE 1, The Circuit Lodgings, Westgate, Melchester. SCENE 2, The County Gaol.
ACT III. ... The Assize Court, Melchester.

Between Acts I. and II. Five Weeks Elapse. Acts II. and III. Same Day.

STRAND THEATRE.

AN ORIGINAL WHAT-YOU-WILL, IN THREE ACTS,

THE LORD MAYOR,

BY HARRY AND EDWARD A. PAULTON.

Sir Martin Marlowe	Of The Larches, Richmond, Lord Mayor of London	Mr. HARRY PAULTON
Martin Marlowe, Junior	His Son	Mr. SCOTT BUIST
Miss Sabina Marlowe	His Sister	Miss GLADYS EVELYN
Miss Clarissa Marlowe	His Daughter	Miss AGNES POULTON



MISS KATE SANTLEY IN "VANITY FAIR"
From a photograph by Lafayette

The Hon. Richard Gratwick		Mr. HAROLD CHILD
Lady Muriel Gratwick		Miss AMY ELSTOB
Bristle	Butler at The Larches	Mr. JAMES WELCH
Professor Grimweed	Hypnotist and Theosophist	Mr. CLINTON BADDELEY
Cora	His Supposed Daughter	Miss ALICE DE WINTON
Alderman Robbins		Mr. JARVIS WIDDICOMBE
Alderman Harris		Mr. FRED COVENTRY
Henry H. Morgan	Of the American Consulate	Mr. NEWMAN MAURICE
Daniel B. Jackson	Of the Embassy	Mr. STANLEY BETJEMAIN
Inspector Handford	City Police	Mr. F. J. WALLER
Gebel	Deputation for the Unemployed	Mr. G. THOMAS
Turner	Deputation for the Unemployed	Mr. E. WILSON
Griffin	Deputation for the Unemployed	Mr. SAM WALDRON

ACT I.	AT THE LARCHES, RICHMOND
ACT II.	AT THE MANSION HOUSE
ACT III.	AT THE LARCHES



"THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT" AT THE COMEDY

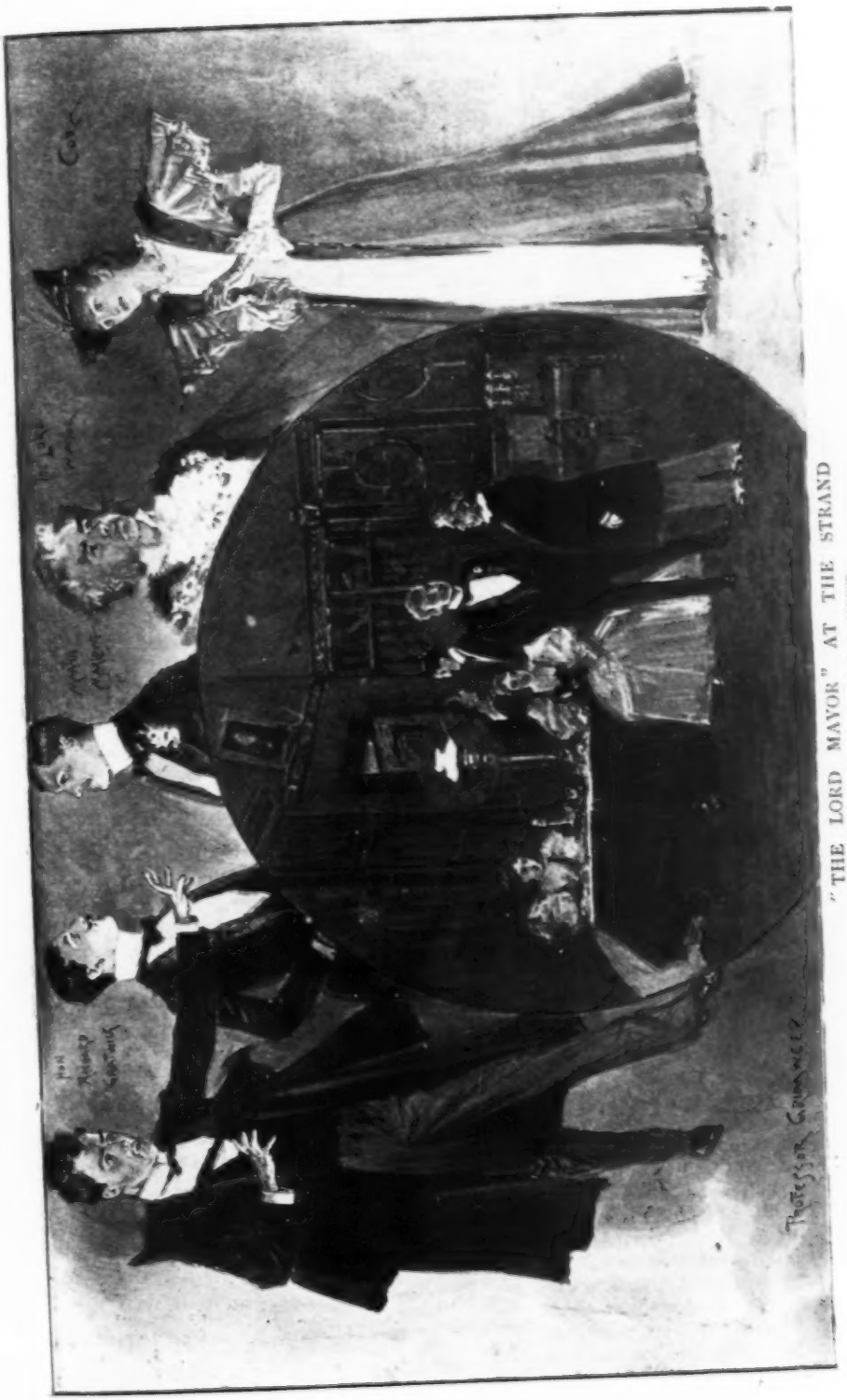
DRAWN BY J. W. BACON





"HER ADVOCATE" AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. C. TURNER, LONDON AND HULL



"THE LORD MAYOR" AT THE STRAND

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE



MR. E. C. HEDMONDT
From a photograph by Dinnie, Leeds

THE ENGLISH OPERA.

THE debt of the English musical public to the enterprise of Sir Augustus Harris is already very great, and the late season of Wagnerian opera in English at Covent Garden, in the arrangement of which Mr. E. C. Hedmondt had at least an equal share, goes a long way to increase the indebtedness. Concerning Mr. Hedmondt it may be added that he is an American by birth, but was mainly educated in Canada. At a very early age he became known as the possessor of a beautiful voice, and at the age of nineteen he appeared before the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise. He was then inspired to go to Leipsic, where he studied under various masters for a period of two years, eventually making his début at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, as the French Ambassador in *Peter the Shipwright*. He presently returned to Leipsic and continued his successful career, singing at divers times before the present Emperor of Germany and his two predecessors upon the throne, the late Czar of Russia, the King of Saxony and other royalties. In 1888 he made his first appearance at Bayreuth, and after an American and Mexican tour in 1889 he came to England and entered into an engagement with Sir Augustus Harris for a three years' season of Italian opera at Covent Garden. The directors of the Carl Rosa Company, hearing his first rehearsal at Covent Garden, offered him a three years' engagement, which he accepted. This having expired, he has resolved to educate those English folk who do not like Wagner, and to give those who admire him opportunities of enjoyment. Hence the recent season of Wagnerian opera at Covent Garden.



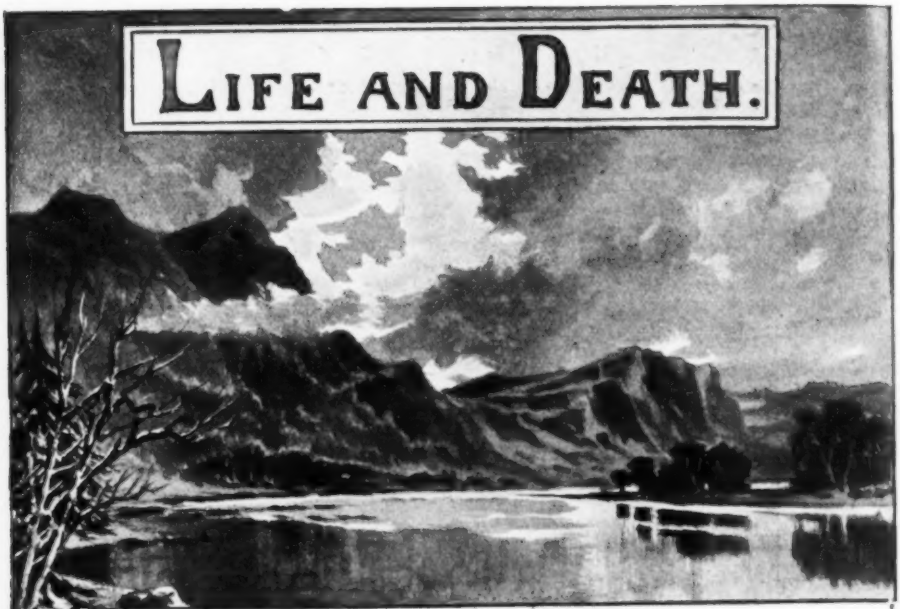
MADAME MARIE DUMA IN THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN"
From a photograph by Walery



MDLLE. CASSIVÉ

OF THE PARIS FOLLIES-DRAMATIQUE

LIFE AND DEATH.



IN the highlands, in the country places,
Where the old plain men have rosy faces,
And the young fair maidens
Quiet eyes;
Where essential silence cheers and blesses,
And forever in the hill-recesses
Her more lovely music
Broods and dies.

O, to mount again where erst I haunted;
Where the old red hills are bird-enchanted,
And the low green meadows
Bright with sward;
And when even dies, the million-tinted,
And the night has come, and planets glinted,
Lo, the valley hollow
Lamp-bestarred!

O, to dream, O, to awake and wander
There, and with delight to take and render,
Through the trance of silence,
Quiet breath;
Lo! for there, among the flowers and grasses,
Only the mightier movement sounds and passes:
Only winds and rivers,
Life and death.

R. L. STEVENSON.

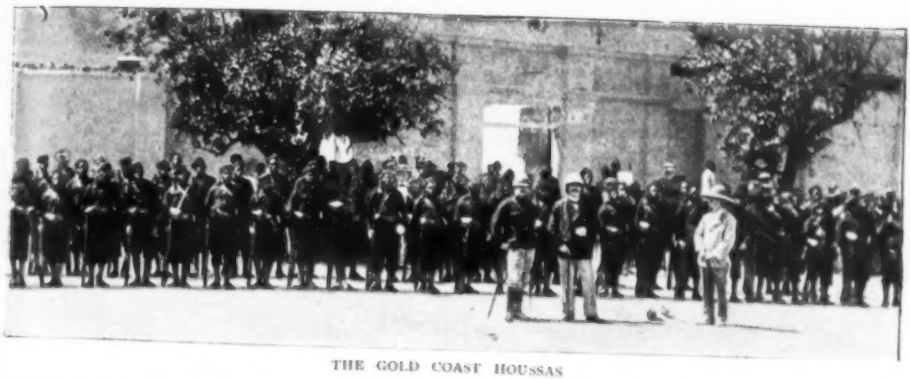


Verses originally published in the *Pall Mall Gazette.*

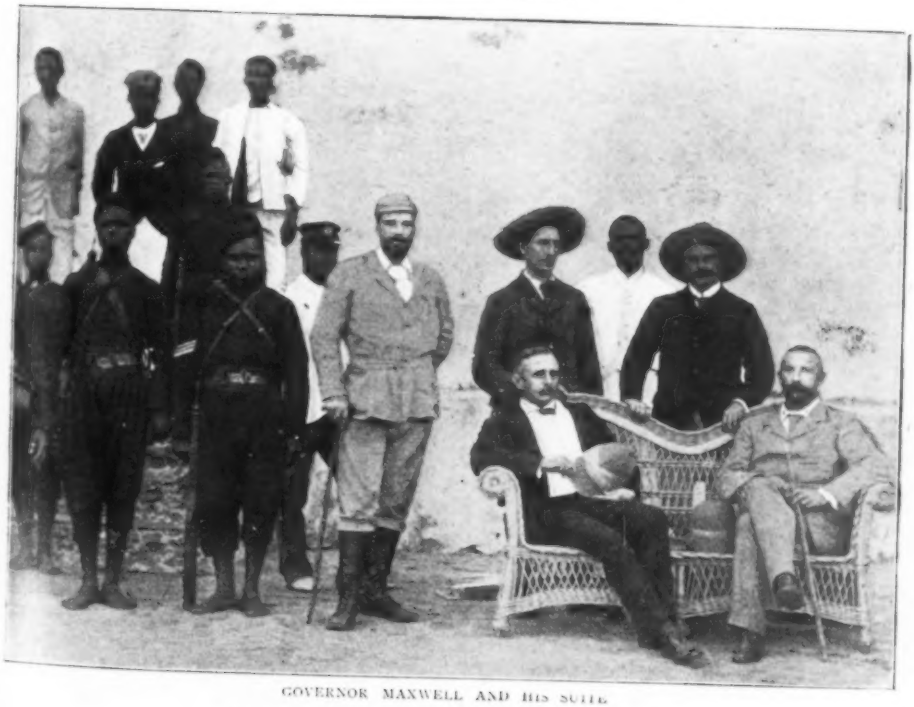
Pictorial History of the Month.



SOME NATIVE CARRIERS



THE GOLD COAST HOUSSAS



GOVERNOR MAXWELL AND HIS SUITE

THE ASHANTEE CAMPAIGN





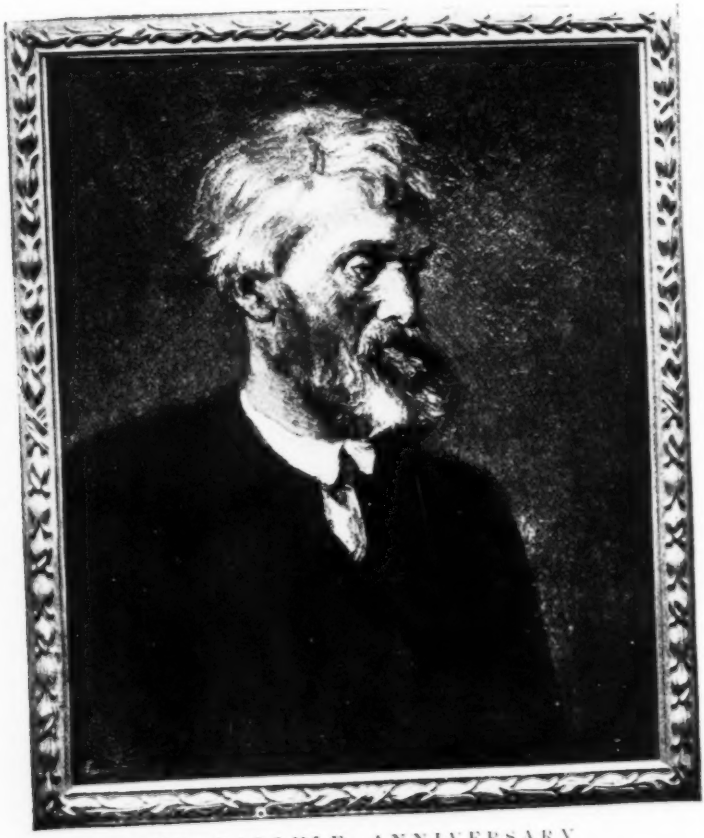
TWO BATTERIES OF CONSTABULARY
THE ULTIMATUM TO THE CHIEF OF COOMASSIE
THE ASHANTEE CAMPAIGN



MAJOR LOTHAIRE OF THE CONGO FREE STATE



LAUNCHING BOATS ON THE AFRICAN COAST



THE CARLYLE ANNIVERSARY

PORTRAIT OF THE SEER BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.



THE ROOM WHERE CARLYLE WAS BORN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. W. WILSON, ABERDEEN



VIEW OF ECCLEFECHAN



CARLYLE'S BIRTHPLACE

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. W. WILSON, ABERDEEN



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF PRINCE CARL
From a photograph by E. Hohlenberg, Copenhagen



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCESS MAUD
From a photograph by Lafayette, Dublin, Manchester and Glasgow

THE ROYAL BETROTHAL

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF [illegible]
From a photograph by E. Hohlenberg, Copenhagen

THE ROYAL BETROTHAL



THE LATE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE BY MAULL AND FOX



THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

PORTRAIT OF LORD WOLSELEY



ROYALTY WATCHING THE GREAT DIVE AT THE AQUARIUM

[illegible]



HERR JULIUS PAVER
OF ORGANISED OF THE NEW ARCTIC EXPEDITION



COL. SIR FRANCIS SCOTT, K.C.M.G., C.B.
THE CHIEF OF THE ASHANTEE EXPEDITION
From a photograph by T. I.



THE PURCELL COMMEMORATION
PORTRAIT OF THE COMPOSER BY CLOSTERMAN



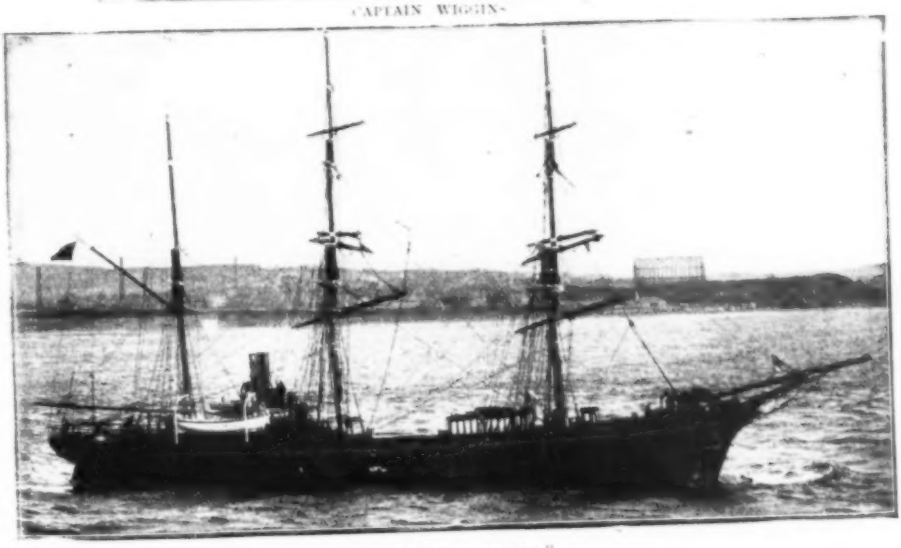
THE JACKSON-HARMSWORTH POLAR EXPEDITION

THE EXPLORER AND HIS BEAR-DOGS, NIMROD AND RAVING

DRAWN BY CECIL ALDIN



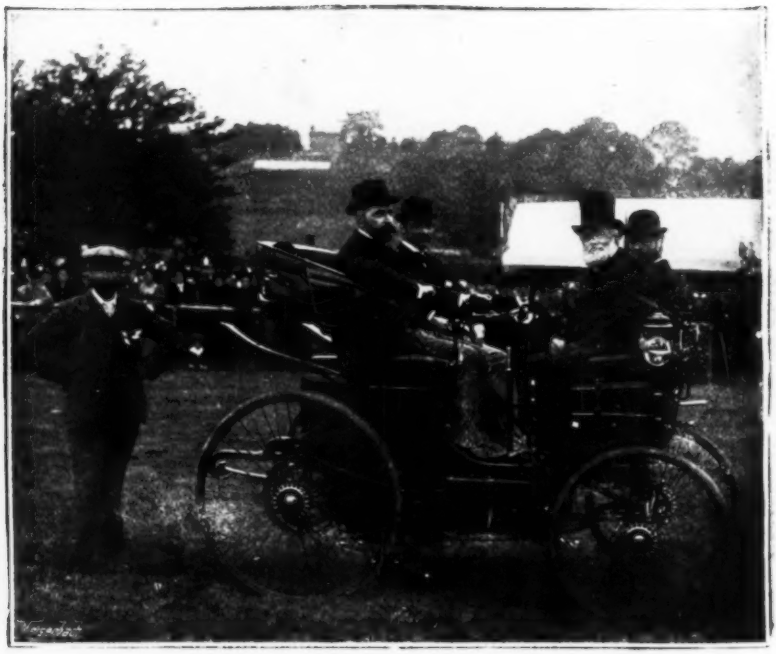
CAPTAIN WIGGIN.



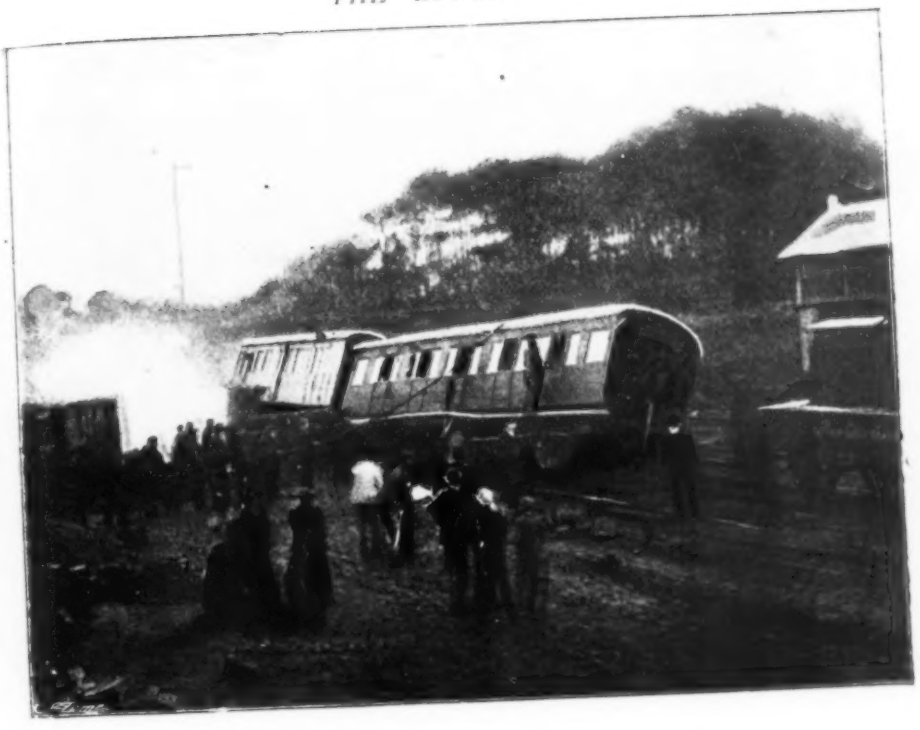
THE "LORNA DOONE."

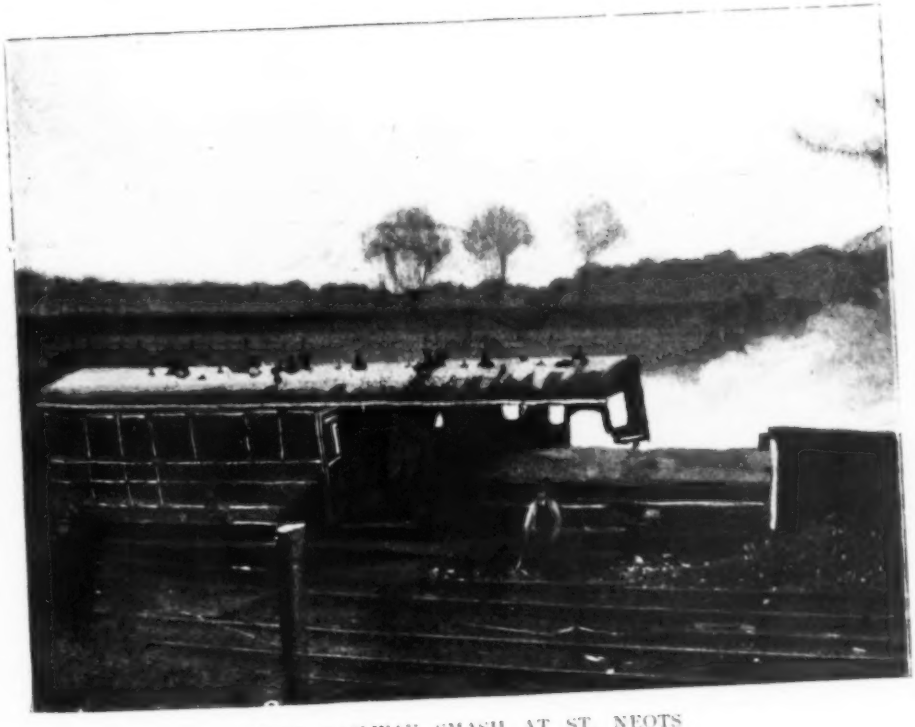
THE KARA SEA ROUTE TO SIBERIA





TWO SPECIMENS OF THE AUTO-CAR





THE RAILWAY SMASH AT ST. NEOTS

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. PHILLIPS



MR. P. C. DRYDEN



SERGEANT HASKER

From photographs by The Sunderland Photographic Co.

THE FIREMEN KILLED AT SUNDERLAND



THE FIREMAN'S FUNERAL IN LONDON
From a photograph by Symmons and Thiele

FIREMAN MALCOLM SPRAGUE
Killed in the Strand disaster

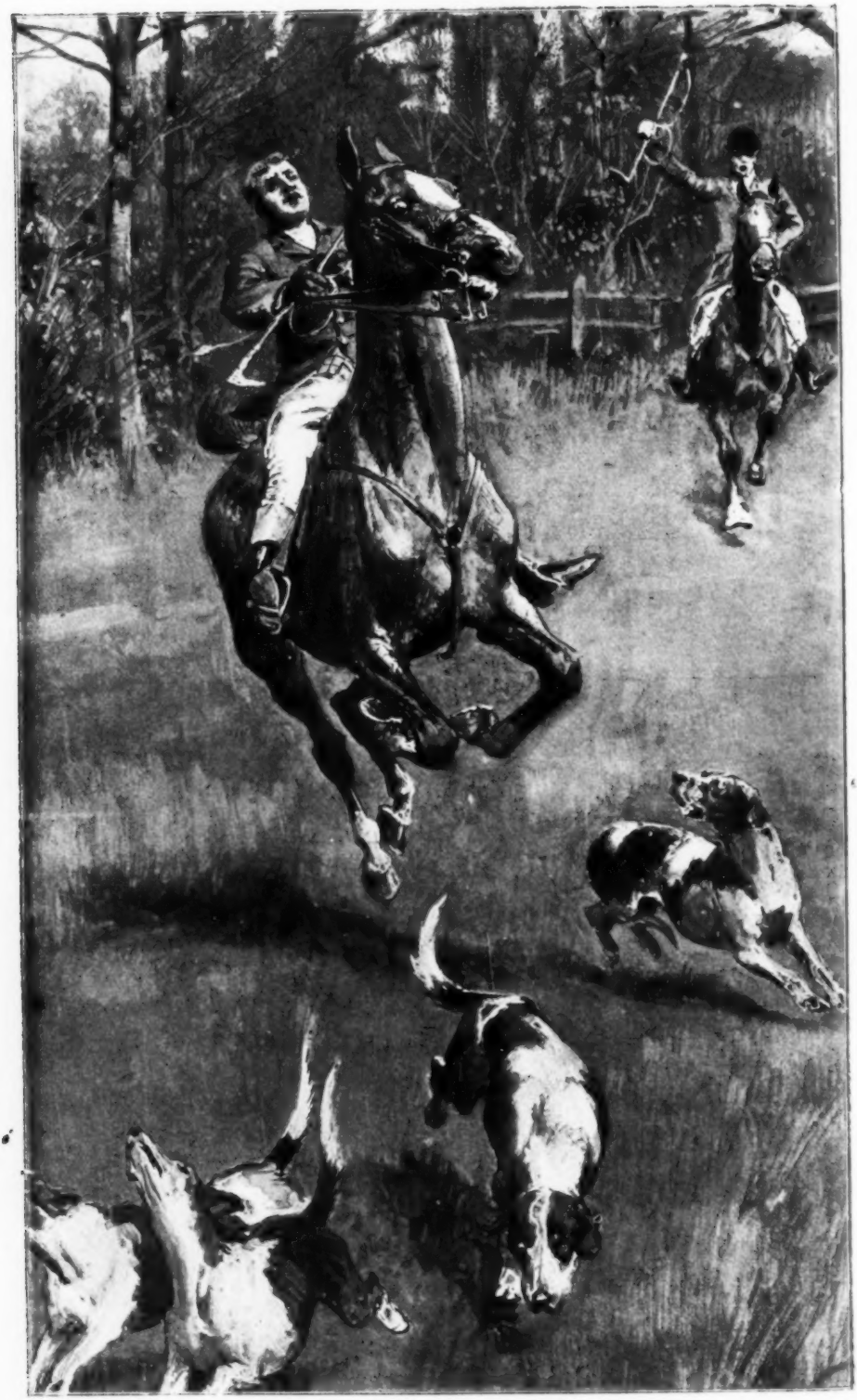
THE FATAL EXPLOSION IN THE STRAND







THE CENTENARY OF THE FRENCH INSTITUTE



THE FOX-HUNTING SEASON

DRAWN BY W. FRANK CALDERON

THE BONBONNIÈRE

TO half the world, Christmas is the jolliest season of all the year, to the other half the saddest. It is essentially a Children's Festival: everything is planned for their entertainment. Them that have no children—whose joy to watch, whose pleasure to share—must be dull indeed. Even the most unselfish objects to the presence of an outsider at the especial family gathering: hence the lonely one is thrust still further into the cold. To him or her I cannot help saying: Why remain in England, enduring the foggy weather, yet missing the gaiety of our gala time? Why not snatch a few days of inspiriting sunshine at the Swiss lakes, say Vevey or Montreux, or idle away a few days of delicious lazing on the Riviera, where there are no obtrusive family parties, loudly jovial, and where light-hearted little bands of sojourners are merry in exile?

For the young folks' sake, mothers ought to make Christmas a term of rejoicing. Walt Whitman sings, and that wisely, that everything a child sees and hears enters into him and becomes a part of him. During their early years alone possess we the power of putting gladness into the lives of our children. Then they rarely have sorrows that we cannot effectually comfort. As they grow up others enter into their lives, and we lose the privilege of turning their tears to smiles. Let us, therefore, conspire to make every Christmas a pleasant memory. To us, holly may seem but a prickly shrub, painful to touch, and difficult to festoon, and mistletoe but a foolish vegetable, apt to give occasion for giggling among otherwise discreet



The flower grew wild and rankly as the weed.



maids. Yet, to the bairns, these are the insignia of joyous holiday.

To grown-ups, again, a Christmas Tree is a somewhat wobbly bush, prone to lop-sidedness and to sudden overthrow. To little ones, however, it is a magic tree, a thing of dazzling beauty and wondrous surprises, whose radiance colours their dreams for many a night. A large Christmas Tree takes up much room, and its dressing entails heaps of extra work at a busy season. My own plan is to get a small, well-shaped, tree, to decorate it gaily with flags and an abundance of those dear, meaningless, glittering ornaments never beheld elsewhere, and to have it lit up on the breakfast table on Christmas morning—usually foggy in London — with the accustomed gifts piled around it. The pot is decked with bright ribbons, and the earth concealed with cotton-wool that, to youthful eyes, bears adequate resemblance to snow. At every meal that day it is illuminated, and every evening after, till, singed and shabby, it is at last reluctantly relegated to the dust-bin.

Pessimists declare even our infants blasé. I do not believe it: yet I must confess to being shocked and amused at a holiday lunch last winter, to hear certain youthful dyspeptics decline plum-pudding and mince-pies, on the ground that they were "too rich." Still, I am proud to be able to record that the more matured guests, though they may have bitterly thought of the morrow, did not refuse these delicacies.

One afternoon in late December, last year, certain of my son's schoolfellows, ranging from five to eight years of age, were coming to take tea with him. So he and I put on our considering caps to invent an unexpected treat for them. We succeeded in devising something which, with the Editor's permission, I shall christen the *Ludgate* Pie. First we went shopping and selected a number of queer little gifts — not the class of toy usually given to youngsters, and, therefore, the more esteemed — whimsical iron figures: one I remember was a gnome turning a grindstone, another a punch whose head waggled, a third a clown teaching a dog tricks, and quaint fancies of that sort. Then I went downstairs, donned a gigantic apron of cook's and proceeded to make the *Ludgate* Pie. Cook would no doubt have done the work much better; but, I fear, I desired all the credit. Young Babs thought it would be a good idea to make the crust sweet and crisp,

that a slice might be served to each visitor. So I used lots of sugar, and after covering the pie dish and seeing it safely ensconsed in the oven, went triumphantly upstairs. Alas for amateur cookery! In half-an-hour cook appeared, with the request that I should look at the pie. Anxiously I hurried down to find—what I ought to have known—that, having no support, the paste had subsided, and lay in a stodgy mass at the bottom of the dish, a small ruin of crust still clinging to the rim. Daunted, but not subdued, I set to work afresh. I filled the large dish with tiny brown cream jugs packed closely together on their sides and covered them with pieces of dry bread that the top might be nicely raised. The second crust was made tough, under cook's advice, that there might be the less danger of breakage when it came to be removed, that the jugs might be taken out and the presents put in. It was compounded of flour, water, and a little dripping, and served its purpose well, though he were brave who attempted to eat it. The gifts were wrapped up separately in white paper, tied with baby ribbon of vivid hue, and each bore a label with the intended recipient's name. When the crust was browned, a knife was slipped between the edge and the dish, and it was lifted aside till the jugs were replaced by the parcels. The crust was then replaced, a napkin neatly folded round the dish, and the *Ludgate* Pie was complete, and looked worthy its name.

When the juvenile party was seated round the tea-table, its eyes sparkled at the notion of having pie to tea; and one and all said, "Yes, please," when Mr. Babbington-Bright, who presided, and was in the secret, inquired if they would have any. The faces fell, however, when, after cutting the first wedge of crust, he exclaimed, with mock gravity: "I'm afraid cook has made a mistake with this pie, Muriel. We won't be able to eat it." But as he raised the fork with a neat parcel labelled "Peter" suspended therefrom, there arose a perfect storm of delight. We afterwards found that these trifling little presents, received in a funny way, were treasured far above many more valuable but customary toys.

One thing we women, with our cosy homes and bevies of friends rarely realise, is the position of thousands of young men—clever fellows many of them—who every year come to town from College, or perhaps from well-bred provincial households, to pursue some profession or calling in London. Occupying chambers, they have, of course, the usual acquaintances, but they miss keenly that element of social life and of easy





hospitality between close friends whereto they have been accustomed. Their chief lack is woman's society and sympathy. One man, who has since made a name in letters, told me that during his first six months in town he never spoke to a lady. It goes without saying that there is ever society of a kind open to them, but, as a rule, it is by no means the sort they crave. This is to some extent the fault of British matrons. When we receive a letter of introduction we are apt to return a prompt invitation to dinner, and then rest satisfied that we have done all duty and politeness demand. I often think we might exercise a kindlier and a more frequent hospitality, if necessary a less elaborate one. Instead of merely asking them to join formal parties we might welcome these strangers on a quiet evening, and let them enter into our simpler home ways. The action would be vastly appreciated, and we—well, we might entertain angels unawares.

A unique game invented by a cluster of men and maidens, snow-bound in a country house one Christmas, occurs to me. Supplying themselves with pencil and paper, they agreed to vote upon each other's charms, personal and mental: men voting only for females, *vice versa*. Each feature was to be adjudged individually; and points of character—temper, talents, and so on—were all noted, any number of marks up to ten being awarded in each division. When the final reckoning was made the girls were justly annoyed to discover that in every instance they had given more marks than they had received. Another amusing revelation when totals were announced, was that the



damsel who topped the men's lists was not in the other girls' opinions at all the prettiest or nicest present. Which shows again that there are men's women and women's women.

It is not easy to understand why the ghost should be a peculiar institution of Christmastide; but that it is the literature of the season demonstrates plainly enough. Hence no publication could be more appropriate than the magnificent edition of *The Haunted House*, with an introduction by Mr. Austin Dobson and an abundance of illustrations by Mr. Herbert Railton, issued by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen. Hood's poem, though by no means his best, has a pathetic interest all its own. It throbs with his last heart-beats. Death was his familiar while he penned every line. Yet think of the courage and industry of the man! Great as was Hood's work his life was greater still. But Christmas is likewise the high-noon of the fairy-kind, and the little daughter of Mr. Howard Pyle, the clever American draughtsman, has received a beautiful volume of tales and pictures, entitled *Twilight Land*, from her "very own father," who has generously allowed many another child to





share its delights by permitting Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine and Co. to publish it. To both firms I am indebted for the illustrations to be found in these pages.

MURIEL BABBINGTON-BRIGHT.

Fashions of the Month.



FOR winter wear you have here a sealskin coat with sleeves of corduroy velvet and skirt to match.

*** *Patterns of the Costumes which appear in these pages will be forwarded by post direct from the Office of* "THE LUDGATE," *34, Bouverie Street, on the following terms:—Cape or Skirt, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Jacket or Bodice, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Whole Costume, 2s.; Do. (cut to measure), 2s. 6d. Full particulars for self-measurement and form of application will usually be found at end of book.*



TEA-GOWN of Rose du Barri English satin, with a fichu of cream muslin, lace-edged, the neck ruffled with roses.



THIS gown is of green face cloth, with mink edged collar and skirt: Victorian bodice with yoke of old lace: jewelled belt and buttons to correspond: a pretty effect is obtained by placing coloured satin under the lace

A CHANGEABLE CLIMATE

often changes healthy persons into Invalids, but when the "inner man" is well fortified, it is easier to resist Colds, Chills, and other "seasonable" ailments.



"Oh Mamma, don't forget to order Bovril!"

An absolute necessity is stimulative nutriment, and Bovril, the vital principle of Prime Ox Beef, provides it, being produced by a process which retains all the actual nourishment of the Beef in addition to its stimulating properties.

For strengthening the healthy, and invigorating the weak, the most perfect form of concentrated nourishment is

BOVRIL



AN evening dress of pale blue satin with a chiffon bodice and chiffon sleeves trimmed with a broad velvet ribbon of mauve: on one shoulder rests a bunch of heliotrope: the velvet ribbons hanging to the hem of the skirt and the draped belt are made of velvet.



THE
LONDON GLOVE COMPANY'S
SPECIALITIES!
GLOVES, FANS, HOSIERY.

LADIES' WHITE KID GLOVES.—'OPERETTA' QUALITY.
12-Button Length Mousquetaire, 3/6; 16-Button Length, 4/6; 20-Button, 5/6 per pair. In White only.
12-Button Length Mousquetaire Kid, in White or Lavender, with Black Braid Points, 3/10 per pair.
"LEBON."—12-Button Length, Superior Quality Kid. In Black, White, Tans, Biscuit, and all Light Shades, 4/6 per pair.

SUEDE GLOVES.—"CINDERELLA" QUALITY.
8-Button Length Mousquetaire, 2/6; 12-Button Length, ditto, 2/11; 16-Button Length, 3/6, 20-Button Length, 3/11 per pair. In Black, Tans, Biscuit, Beavers, and all Light Shades.
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Contributions, marked "Prize Competitions," and bearing the name and address of the sender, must reach the Ludgate Offices, 34, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C., by the 1st of January; and the prize-winners will be announced in the February Number.

The Editor reserves the right to publish any of the Contributions, though, as a rule, only those that take prizes, or are commended, will be given. Every effort will be made to return unsuccessful MSS, Drawings, and Photographs, where stamps are sent for the purpose, though no guarantee can be given on the subject.

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she made some tarts
for her Royal Lord to sup;
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he stole those tarts
and ate the whole lot up.

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soon help did crave
to cure his dreadful ills;
I'm pleased to tell
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THE DANCER

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THE CHALLENGE

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CAPTAIN JACOBUS.

Certain passages from the Memoirs of ANTHONY LANGFORD Gentleman: containing a particular account of his Adventures with CAPTAIN JACOBUS the Notorious Cavalier Highwayman: of his connection with the PENRUDDOCK Plot in the time of the Commonwealth and of the surprising Adventures and singular turns of Fortune that befell him in the course of those relations. Written by Himself and now newly set forth By L. Cope Cornford.



ILLUSTRATED BY C. M. SHELDON

SUMMARY.

Anthony Langford goes forth to Salisbury one March morning in the year 1655 to tell Mr. Richard Phelps, a merchant, that he loves his daughter and knows that he finds favour in her sight. He meets one John Manning, who also loves Barbara, and is in high feather at having won her father's consent to his courtship. After something near a quarrel the two fare together to see old Phelps, where Manning is discomfited, while Anthony finds himself accepted by father as by daughter. On his way home, an attempt is made to murder him. He has an opportunity to kill his enemy—no other than Manning—but lets him escape with a warning. Preparations for his marriage move apace, but at last, as he goes homeward one day, he is stopped by a highwayman—Captain Jacobus, whose real name is Sir Clipseby Carew—and warned that if he proceeds he will be arrested, inasmuch as his estates are confiscated, and himself outlawed, by the Commonwealth. Langford remembers Manning, and sees his work in this. Jacobus explains that he is a principal agent in a new conspiracy against the Protector, and asks Langford to join him. They then ride to Wilton and meet other Royalist conspirators, where it is arranged that Jacobus shall proceed immediately to tell the Earl of Rochester what force the Royalists of Wiltshire can put in the field forthwith. It is arranged that Anthony Langford shall ride with him, and together they ride off to a ruined chapel in the woods three miles from Wilton, where Langford meets one Mul-Sack, chief of a gang of thieves who act as spies and messengers for the Royalists. He and his companion sleep there that night.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE ROAD.

IT seemed that I had scarce closed my eyes, when I was awakened by a rough shaking: and, sitting up, I gazed stupidly at the unfamiliar chamber grisly with the grey light of dawn which filtered in at the narrow window. For a moment I knew not where I was: then my eyes encountered

the Captain's, who was lugging on his long boots, and the memory of my disasters came back upon me at a blow.

"'Tis boot-and-saddle, Mr. Langford, and brisk about it," said the Captain. "We have six miles to ride to breakfast."

"I am ready," I answered shortly: for I felt exceeding sleepy and not a little miserable. I thought upon the waking that should have been mine: the merry anticipations that were wont to sit upon my pillow; and I raged as I saw myself torn from happiness, and compelled to trot at the heels of this indefatigable conspirator. Captain Jacobus put away all his effects and set the room as neat as a parlour, while I dragged on my boots and girt on sword and pistols—Manning's pistols. Then we passed into the body of the chapel, the Captain locking the door of the Sacristy behind him.

The trestles had all been piled against the wall, and the beggars lay huddled like swine upon a thick bed of straw, deep in a drunken slumber. Some were covered with sheep-skins, some with foul old cloaks, while to others who lay in their rags, sleep gave a new and more gross and filthy look than they wore awake. The place was dim and ashy-gray, but a lustrous reflection from the lightening sky without shone from the majestic figure in the eastern window painted by forgotten monks, gazing serenely down upon the sleeping thieves.

Outside, in the clear air, where brown and ragged continents of cloud were sailing swiftly across a sky as bright as a shield, I drew deep breaths that renewed me like wine: I began to feel my own man again, and fit for the day's work. The two sentries, awakened, I suppose, by the nip of the morning, were playing at putt on the grass. The Captain despatched them to fetch the horses; and while they were gone we laved head and hands in a clear spring that bubbled up hard by. Mounting, we cleared the wood, and soon we saw the great pillars of Stonehenge heaved black against the sunrise. Leaving them on our left, we descended into the valley and crossed the Avon by the bridge at Amesbury, where we broke our fast and had the horses fed and groomed.

"And now," said the Captain, "let us consider where we stand, Mr. Langford. At present Captain Crook hath the stronger cards, it appears. To confiscate the Langford estates, and to nab Nick Armorer, with or without old Thurloe's mails, is very well for one week's work; but it shall turn to his undoing—as he might have said himself. Meanwhile, cut two more notches on his score. Now to Winchester to see how squares go with Brother Jedediah, and thence to Farnham, where we lie the night, if the horses can get there and nothing delays us on the road."

During the silent ride from Grovely Wood I had considered the situation: I had something to say upon it; and the sooner it was out the better.

"Captain Jacobus," I began, "you have taken the kindliest interest in my fortunes, although I have no guess why you should have done so; and I am loth to say what I must——"

I paused to grope for words, while the Captain surveyed me keenly.

"Speak out, Mr. Langford," he said; and I took heart and continued.

"Here am I, slung into the King's service willy-nilly; and although I am ready enough to bear my part, you must permit me to distinguish. I will have no hand in your doings on the road, Captain. It doth not take my fancy, going out upon the pad."

"You would say, a gentleman should not do't?" said the Captain deliberately.

"I did not say so," I retorted, rather angrily.

"Mr. Langford," he returned, "y'are young, and suffer under the sweet illusions proper to youth. You call yourself a King's man of discretionary years, and yet you do not appear to comprehend that the country is down under the bloody paws of usurpers and regicides, who possess no rights in law. Did we plunder Royalists, it would be different. But we do but take our own from those who robbed us thereof. A pox of your scruples! You appear to be curst with a right puritanical conscience, for the thing is as plain as a pike."

"Nevertheless, I will not do't," I said.

"You will take your own way, then, as I shall take mine," said Captain Jacobus. "Your zeal of conscience does not extend to me, I presume?"

"Why, no," I answered, a little out of countenance, "your affairs are no business of mine."

"No? Had I made the same reflec-



"I DRAGGED ON MY BOOTS'

tion last night—this notable debate might never have fallen between us. But let that pass. I am glad to hear it, too, for to deal plainly with you, Mr. Langford, I do not allow young persons to interfere with my Christian liberty."

I had no more to say, and although I knew I was in the right, I did not feel so. In the pause that followed, the Captain called for the reckoning.

"Do you travel upon your own charges?" he asked, with the imperturbable amenity of manner that was his constant characteristic. "I am sorry to

trouble you, but 'tis a question we must settle, for convenience sake."

I searched my pockets, but I had given my last crown to pay the messenger who carried my letter to Barbara, and with a very red face, I had to own as much.

"Why, no matter," cried the Captain. "His Majesty lets no man want, if he can help it. Take a few of the King's pistoles for present use," and he pressed upon me a handful of broad pieces. I had no resource but to pocket them, which I did with a strong reluctancy.

"Be not so bashful, man," said Jacobus. "What! 'tis but a matter of business. Besides," he added, drily, "there are plenty more where those came from."

I saw what he meant, of course, and straightway fell into a black temper. After denouncing highway robbery, I found myself condemned to live upon the proceeds thereof: a doubly false position. For not only had I never earned them, but it seemed that in future I was to stand by and watch Captain Jacobus doing all the work and taking all the risk, and afterwards to share in the booty. I had yet to learn that a man may sometimes be thrust, against his will, into a false position, where no kicking against the pricks may serve him. So that after leaving the inn at Amesbury, I rode many miles in a sulky silence: angry with myself, and cursing the Captain.

We travelled for the most part across country, over the noiseless, shining downs, a merry wind whistling past our ears, and a vasty cope of pale blue sky about us, until we came out above the ancient city of Winchester lying in the cup of a deep valley, intersected by a silver ribbon of running water. The town was four-square, enclosed within a great wall; in the midst rose the long back and the squat grey tower of the Cathedral, girt on all quarters with smaller towers and steeples, their vanes a sparkle of gold in the sunlight. The Captain drew rein and turned to me.

"Mr. Langford," said he, "the moment we set foot within yonder city our lives are in jeopardy, for though Royalist at heart, the place is ruled by the other side, since Noll beat down the castle in the name of his God. I am a known man, nor do I choose to disguise myself for a junto of prick-eared burgesses, and I am going to dine and to bait my horse at the George Inn. But if you have no stomach for needless dangers, Mr. Langford, there is no need for your mother's son to fly in the face of them. I have a hundred broad pieces in my saddle-bag. Take them and ride down to Southampton Water yonder, ship across to Flanders, join the Court at Cologne, and take your chance of a place about His Majesty. You will not starve, at any rate, whatever befall."

I looked at the keen-eyed, alert figure on the big red horse, but could make nothing of the blank vizard of his face.

"Do you want to be rid of me?" I asked.

"No," returned the Captain; and I believed him.

"Unless I sell my horse and go to work in the fields, and so quit the King's service, I must still exist upon your bounty, it appears," I said, haltingly.

"O, hang your scrupulosity!" cried the Captain. "Have I not told you 'tis His Majesty's wages? Am I not his paymaster? Are you his comptroller of taxes? Body o' me! Shalt say hast earned 'em before the week's out, I'll warrant ye. Come! Dine with me at the George, or take this bag of my name sakes and the part of discretion, ship yourself to Flanders, and be done with it."

"I will dine with you with all my heart, sir," says I.

"Well, and I thought you looked hungry," says the Captain, with a chuckle; and with that we paced forward down the hill.

We entered the city by the Westgate, beside which rose a huge pile of shattered masonry, the remains of the Black Tower, which Cromwell, ten years before, had bombarded to make a breach into the Castle; and, "Noll is a very proper man, and the best soldier in England, with a maggot in his brain which keeps him o' the wrong side," quoth Jacobus, as we passed. The George is a pleasant house half-way down the High Street, and the master tavern of the place. Captain Jacobus, who was as resolute to live upon the marrow of the land when he was in funds, as he was contented to go pinched on bread and cheese when his Pactolus ran low, ordered a meal of the best. No healthy man can lack hope and a certain dash of happiness so long as he is well fed; and in spite of my troubles, I felt singularly at peace with



"HE REGARDED US WITH A KEEN, FROWNING GLANCE"

a noble dinner and a pint of generous wine inside me, as we lounged in the doorway giving upon the street.

And here I was aware of a stout-built, dignified, ill-humoured-looking gentleman emerging from the throat of a narrow archway upon the opposite side, which led to the Cathedral Close. There was some strong, indefinable quality about the man which held my attention, and I watched him with a lazy interest in his approach. He had a proud red face, little steely blue eyes under massy brows, and locks of ash-gray hair curling on his shoulders; and was habited in a plain dark suit of cloth of a puritanical cut, with a broad falling lace collar and cuffs. He made towards us, and had his foot upon the steps, when the Captain who was leaning against the opposite door-post smoking a cigarro, suddenly caught sight of him. I have never seen so quick and shocking a change in a man's face as passed upon the Captain's at that moment. He went dark red, his eyes enlarged, the veins in his forehead swelled, his moustachios bristled, and he stiffened all over. The puritanical gentleman with the great nose regarded us both with a keen, frowning glance as he mounted the steps. Now the doorway was not very wide, and there was scant room for a third person to pass: so that I drew back slightly, expecting the Captain to do likewise. But had his feet been socketed in the floor, Jacobus could not have stood more unremoved. The stranger, in consequence, brushed heavily against him in passing, but went on without a word of apology or so much as a look. The Captain's eyes followed him, much as a leashed terrier stares at a rat, until he had disappeared within.

"What the devil is the matter?" I said. "Who is that?"

But Jacobus did not hear me.

"Now if it were not for that same gentility you prate so much about," said he, "I could have dirked the man as he passed. The Lord Protector would have been dead on that doorstep, and England herself again. Well, you see, I have not done it; and by God I think I am a fool."

"The Lord Protector Cromwell?" I cried in amaze.

"Did you not know him? You will, before all's done. And now I think 'tis full time we took the road, Anthony:" for the Captain had taken to using me with this friendly familiarity since our little conversation on the hill.—"Pay you the reckoning, while I see to the nags," and he disappeared toward the stables.

As we clattered down the High Street, Captain Jacobus, who had explained to me the nature of his designs upon the brothers Dickenson, called my eyes to a large shop at the corner where the memorial cross now stands that was set up some ten years later, in the time of the great Pestilence. The shutters were up, and I read upon a handsome swinging sign the legend: "Jedediah Dickenson, Jeweller and Goldsmith."

"All snug for Mul-Sack," remarked the Captain.

"Well, you sail near the wind," I said.

"To a superficial person. But I give you credit for a better discernment. The King's taxes must be collected somehow."

We left the town by the East-gate, skirted Saint Giles's hill, and came out upon the Alresford road, which goes rising and falling with the bare downs. The sight of Alresford battlefield brought my father's death sharply to remembrance: and it struck me as highly probable that his son was riding to a like fate in the same insensate quarrel. A little after we came in sight of Chilton Candover, a tiny village at the junction of the road we were now upon with the main road from Winchester to Reading, which runs direct through Kingsworthy instead of winding about through Alresford. I was beginning to wonder why we had fetched a compass, when I espied in front of us, upon the Kingsworthy road, a coach and pair followed by a knot of outriders, the sun sparkling upon their steel caps and accoutrements. I glanced at the Captain, who was staring fixedly at the swiftly moving party. He turned his head, and our eyes met.

"Anthony," he said abruptly, "that is the Protector's coach, and I am going to stop it. What are you going to do?"

"Under the circumstances, I am coming with you. There are one, two—seven outriders, and Oliver is not the man to go weaponless himself."

"Ah, but I have his pistols," said Jacobus, pointing to a brace of petronels strapped to his holsters, which he must have taken from the coach in the stable-yard of the George. "There is an ale-house in Chilton Candover, and if the guard stops to drink, why, I hold the

Brewer's life in the hollow of my hand."

The low sun shone full into Jacobus's face as he turned towards me in his saddle: his hat was pulled over his eyes, but I could see the muscles of his mouth twitching the while I hesitated. A vision of all that the Protector's death would mean flashed through my mind. It meant Barbara to me, and vengeance of my father's death. For the rest, the King with his own, the Cavaliers restored, England free. Was not the regicide's life already forfeit on a hundred counts? And a thirst for the blood of that gray-haired, brazen-bowelled rebel in the gilded coach yonder burned within me. I glanced after it, and sure enough it was crawling unattended up the hill beyond the village. Then, of a sudden (it sounds a simple thing to say) I saw myself explaining the matter to Barbara, and beheld the look upon her listening face. It could not be done.

"We cannot shoot a defenceless man, Captain," I said, steadily.

To this day I do not know what Captain Jacobus had originally intended; perhaps he had not made up his mind, and merely took the brace of pistols while he had the chance. For scarce were the words out of my mouth, when he struck spurs into his horse, leaped the low hedge at the side of the road, and set off at full gallop in a straight line for the Lord Protector's coach. I followed him upon the instant, and after cutting off a corner, we came out upon the road again as the coach vanished round a bend between steep banks. Glancing over my shoulder, I caught a glimpse of the group of soldiers clustered about the ale-house, scarce a quarter-mile behind. The Captain executed what was doubtless a very familiar manœuvre. With a cocked pistol in each hand, guiding his horse with his knees, he rode up alongside the coachman, crying "Stand!" in a great voice. The startled driver pulled his horses upon their haunches. At the same instant a shrill whistle sounded, and the Protector thrust forth head and shoulders, a silver whistle in his teeth.



"WE DASHED OFF DOWN THE ROAD"

"Ye insolent rogues," said he, in a thick, choleric voice, "what would ye have?"

A sudden, boyish impulse took me. "Justice!" I cried. "You have the name of a just man, my Lord Cromwell. Why am I, Anthony Langford, of Langford Manor, that never lifted a finger against the laws, driven out of house and home by a troop of your soldiers?"

The heavy eyebrows came down over the small sparkling eyes, and the Lord Protector glared at me, then past me at Jacobus.

"What, Langford of the Plymouth plot, y'are well met. I have heard of you from Mr. Thurloe. And who are you, sir, with the pistols?"

"Damn you, out of the way, man!" shouted Jacobus passionately, wrenching at my bridle. I do not know what he would have done, for at that moment a

mighty clatter of hoofs broke upon our ears, and the whole body of outriders came swerving round the corner at full gallop, not fifty paces behind us.

"Too late," cried the Captain. "Come away!" and striking spurs into his horse, he dashed off down the road, and I after him, the dragoons thundering at our heels. We heard a hoarse shout of command, and the soldadoes roaring out a summons to surrender: then the explosion of a pistol, and the scream of a bullet over our heads. At that the Captain turned his horse, and we leaped the hedge as two more shots sang past us. A fourth struck my nag on the withers, but did no great harm, for by that time we had got well ahead. The ground was smooth and undulating grass-land, and for a long while we kept neck to neck, and the men behind us in a compact body, until we crossed a soft place, after which our pursuers began to straggle somewhat. Then up hill and down dale mile after mile we rode headlong, hoping fervently that the breeding of the horses would carry us through until the night fell. Already the sun was dipping below the rim of the hills: we rode in a coloured twilight; and looking back as we topped a rise, I could see but four riders, a mile or so behind.

But I was a heavy man, and as we breasted the next hill I felt my nag beginning to fail. Still we held on without slackening, until the figures of our pursuers had become mere blurs in the gathering dusk. Suddenly my horse stumbled, recovered, stumbled again, pitched forward so that I had but just time to save myself, and lay still, the blood pouring from his nostrils. The Captain pulled up.

"His heart's broke. Mount behind me," he said.

"I can run," I replied, and with my arm across his crupper we set off again at a vengeance of a pace. We had gone about three miles, I suppose, when I felt the horse give under me, and had but just time to cry a warning before he came heavily to the ground. The Captain was thrown, but got to his feet immediately. The poor beast struggled upon its fore-feet with wild eyes, but fell back again with a groan. The Captain peered into the darkness, then laid his ear to the ground. There was no more sign of pursuit.

"I'll risk it," he said, and drawing a pistol, he shot the animal through the head. Then he took off the saddle and bridle, shouldered them, and we marched towards a wood that loomed darkly near by. Once within the shelter of the trees, we flung ourselves down, utterly exhausted.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE ROAD—THE INN AT FARNHAM.

AFTER a while the Captain roused himself and sat up. "The next point is, where are we?" says he: and strolls towards the borders of the wood. I dragged myself to my feet and followed him. As the trees grew more thinly, the ground began upon a sharp descent into a valley, where some lights twinkled: and over against us, on the brow of the opposite hill, we could discern in the steely light of the stars, the dim outlines of a range of great buildings.

"Well, we have reached our bourne in spite of Noll's dragoons," said Jacobus. "It is what I steered for, and Providence hath been kind. Here are we in the skirts of Holt Forest, there is Farnham Castle opposite, and supper stays for us in the vale, at the sign of the Smiling Lion. We must tramp it, my son."

So saying, we began to pick our way down the hill-side, the Captain, although I offered to relieve him, with his harness on his back; and soon struck upon the high road. A couple of miles of weary trudging brought us upon the long main street of Farnham: when a horseman, whom we had heard trotting behind, coming level with us, pulled his horse into a walk, and paced slowly past us. Captain Jacobus peered keenly at him, edging nearer to get a better look. Then he dropped back a pace or two. "Jedediah Dickenson, as I live by bread!" he whispered. About a bow-shoot further on a good-sized inn stood a piece back from the road, ruddy light bursting from the crevices of the shutters, and streaming from the open door. Standing squarely in the doorway, at the top of a little, wide flight of steps, a tall man with a gray beard was looking forth upon the

night. No sooner had the Captain caught sight of this sombre figure, than he clutched my arm.

"And Brother Emanuel too," he exclaimed, with an oath.

A moment later the horseman in front of us stopped as though he had been shot, and bent limply over his saddle-bow. Jacobus is a quick man by nature and habit; but never did I see him act more swiftly.

"Take Jedediah's bridle, turn the nag and lead him forward," he whispered. "Quick, now."

If ever there was a frightened man in this world it was the Winchester goldsmith. I caught a glimpse of his face as I passed. The white of his skin above his fringe of beard shone upon the darkness like a linen mask: he had dropped his reins; and with both hands gripping his saddle-bow, he was staring fixedly at the gray-beard in the doorway. I whipped the horse round, and had much ado to hold him, for Captain Jacobus leapt up suddenly behind the saddle, and crooked his arm about the traveller's throat.

"Steady now," I heard him say to his



"THE CAPTAIN STOOD OVER HIM WITH A PISTOL"

victim, as I led forward at a brisk walk. "Y'are safe if you do not struggle: resist, and y'are a dead man."

Save for the lights within the houses, the street was perfectly dark: there was no one abroad at that late hour: and we gained the outskirts of the village unperceived. All at once it occurred to me that after all my fine speeches, here was I art and part in a common piece of toby work, and that for the second time in one day. Upon the first occasion there seemed nothing else to be done, and we had paid dearly for't. Now I had been betrayed by sheer inadvertence, in the hurry of the moment. I stopped the horse and turned round. The wretched Jedediah was still holding to the pommel of his saddle: Jacobus, who seemed to be kneeling on the crupper, still embraced his neck; and I could dimly catch the outline of the Captain's long nose and moustache over his shoulder in the gloom.

"Captain," I said, "this is not in the bond."

"In the King's name!" returned the Captain, like the snapping of a pistol. "Obey orders, sir!"

I had not foreseen this, and there seemed no answer to it, for Captain Jacobus undoubtedly held his Majesty's commission, while I was a sworn volunteer. I resumed my march, therefore, not without a sneaking satisfaction: for conscience was silenced within, and, besides, 'twas excellent sport. After about a quarter of an hour of walk, the Captain, who appeared to have become mighty military all of a sudden, cried out to me to halt. Jumping off, he ordered Mr. Jedediah to dismount, which the goldsmith did without a word, in a somewhat dazed and fumbling fashion. Then acting under the Captain's brief commands, after tying the horse to the hedge, I took one arm while he took the other, and we squired our Bale-o'-grace across a field towards a barn that loomed in the darkness. Here the Captain stood over him with a pistol while I untied his garters (which were scarves of black silk, of a richness quite unbefitting his station), wherewith we secured his wrists and ankles. Then we carried him into the barn, which was black-dark and smelled of hay and rats, until we stumbled over a truss and dropped him.

"I wish you a good-night, Mr. Dickenson," said the Captain, speaking into the darkness, "and a pleasant walk to Winchester, where if all I have heard be true, y'are sadly wanted;" and with that we left him, latching-to the great door behind us.

"That was a close throw," the Captain said, as we retraced our steps. "Had it not been for the little accident with Oliver, I should have stopped one or other of them (by your good leave) before they could have met. However, all's well, notwithstanding."

"And what will come to Mr. Jedediah?" I asked.

"How should I know? He may die and go to the place appointed to his fellowship, or he may live and go to Winchester. But I'll wager he doesn't set foot in Farnham to-night, and that's enough for me."

The Captain would have me ride the nag, and in this wise we regained the village, where, after picking up the saddle, I rode into the stable-yard at the sign of the Smiling Lion, while Jacobus went within to order supper.

Upon crossing the threshold of the inn some minutes later, after having seen the horse properly cared for, I was stricken to hear the tones of a strong voice as of a man preaching, issuing from the common room, instead of the droning rustical songs customary in such places. Pushing open the door I walked in. The long, low room was bright with fire and candle: three or four country fellows stood about the great ingle, long pipes in their hands, with blank amazed faces all turned towards the man who, from behind a jack of ale at the head of the table, was speaking with a stern vehemence. In the great square-shouldered figure with the shaven upper lip and the gray beard, I recognised Mr. Emanuel Dickenson, whom we had seen but now in the doorway, and whom his brother Jedediah had taken for his ghost. Jacobus was sitting sideways on the edge of the table with his hat set awry, swinging a leg, and staring with a very malapert air at the lecturer, who appeared to be addressing him directly.

"Art thou a damned heretic or a popish dog?" he was crying, as I entered. "Y'are a whiffling, trumpery fop, by any way of thinking. What make you, disturbing honest men at their meat in their inn, with your lewd conversation? I know ye, who you are. Y'are one of



"THE EDGE CAUGHT HIM IN THE WIND"

those sons of Belial, those notorious outrageous evil livers, the back-stairs gentlemen of the bloody Stuart, who range up and down the country, like Satan scouting for a prey, disordering God's chosen with your abominable offences. It is insufferable. It is not to be borne. The Lord Protector shall take order upon it. Ye shall hang in chains on Newmarket Heath, my ruffling cavalier canary bird. Mark me——"

"I will," said Jacobus. "Ye . . . . !" The Captain delivered himself of a single unsurpassable sentence, which cannot be written here, referring to the Parliament of which Emanuel was a member; and, leaning forward, dealt the Puritan a rattling buffet on the mouth. A hoarse

shout went up from the bystanders as the big man leaped to his feet, and began lugging at his rapier. But the Captain was too quick for him. Springing back as nimbly as a goat, he set his shoulder against the end of the table, and seeing what he would be at, I sprang to his side. We ran the long board upon Emanuel like a battering-ram, pinning him against the wall. The edge caught him in the wind, I suppose, as he stumbled back, for he doubled up and fell upon his face among the dirty platters with a mighty crash. At that moment the landlady, a huge woman with a scarlet face, came running in, and comprehending the state of affairs at a glance, made open-mouthed at Jacobus and me.

"Out with you!" she shouted. "Out with you! I will have none of your roaring bullies of cavaliers in my house. Out, I say!"

Pressed by this formidable virago, who continued to revile us at the top of her pipe, we had no choice but to retreat, and so backed into the hall. My hopes of supper had begun to dwindle dismally, and even Jacobus seemed out-faced for once, when there fell a sudden diversion.

"Why, what is the matter?" cried a voice from the stairway.

We all turned round, and there, standing at the lighted stair-foot, was a bright spring beauty of a wench, with a great coronal of red hair: and methought she looked at us very kindly. The landlady turned obsequious in a twinkling, after the manner of her kind.

"Why, no great matter, Mistress Curle," she began. "'Tis a shame that you should be so put upon. But these Cavalier gentlemen——"

"O, sirs, are you for his Majesty?" cried the girl with sparkling eyes.

Jacobus rose to the occasion, while I was thinking about it: he stepped forward, removing his hat, and bowing low.

"Poor servants of the King we are, at your service, Madam, for I perceive you cannot but be for God and the Cause. We have been upon his Majesty's business all day—I care not who hears me—I say, upon the King his service, with neither bite nor sup: and now we are to be flung into the road, it appears, to make room for a bloody regicide."

The landlady began a voluble explanation, but the girl broke in on it, and silenced her.

"Gentlemen,' said she, "if y'are the King's friends y'are mine also, and it will pleasure Mrs. Beatrice Young and myself greatly if you will sup with us above stairs. We shall expect you in a few minutes."

So saying, she curtseyed and turned to go upstairs, carrying the baffled hostess with her. Meanwhile the idlers in the common room had crowded to listen. The Captain suddenly drew a pistol and levelled it.

"Back, you vermin!" he said, making a step forward: and the men hustled back into the room like sheep, falling over one another. They slammed to the door, and we could hear them bolting it.

"Now, if Emanuel has any stomach left for a fight (which I misdoubt me) they will stay his eviting the room for fear of me without," remarked the Captain. "Let us go make a toilet."

A house-wench showed us to a room where we did our best to remove the dust and the bloodstains of the day's work.

"Why, what a thing it is," observed Jacobus, surveying me when we were ready, "to go about with a guileless, innocent, boyish face like yours, my son. For all the years I've been upon the road, never till now have I been bid to supper by a lady of any reputation."

We found Mistress Curle and her companion, a short, black-eyed, ruddy young lady, with a saucy bit of a nose, in a panelled chamber where a brisk fire burned on the hearth, and a plentiful meal was smoking on the table.

"My cousin, Mrs. Beatrice Young," said Mistress Curle, leading the dark young lady forward. "Since I have no one to present me, I must e'en do the office for myself. Mrs. Mariabellah Curle, gentlemen," said she, curtseying.

"This is my friend, Mr. Anthony Langford, of Langford Manor; and my name is——" said the Captain, bowing—"is Jacobus, of the King's Highway."

"And are you the great Captain Jacobus," exclaimed Mrs. Mariabellah, "who stopped my father's coach after his deprivation by the Roundheads, and gave him a bag of broad pieces? O, this is better and better!"

"And are you then the daughter of Bishop Curle of Winchester?" asked Jacobus.

"The very same," cried she; "and Mrs. Beatrice here is daughter to the Dean.

But come, let us fall-to with the appetite befitting those of the good party. Why," continued this lively young woman when we had sat down, "had it not been for you, Captain, we two should never have dared to take the road with none but a little foot-page to guard us. But we knew you kept the highway and would endure no rivals; and, indeed, we hoped to meet you, for after all the stories we have heard in our sleepy, quiet little village you cannot think how I have longed to behold a real Cavalier! And a Highwayman, too! O, brave! A glass of wine with you, Captain, and with you, sir."

And she drank to us both, one after the other, with the prettiest grace imaginable; and demure Mrs. Beatrice, blushing and twinkling, followed the lead she set.

The ladies made us extraordinary good cheer, seasoning it with fine courtly speeches: but as for me, I was so deadly famished that with the best will in the world, I could scarce find fitting answers: my wits drowsed, and even the Captain's tongue lagged somewhat. You are to remember we had been some fifteen hours in the saddle, and in the time had each of us ridden a horse to death, besides enduring other fatiguing adventures. I think that Mrs. Mariabellah must have perceived our condition, for she presently took the whole burden of talk upon herself: entertaining us with the story of her father the Bishop's misfortune, when the Parliament ousted him from his see in the year 1646: so that he must retire to his sister's house at the tiny hamlet of Soberton, where he died a year or so later. And Mrs. Beatrice's father, the Dean, had a similar history; for when Ironsides marched into Winchester with his New Model at his back, the head of the Cathedral was forced to beat a swift retreat to his living at Over Wallop. But even thence Puritan malice pursued him, for Cromwell, hot from the sack of Basing House, descended upon Over Wallop, plundered the ill-starred old gentleman of his chief possessions, and set a scab of an Independent tinker over his head.

"So you will understand we bear no love to the powers that be," cried Mrs. Mariabellah. "I would even love to behold an English Bartholomew-Massacre. There have we been for years and years and years, cooped up in the country, seeing no one, hearing nothing, living a life so deadly dull I marvel the beasts of the field can suffer it. At last I said we would take advantage of an old pledge and go visit my father's brother at Guildford, and see something of life if we could before we were old and ugly, let me die if I would not! So here we are, you see."

"I make you my compliments," said the Captain. "I drink your health in a bumper, Madam, and yours, Mrs. Beatrice. Fill up, Anthony."

When at length the cloth was drawn, and the rich hues of burnt claret glowed in the mahogany: "Prithee," said Mrs. Mariabellah, "tell us of adventures." So, turn about, we told the tale of that day's exploits; and I vow I would have undergone our toils and perils twice over to gain such a pretty pair of listeners. The wine was heady and exhilarating, the audience rarely quickening to the intellectuals: and although I have forgotten every word we said, I am persuaded that we magnified each other's deeds to most heroical proportions; and that we shone like demi-gods in the eyes of those two innocent and enraptured maidens.

"And so you have only one horse between you. O, what an iniquity!" cried Mrs. Mariabellah, when we were done with our tale.

"Well, I daresay we shall not go wanting one long," remarked the Captain.

"You shall not indeed," said Mrs. Beatrice. "Why, how lucky, Mary, that we brought a led horse in case of accident. He is yours from this moment, Captain. Take him for the King!"

The Captain rose and made a very grand bow. "Madam," he replied, "y'are too generous; I cannot accept such a gift. But an if you can spare the nag I will buy him very gratefully for the King, for his Majesty's business is pressing."

But the ladies would not hear of it and so we argued the matter back and forth.

"Just because we are women," said Mrs. Mariabellah, "we are not allowed to do aught for the King, forsooth!"

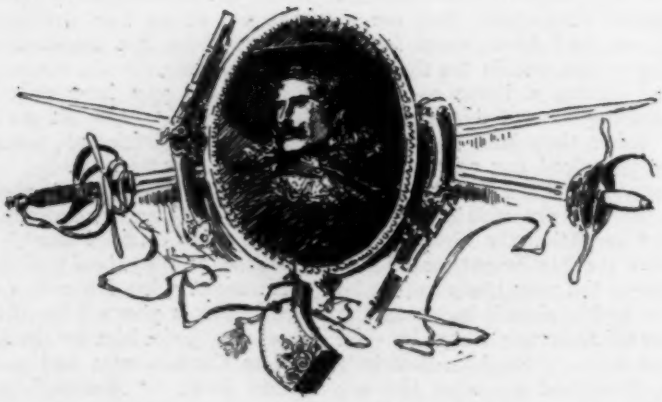
"Why, very well," said Jacobus. "If you will not sell, and the King's noblesse forbids him to accept, we can but decide the issue by the cards. I will stake my horse against yours, at hazard, primero, quinze, all-fours, or what you will."

The maidens agreed, and calling for a

new pack, down we sat to hazard. The end of it was the Captain won; and thus he got his occasion for a speech, the hope of which I knew very well had been at the bottom of his finicking.

"Ladies," said he, "you have this night done the King, ay, and the nation, a service perhaps greater than you know. 'Tis not the first time the issues of a kingdom have turned upon a lady's gift. Be assured, his Majesty shall hear of it."

The Royalist ladies flushed bright for sheer pleasure: and the scene, along with many another, remains upon my memory, nor will dislimn with time. There is the ruddy light shining and flickering upon the black panelling: there is the glowing wine and the litter of painted cards: with the two gay and beautiful girls in their fine glistering attire curtseying side by side, with a grace that is half mockery and half earnest, to the Captain; who, a good deal flushed, with one hand at his heart, stands making a low-leg like a courtier



Artists on Their Works.

THE modes in which it is possible to refuse to do that which you have been asked to do are many. Supposing, for example, that, as an artist, you are asked to state which of your own works is your favourite, you may adopt the very simple course of disregarding the letter altogether; or you may excuse yourself, with Miss Kate Greenaway, on the grounds that you really do not know. With Sir Frederic Leighton, P.R.A., Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., Mr. Bernard Partridge, and Mr. George Clausen, you may beg to be excused, because to answer would be to infringe the rules you have laid down for the conduct of your life; with certain other artists—Mr. Dendy Sadler

Nov. 8th 1895

West House.
Campden Hill Road. W

Dear Sir

I find it so difficult to fix on the very one of my own pictures that I consider my most successful work, that I have delayed my reply to your request almost to the verge of rudeness I fear. Such is not the case however. I have really been trying to be kindly impressions, and to rub all the others in order to put the time by a. On my "One Petticoat."

I can't do it. It is no use. I think

being of the number—you may explain that your refusal is due to a reluctance to make one owner of work from your easel proud at the expense of all the others. With Mr. Erskine Nicol, A.R.A. you are now about to read. Finally, you may write a refusal which really seems like a very full answer until it has been read through several times. For an example of how this is done you are

That you will find the painters are a more tender hearted lot than the authors who have given themselves away to you. Mr Zangwill for instance - who leaves his shivering, callow, brain-babes on the cold doorstep of the world and cuts away. Perhaps he is right. But it seems cruel. (Such nice infants too!) Some people are perhaps too gushing over their offspring. I remember asking the beaming mother of some twenty two or three (many of them twins) the same question you ask of me. "Which one of them she loved beyond all the others -". I shall never be forgiven. She seemed

you may explain that you "have a repugnance to that kind of thing," and if none of these plans please you, you may, with Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A., "decline to lend yourself to any such contemptible proceeding as—" the article referred to the letter from Mr. G. H. Boughton, R.A., here reproduced in facsimile.

The artists interrogated by the editor are all agreed in declaring the question a difficult one to answer. Thus the

son of Professor A. Legros, R.P.E., writes:

"In reply to your letter I have discussed the matter with my father. He finds the question a very difficult one to answer; if it had been a question as to his etchings, he would have said without hesitation that his best composition is *Le Triomphe de la Mort—Après le Combat*. Similarly amongst the medallions he has executed he would choose that of Darwin, and in sculpture he prefers the *Torse de Femme* of which there is a plaster cast in the South Kensington Museum. Again, had the question been slightly differently worded, the work in which he feels the most complete confidence is his drawing, and more particularly the drawings executed in metal-point: portraits. In respect of paintings alone he is not able to arrive at a definite decision, his choice being either *L'Amende Honorable* (at the Luxembourg) or *L'Ex Voto* (Dijon), to which he added: 'Si

to Swim out of the room on billows of tears. and has never spoken to me since.

I hope she will when she knows how I find myself unable to reply to your unfeeling question.

All the same I must admit that the new "Ludgate" is a very charming Magazine. and I must ask you to believe that

I am yours sincerely

G. H. Boughton.

To the Editor
of Black & White Ludgate
Magazine

celui de Dijon avait le style de celui du Luxembourg ce serait un œuvre, je crois, assez remarquable.'"

Mr. Tom McEwan is the first to use a metaphor which occurs to many another of his comrades:

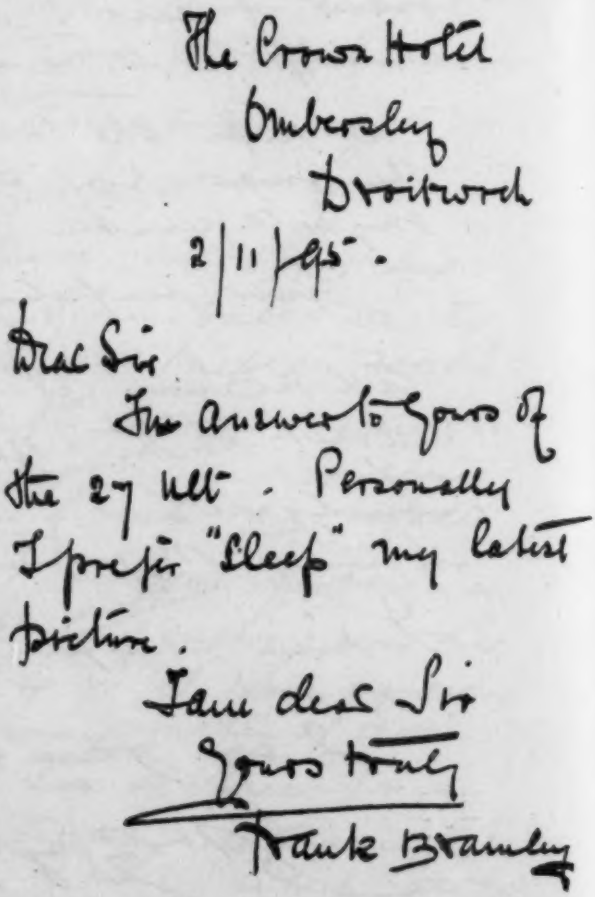
"I think you might as well ask a devoted father of an agreeable and loving family, which was his favourite child: perhaps the worst, because of the trouble he had with the same, and certainly not the least, the youngest, whose character is just being unfolded. My pictures have got scattered far and wide, many of them I have not seen since they left me with their clean faces and, perhaps, it were better I should never look on them again, for my own peace of mind. I do fancy, however, I have been most successful in depicting the life and every-day toil of the Scottish peasantry, where 'Thrift, industrious, bides her latest days,' and 'Love makes Care delight,' where 'Buirdly chiels and clever hizzies are bred' 'Blythe, blythe an' merry.' I am sorry I cannot prefer any one work and hope that my best is not yet painted."

The same idea occurs to Mr. Norman Garstin, who says:

"I rather fancy artists are like mothers: they are apt to regard with most affection some rather unfortunate one of their children who has given them most trouble and brought them least satisfaction. They possess this trait also in common with parents that they have a wistful tenderness for their last-born — their Benjamin; they hunger for the sound of its praises as a testimony that they are not 'falling off.' One more characteristic in common, they are both quite incapable of an impartial view of their progeny's merits. With these deductions I may say that I think my last picture, a portrait of Miss Frances Howell at the Fair Children's Exhibition is my most complete portrait and *The Iron Master* and *Her Signal*—the former shown a few years ago at the New English Art Club, and the latter at the Royal Academy—are my best pictures."

Letters from Miss Margaret I. Dickson and Mr. C. P. Sainton express another form of the difficulty there is in answering the question. The first-named says:

"I am afraid I cannot give an answer to your inquiry as to which of my pictures is my favourite, as I have no preference, all of them, such as they are, being the result of the best work I was capable of at the time I painted them. Naturally the latter ones are better in execution than my earlier efforts."


The Crown Hotel
Camberley
Deerwood
2/11/95.

Dear Sir
In answer to yours of the 27 ult. Personally I prefer "Sleep" my latest picture.
I am dear Sir
Yours truly
Frank Bramley

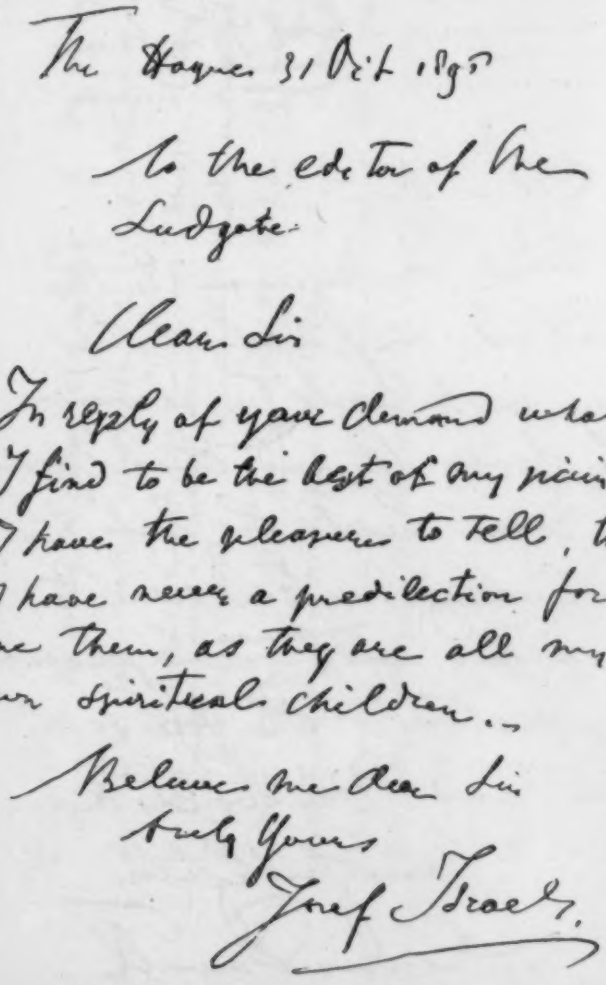
Mr. Sainton writes in almost identical terms:

"The question you put to me I find a difficult one to answer, for as I endeavour to improve upon past work, for my peace of mind, I am bound to persuade myself, as far as I can, to believe the last picture I engage upon to be the *only one* worthy of any consideration. I, however, have the recollection that, at the time of my last exhibition, I was under the impression that my water-colours, entitled *The Mist Fairies*, *A Pastoral* and *After Glow*, were better than former attempts."

Evidently this is the experience of a multitude of artists. Something of the same sort is expressed, though with a difference, in the letter from Mr. Josef Israels, which we reproduce; and the next letter, from Mrs. Louise Jopling, is but the same thing differently said:

"'Hope springs eternal in the human breast, Man never is, but always to be blest.' The picture that one imagines one might like the best is always one that is not yet painted. I could very easily tell you which was my favourite picture painted by any other artist; but this, you will say, is not what you want. Alas! I can only answer, 'Ask me another.'"

To conclude, for the present, here are some perfectly definite answers. Mr. A. J. Elsley writes:


The Hague 31 Oct 1895

to the editor of the Ludgate

Dear Sir

In reply of your demand what I find to be the best of my painting I have the pleasure to tell, that I have never a predilection for one them, as they are all my own spiritueals children..

Believe me dear Sir
truly Yours
Josef Israels.

"I am inclined to prefer my picture in this year's Academy, *Make Haste.*"

The Hon. John Collier makes an admission which entirely coincides with the remarks of Mr. Norman Garstin:

"I think that, on the whole, *A Glass of Wine with Cæsar Borgia* is the best picture I have painted so far. Of course, title, &c., as below: *Goldsmith's Social Gatherings, Green Arbour Court, 1759.* exhibited in the Royal Institute 1890. It depicts Goldsmith, in his struggling days, in his obscure lodgings, playing his flute to 'recreate the ragged infantry of the neighbourhood.' Sombre effect: twilight and candle-light."

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS
POWELL
INNELLAN, SCOTLAND

31 Oct 95

POSTAL ADDRESS
TORR-ALUINN
DUNOON. N.B.

Dear Sir

In reference to the
enclosed my reply is that
my last work is always
the favourite and thus "Spring
in Rosea" heads the list, but
on looking back I seem to
remember with some pleasure
my pictures of "The Isles of the
Sea" and "The Worlds Highway"

Yours faithfully
Francis Powell

I hope to paint much better ones in the future, but, though I consider this my best work, it is not the work I like most myself. I have more affection for *The Death of Albine.*"

Mr. H. R. Steer, R.I., writes as follows:

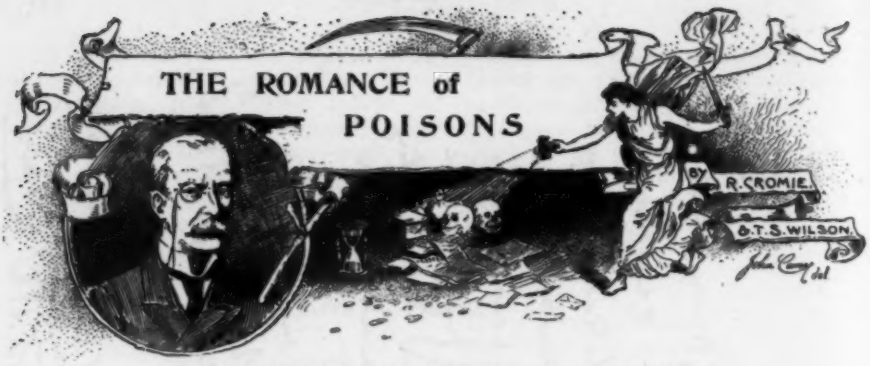
"In answer to your question as to which of my paintings I prefer, I send you the

And Mr. F. Stacpoole writes indignantly concerning the exquisite art to which he has devoted himself:

"Of all my engravings I prefer the *Circe* and the *Winter's Tale*, after Briton Rivière, R.A.; but I suppose you will hardly deem it worthy of notice now that engravings has been driven out of the field by the *wretched imitations* called

photogravures, and is in a fair way of becoming an extinct art in this country."

Other letters of the same kind are given in facsimile, the writers being: Sir Francis Powell, President of the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water-Colours; Mr. Frank Bramley, A.R.A.; and Mr. Walter Crane. A multitude of others must compose another article.



ILLUSTRATED BY J. H. BACON

THE ANTIDOTE.

CHRISTMAS DAY on board the *Kaiser Wilhelm III.* was spent by her passengers as Captain Stein had prophesied. A strong gale blew all day, and there was a heavy cross sea. Most of the senior, and all the junior passengers remained in their state-rooms, more or less prostrated by sea-sickness. The saloon was practically deserted. A few old hands sat at the Captain's table and worked their way steadily through the Christmas menu provided by the chief steward. But even they retired early, as the gale increased, and after dinner, only two men met in the smoke-room—Surgeon-Colonel Hedford and his friend, "Mr. Smith."

Trowbrigg was dissatisfied. He wanted fuller information from his immediate employer, the toxicologist, and said so, with firmness as well as politeness. The success of their mission was in the opinion of the ex-detective imperilled by the reticence of his chief. The chief believed in Trowbrigg, to a certain extent, but in himself implicitly. He meant to place fuller confidence in his officer immediately, but thought the time was not ripe for the final interchange of views. Trowbrigg had been engaged to act with him, at his own suggestion, by the Royal Standard Life Assurance Company. That is, Trowbrigg was to obtain certain information, and having done so he was to consider himself under Surgeon-Colonel Hedford's orders.

The desired information had been rather cleverly obtained by Trowbrigg. On its receipt the Royal Standard had telegraphed to Hedford asking for an immediate interview. The result of this meeting was that Colonel Hedford had taken a special train to Southampton, and caught the *Kaiser Wilhelm III.* sailing on her maiden voyage. Since the vessel sailed Hedford and Trowbrigg had been working independently—each pursuing his own line of investigation, with this difference, however, that while Trowbrigg reported daily to his chief, the chief kept his own counsel. Hence the interview in the smoke-room.

Hedford weighed the question of fuller confidence for a few moments, and decided that an unsatisfied subordinate is worse than none. He touched the bell, and a steward appeared, balancing himself in the doorway. The order was promptly supplied, notwithstanding the way the vessel pitched.

"Perhaps you are right," Hedford said, stirring a steaming tumbler of Glenlivet. "I intended to consult you to-morrow. But since you have mentioned it, I may as well do so now."

"The sooner the better," Trowbrigg said shortly.

"Quite so!" the specialist in poisons agreed, ignoring the acerbity of the other's manner. "I shall now give you all the data on which we have to work, including the result of my observations since I came on board."

Trowbrigg shook his head negatively and said, "I am afraid we are on the wrong scent. In fact, I doubt if there is a true scent at all—at least on this ship. I think the Royal Standard people are looking for a 'mare's nest.' What do you think of this? I suppose it represents the Royal Standard's case." He laid a newspaper cutting on the table.

"From the *Social Gazetteer*, I should say by the type," Hedford remarked, taking up the printed slip. It read as follows:

"A ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE. Society was pleasantly agitated not long ago by the report that a well-known ex-cavalry officer had wedded an American beauty whose face was by no means her only fortune. It appears that Lord ——— had, during his short but merry career in the —— Hussars, run through the large fortune which he inherited in his mother's right. He was entrusted with the design for a new wing to the Castle."

"The usual Society drivel," Hedford said, looking up; "and of no value."

"Read on," Trowbrigg said drily.

Hedford resumed: "When the noble Earl discovered that his son, so far from marrying an heiress, had taken to wife a waitress from a beer-garden in Chicago, his indignation at the folly of the bridegroom and the cupidity of the bride can be better imagined than described. A stormy interview between father and son resulted in the prompt expulsion from



"STIRRING A STEAMING TUMBLER OF GLENLIVET"

also deeply in debt, in addition to having exhausted both his father's patience and ready money. His resignation was accepted without remonstrance by her Majesty. When it was announced that the fortunate young nobleman and his millionaire wife would probably stop a few days at the Balham on their way through town, Society bestirred itself to welcome the happy pair. But they did not break their journey, going straight from Liverpool to the seat of his lordship's father in Downshire. The head of the noble house had meantime withdrawn his resignation of the county hounds, and a famous architect had been the Castle of the soi-disant heiress and her husband. Now comes the strange part of the story. A week after the expulsion of the prodigal son and his wife it was announced in the evening papers that Lord —— had effected a policy on his life with the Royal Standard Life Assurance Company for £80,000. This is not the highest on record, but it was considered worth paragraphing. There was consternation at the Castle in Downshire on receipt of this news. The prodigal had really returned with an American heiress, and unhappily the rich had been sent empty away. No telegram or letter found

them. They had disappeared. The burning question is, what object had Lord —— in raising, or in refusing to deny, the waitress story? Is the fair American a millionairess or an adventuress? One thing at least is certain, Lady —— is a beautiful woman. Her portrait, which has appeared in the illustrated papers, was greatly admired."

"Well," said Trowbrigg, "does that throw any fresh light on the case?"

"Not much—I mean none whatever."

"Is it correct?"

"It is, so far as it goes. The truth is, the Royal Standard people had no suspicions whatever until the waitress story got about. On hearing it they cabled to Chicago, and found it to be true; but everything else was satisfactory. The premium had been paid by a cheque on Rich and Co., who further reported his lordship to the Royal Standard's Bankers to be 'good for a thousand.' A fortnight later the policy was transferred to the principal of a firm of German money lenders in London. That was the first incident in the case which could be regarded as disquieting. The company became suspicious. You were commissioned to find Lord Frederick. The manager sent for me. Your telegram saying that his lordship was on board the *Kaiser Wilhelm* was handed to Mr. Scott while I was in his private office. I left London within an hour, and just managed to catch the ship at Southampton."

Here the consultation was interrupted by the entrance of the ship's doctor.

"I have been looking for you, Colonel," he said, with an apology for his intrusion. "The child of the gipsy woman is in *articulo mortis*. I wish you would look at it with me."

Hedford willingly consented, for it was an interesting case. On their way to the second-class state-room, in which the child was lying, they met the chief-engineer. He was going to the captain. His face was full of disappointment.

"Bearings heated. About to go 'half-speed,'" he said, as he passed. In a few minutes the engines were slowed. The change in the vessel's motion was instantly felt. All the passengers who could raise themselves tumbled out of their berths and hurried on deck. The officers were profuse in explanation and assurance. But the passengers were not entirely convinced. "Half-speed" in mid-ocean is unpleasantly suggestive.

Dr. Leibritch and Hedford were meanwhile examining the gipsy's child. It was a bad case of diphtheria. There was only one chance for the child's life—the operation that has cost the life of many a brave warrior of the lancet. Hedford ventured it. The child lived and Hedford suffered no ill results. When Dr. Leibritch told the gipsy woman what had been done, she overwhelmed the saviour of her child with passionate gratitude. In consequence he would have ceased to visit the patient but for one vague impression which he could neither explain nor dispel. Leibritch, it appeared, had given the gipsy a somewhat glowing account of the world-famed toxicologist. Hedford's impression was that the woman was genuinely grateful, but that there was more than gratitude in her importunity. Colonel Hedford's impression was ultimately justified. The woman's husband was a man named Hofer. He was the leader of a Hungarian Gipsy band going to fill an engagement in Chicago. The band had been in America some years before, and had made money. They played mostly in beer-gardens and music-halls. Hofer was a dark, saturnine man of forbidding countenance, but a thorough musician. At Andrassy's suggestion this band had played in the saloon every evening of the voyage. The music was usually too weird and eerie to be quite pleasant, but it was always fascinating. It suited Andrassy exactly. Second-class passengers were admitted to these concerts. Hofer's wife thus knew that Colonel Hedford was on friendly terms with Lord and Lady Erskine. He was constantly in their society. She formed a resolution which was rather heroic, considering the man to whom she was married and the man by whom they were both employed. She would tell Colonel Hedford what she knew about Lord Frederick Erskine and the man Andrassy.

The voyage was greatly protracted owing to the partial disablement of the machinery. One morning Lady Erskine appeared on deck without her husband. This was unusual. Hedford went to her and inquired for Lord Frederick with some anxiety.

"He is far from well," her Ladyship answered nervously. "He has been suffering from sore throat for the last

week, but thought it would pass away. Yesterday he did not leave his room, and this morning he is much worse. I am going to ask Dr. Leibritch to see him again."

While she was speaking, Hedford watched the girl closely, in spite of his own intense excitement. It was quite evident that she was in real distress, and that if she had been a waitress in a beer-garden she had not suffered in manner.

"I will find the Doctor for you," Hedford said; "and if you would not mind I should like to see Lord Frederick also."

"I should be very glad if you would," she answered gratefully. "You are always kind. You are our only friend."

"Andrassy?"

"For God's sake do not speak of him—as a friend, I mean."

There was a hysterical ring in her voice that Hedford did not miss.

"Yet you seem to know him very well."

"Yes—too well. But you will bring the Doctor immediately and come with him. I must go back to my husband. He does not like me to be long away."



"LADY ERSKINE, PALE TO THE LIPS"

Lord Frederick was suffering from a difficulty in breathing, due to laryngeal obstruction, and had a choking sensation frequently. Hedford, after a careful examination, approved of Leibritch's treatment, and thought that in a few days the trouble would be over. But the next day Lord Frederick was much worse. His face had assumed a painfully careworn expression owing to the muscles of extraordinary respiration having been called into play. He had no febrile symptoms, but his dyspnœa had increased. Both Leibritch and Hedford examined the patient with the laryngoscope and found that a growth had rapidly invaded the larynx and lower part of the pharynx. This growth had no resemblance to membrane. The tissues were hypertrophied, and the disease now extended down the trachea. The tissue was invaded by a minute fungus which was new to both examiners. They were beaten. The man must die.

A steward knocked at the state-room door. He had a message for Colonel Hedford. The woman Hofer wanted to see him on a matter of life and death. The steward was positive about the woman's fright.

Hedford left the state-room, and was absent a few minutes. His usually impassive face was a study when he returned. Suppressed excitement shook him. His first exclamation startled Dr. Leibritch into an output of long Teutonic words.

"Lord Frederick has been poisoned!"

The poor wife would have screamed out, but for Hedford's warning gesture.

"Not a word—not a sound!" Then speaking to Leibritch, Hedford said hurriedly, "The woman, Hofer, out of gratitude—that operation on the child, you remember!—swears he has been poisoned with an obscure fungus known to their band. She dare not say by whom. She has given me the antidote. The disease is not recognised by

the faculty. She says you will remember a similar case on the *Heckla*."

"I heard about it," Leibritch said, strongly agitated. "But I myself was ill on the voyage and did not see the later stages of the case. The man was buried at sea."

"Then shall we risk this?" Hedford held up a small phial. There was no label on it. It had little or no smell. The doctors could make nothing of it. Dr. Leibritch hung back. He did not like to advise. Lady Erskine, pale to the lips, and looking at Hedford with pathetic indecision said:

"I was kind to the woman, too. I think she likes me——"

"She told me so," Hedford agreed. "But we must decide at once. I think the woman's honest. I am absolutely certain she was in deadly fear when she gave me this."

"It is a grave responsibility," Leibritch said, in low voice.

The young wife looked imploringly to Hedford. But she dared not speak.

"It is a grave responsibility," Hedford said, decisively. "And I'll take it."

He applied the antidote as the woman Hofer directed. In an hour Lord Frederick breathed with greater freedom. Before morning he was out of danger.

Next day the *Kaiser Wilhelm III*, still under easy steam, made better progress, owing to the falling away of the strong headwind. Toward the afternoon Captain Stein held a large reception in his room. Lady Erskine, Colonel Hedford, Dr. Leibritch, and Mr. Trowbrigg were present. When the door was shut and locked, it was soon evident that the reception was in reality a Court of Justice.

Since Surgeon-Colonel Hedford started on the extraordinary career partly forced upon him by stress of circumstances which we have so far described, he had twice acted in an apparently brutal manner. But his action was unpremeditated in both cases. At least, he had not had sufficient time to consider his own conduct. He had arrived at a rough-and-ready sort of justice, no doubt. But he had been altogether illegal. This time he would take his man alive. Trowbrigg was delighted. The work was becoming almost professional. Hedford was examining counsel. Lady Erskine was the principal witness. She gave her evidence clearly, in the main, although she nearly fainted more than once from nervous strain. Hedford helped her as far as possible.

"Tell the Captain," he began, "what you told me this morning. Take your own time. Do not hurry. Do not exhaust yourself. When you met your husband first you were——"

"I was a waitress in Andrassy's beer-garden in Chicago," Lady Erskine answered, with great dignity.

"Just go on in your own way," Hedford said, to encourage her.

"My father was once a wealthy man," the girl commenced in a trembling voice that steadied a little as she went on. "But owing to Wall Street speculations he—he did something. I don't know what. He had to leave New York and went West. I never heard from him since. I could get nothing to do. My father's sin was visited upon me. At last, in Chicago, to save myself from want I took a place in Andrassy's beer-garden. One evening I was insulted by a drunken rowdy. Lord Frederick, who was seated at an adjoining table, defended me. We became friends, and in a month we were married. I was against it for his sake—perhaps you will not believe me——"

"No one will dispute your statement in this room," the president of the court put in, with an emphasis which suggested that the disputant would promptly find himself outside. Hedford smiled. His views of life had broadened since he left India. Humanity can be diagnosed as accurately as its diseases. He had learned that. It is a good start in the making of a competent sociologist. He would have staked his life on the word of the witness.

"And then?" he said in a kindly voice.

"We thought of trying orange farming in Florida—my husband had a little money left—but before we started, Andrassy, as the German employees called him, waited on us. He shewed me a letter from a firm of solicitors in San Francisco, which stated that my father had been killed by falling down the shaft of a mine he had bought. The mine turned out well. I was my father's only legatee. I would be entitled to a large fortune when the tedious legal formalities were completed. Meantime Andrassy offered to advance any money we required and advised us to go to



"A BLOW ON THE HEAD WITH AN IRON BAR"

Europe. I thought this very kind of him, especially as—as he had once been rude to me, and——"

"You left for Europe," Hedford supplied.

"Yes, we went at once, and after a short stay in Paris, were received with great kindness at Winchlesmere Castle. We were happy for a month. Then——"

"Take a little wine—I insist." It was the order of the president of the court, so it must be obeyed.

"A letter came from Andrassy saying that the mine had turned out a failure, and by the same post the Earl received my history. He insulted me before Lord Frederick, and an hour afterwards we left the Castle.

"Andrassy met us in London and proposed that my husband should insure his life for an enormous sum, and transfer the policy—as security for the money which he had advanced us—to his step-brother, a money-lender in town. This was done. That is all I know."

Lady Erskine was conducted to her state-room by Colonel Hedford.

On his return, the examining counsel

had only one further question to put. It was to Dr. Leibritch.

"Was Andrassy a passenger on the *Heckla* when the man who had the same form of throat disease as Lord Frederick Erskine died of it and was thrown overboard?"

"He was," Leibritch answered.

On which Colonel Hedford addressed the court at some length, and in a forcible peroration demanded that the men Hofer and Andrassy should be forthwith put in irons. He would answer for their prosecution when the ship reached port. His colleague, Mr. Trowbrigg, possessed a convenient knack of picking locks. They had visited Andrassy's state-room uninvited, in his absence, and found what Hedford expected—the gipsy fungus!

Captain Stein decided quickly. His order was promptly obeyed so far as Hofer was concerned. The Hungarian gipsy was soon in irons, but Andrassy could not be found.

"Steamer ahead!" The hail from the look-out distracted the interest of the searchers. The *Kaiser Wilhelm* had now been so long at sea, any interruption in the monotony of the voyage was welcome. Passengers and crew all crowded up to see the coming ship. Then when all on the *Kaiser Wilhelm*, including the officer on the bridge—and just for a moment, the man at the wheel—were watching the Blue Star Liner SS. *Magnificent*, a cloaked figure dashed into the wheel-house. A blow on the head with an iron bar laid the man at the wheel below it. The steam steering wheel spun round and the vessel, answering her helm instantly, swung broadside athwart the *Magnificent's* bows. The first lieutenant rushed to the wheel-house. He was too late. The *Magnificent* struck the *Kaiser Wilhelm* amidships and crashed almost through her.

There was no time for anything. The water-tight compartment doors were all open, as they had been kept with the rigid exactitude of sea-faring men. Hardly five minutes elapsed before the stricken ship began to settle down. Old Stein behaved like a hero, and his officers and crew followed his lead. He had been a bit of a martinet. Fire and boat-drill on any ship he commanded were no amateurish pretences. The petty officers and men knew their stations exactly and took them instinctively. There was a good deal of boatswain's whistling and shouting of orders, and telegraphing fore and aft, and a dumb, helpless, huddling together of the appalled passengers. The undisciplined many behaved sensibly, stood aside, did nothing, trusted all to, and did not impede the disciplined few on whom they wisely felt their lives or any chance of life depended. They raised a feeble cheer when the first of the boats went over the side. But the ship was settling fast. One side was a mass of wreckage. She listed heavily to port. The colliding steamer stood off to examine her own injuries. Captain Stein grasped the situation. He knew his ship would sink under him before one half his passengers could be got into the boats. His despairing signals to the other steamer had been ignored. Then it must be the good old story. The weakest must survive!

"Women and children first," Stein roared, standing at the starboard companion with a revolver in his right hand.

The sea was perfectly calm. Each boat was manned by a small crew, lowered from the davits, and rowed to the companion ladder to take off passengers—women and children first!

A man dashed forward.

"Stop," Stein thundered.

Surgeon-Colonel Hedford intervened, saying, as he put his hand on Andrassy's shoulder, "Don't trouble, Captain, this man is mine."

Andrassy wrenched himself free and made a dash for the companion. A puff of smoke spurted from Stein's revolver. The report was hardly heard. Andrassy, shot through the head, went over the companion rail. His body fell into the sea close to the boat which was being filled.

"I think that man is mine, Colonel Hedford," Stein said grimly.

Then in a loud voice the old Viking bade his passengers beware. He was captain of the *Kaiser Wilhelm III.* till she sunk. And she was still above water.

The *Magnificent*, badly injured, and almost sinking, stood by the *Kaiser Wilhelm* after all.

The present Earl of Winchelsmere—he succeeded to the title last year—is rapidly making his mark in the Upper House.

The gipsy's antidote to the poison used by Andrassy is not in the Pharmacopœia. Surgeon-Colonel Hedford means to put it there.



"DON'T TROUBLE, CAPTAIN, THIS MAN IS MINE"

LIFE'S IRONIES

Two aged men, that had been foes for life,
  Met by a grave and wept—and in those tears
They washed away the memory of their strife;
  They wept again the loss of all the years.

Two youths, discoursing amid tears and laughter,
  Poured out their trustful hearts unto each other;
They never met before and never after,
  Yet each remembered he had found a brother.

A girl and boy, amid the dawning light,
  Glanced at each other at a palace door;
The look was hope by day and dreams by night;
  And yet they never saw each other more.

Should gentle spirits born for one another
  Meet only in sad death, the end of all?
Should hearts that spring, like rivers, near each other,
  As far apart into the ocean fall?

FREDERICK TENNYSON.

Verses from *Poems of the Day and Year*, published by John Lane.



THE MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS

The Second City of the Kingdom.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM WALLACE. ILLUSTRATED BY D. Y. CAMERON.

"IN the Neither-Ward of Clydesdale and Shire of Lanark stands deliciously on the banks of the river Clyde, the city of Glasgow, which is generally believed to be of its bigness the most beautiful city of the world, and is acknowledged to be so by all forreigners (*sic*) that comes thither." So wrote in 1736 worthy John M'Ure, "Clerk to the Registration of Seisins," and so to this day is it "generally believed" by all patriotic natives of what is commonly characterised as the Second City of the Empire, with a sublime indifference to the existence of such insignificant places as Bombay and Calcutta. A century before M'Ure, Franck described Glasgow as "the nonsuch of Scotland, where an English florist may pick up a posie," and a century and a-half after M'Ure the English tourist finds anything but the suggestion of a "posie" on the banks and bosom of the Clyde. Its line is ancient though its fame is comparatively modern. Some time in the last quarter of the sixth century the Saintly Kentigern, of princely birth, was guided by an angel (of miraculous intelligence) from his native Culross, the quaintest even of Fifeshire villages now, to the banks of Clyde, where the silvery burn of Molendinar (now a sewer) runs into the river. There he built a church, on the site of the present Cathedral, and a village grew up around him. He was a fisher of salmon as well as of men, and by means of one fish that he caught he saved a *Woman Who Did* of the period from a compromising situation. The memory of his numerous miracles is preserved in the burghal arms — a tree with a bird amid its boughs, a bell on one side, and a fish with a ring in its mouth on the other. After his death the little community was lost to sight for some five hundred years, and only emerged into the light of history again in the days of King David I.

Since then it has gone on growing and flourishing by the preaching of the Word—

and otherwise; although even as recently as the middle of last century the entire mercantile fleet of the place engaged in the foreign trade did not exceed "forty-three ships and brigantines and sloops."



LORD KELVIN
From a photograph by Elliott and Fry

To four young men of that period belongs the honour and glory of first making Glasgow an important place of commerce. They went extensively into trade with Virginia, made Glasgow the tobacco-warehouse of Europe, founded banks and manufactories, and in general set an example of enterprise and perseverance which the young men of Glasgow have persistently followed to this day. Driven out of the Virginia trade by the American "Rebellion," Glasgow found a substitute for tobacco in West Indian sugar; then she took up American cotton and Canadian timber; next she opened relations with India, China, and the Australasian colonies; and her present prosperity is chiefly founded upon iron and coal, both of which are found at her doors, and to the proximity of which she owes her vast shipbuilding and engineering industries.

Such, in brief, is the commercial history of the Second City—if not of the Empire, certainly of the Kingdom—whose peculiar advantage it is to be not mainly dependent on one industry (like Manchester or Birmingham), but to have such a multiplicity and variety of industries that they can never all be "flat" at the same time. Half the population of Scotland is concentrated within an hour's ride from the Royal Exchange, and the whole of the west coast of Scotland and its innumerable islands are practically suburban in their relations to Glasgow. From the little village on the Molendinar, evolved in turn a burgh of Barony, a Royal burgh, a municipal burgh and a Parliamentary burgh. Around it grew up a number of other similar communities, all preserving municipal independence under commercial and social alliance. Bit by bit these burghs have (all but three, which still stand municipally aloof, though socially part and parcel of the community of Glasgow) been absorbed in the City, which two years ago was constituted a separate County. The municipal area now covers 11,860 acres, the rental is £4,165,869, and the population of the whole area constituting Glasgow proper may be assumed to be now not less than 850,000.

The greatest municipal developments have taken place under the Lord-Provostships of Sir James King and Sir James Bell, (whose portraits we give) upon each of whom the Queen bestowed a baronetcy. Sir James King is Chairman of the Clydesdale Bank, whose head-quarters are in Glasgow, is a large manufacturer, and is associated with all the leading mercantile and philanthropic enterprises of the place. Sir James Bell, the present highly popular Lord Provost, may be said to represent the shipping element, being an extensive



PRINCIPAL CAIRD
From a photograph by T. and R. Annan and Sons

ship-owner, but he is also largely interested in the development of enterprises connected with electricity, and he was one of the pioneers of the now immense import trade in refrigerated meat from America and Australasia. It is said to be the dream of Sir James Bell's life to purify the Clyde. It is a great ambition, but the task is Herculean, for the river has come to be a sort of common sewer for an immense population all the way along its banks from Lanark to Greenock. Before it became a sewer the Clyde was only a ditch, and how the citizens of Glasgow cleft and dug their way to the sea until the largest vessels afloat could come and load and discharge at their very doors, is one of the marvels of engineering. This was the work of the Clyde Navigation Trustees, whose duties are to maintain the fairway, and provide and supervise the immense dock and harbour accommodation, of which our illustration presents one view. The Lord Provost of Glasgow is *ex officio* chairman of this important body, which has to cater for shipping to the extent of five million tons annually, and has a revenue of £370,000.



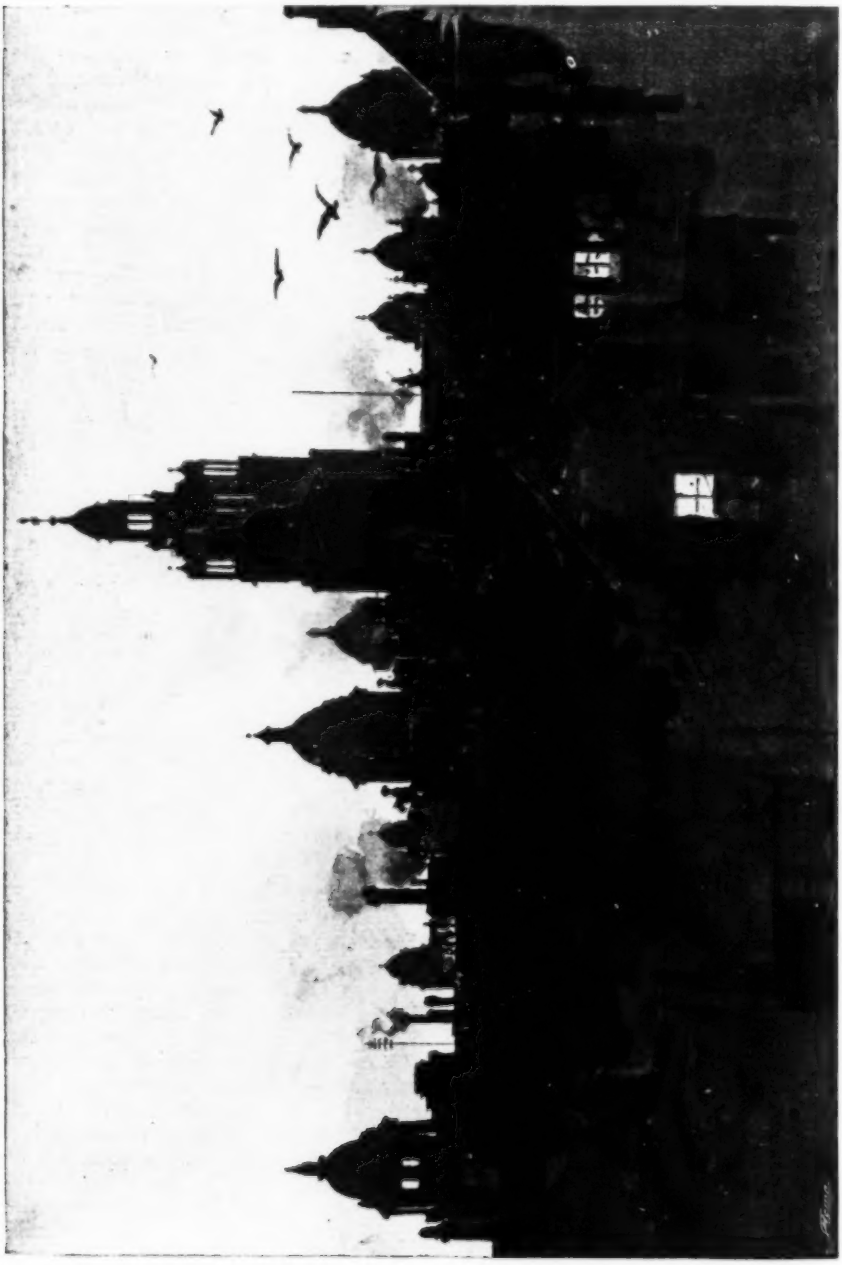
THE CATHEDRAL.

Having converted a ditch into a river, and a creek into a spacious harbour, Glasgow proceeded to construct an aqueduct of pipes and tunnels to bring the water of Loch Katrine a distance of 34 miles into the City. The cost of bringing Loch Katrine to the City was three and a-half millions sterling, and when the extensions now in progress are completed the works will be capable of supplying 100,000,000 gallons per day, or about double the present average consumption. The Corporation also undertakes the supply of gas and electric light, but it cannot be said that the extension of the electric light has been commensurate with the importance and wealth of the City. Municipal enterprise has found further outlet in the acquisition and removal of insanitary dwellings, the provision of many parks and open spaces, the construction of model lodging-houses, artisans' dwellings, baths and wash-houses, and the like, and in the organisation of an enormous and tireless sanitary department. The latest departure has been the acquisition by the Corporation of the tramways, previously worked by a company on lease. Since the middle of 1894 this service has been under municipal management, and is expected to prove, ultimately, a large source of profit to the ratepayers. At present it is claimed that Glasgow has the cheapest and best tramway service in the Kingdom; but the citizens look forward to something better when a substitute for horse-power can be found.

As she grew in wealth and in municipal dimensions Glasgow built unto herself a stately pleasure-dome, not with caves of ice like that of Kubla Khan, but with a marble staircase that is generally supposed to be one of the wonders of the world. It is certainly

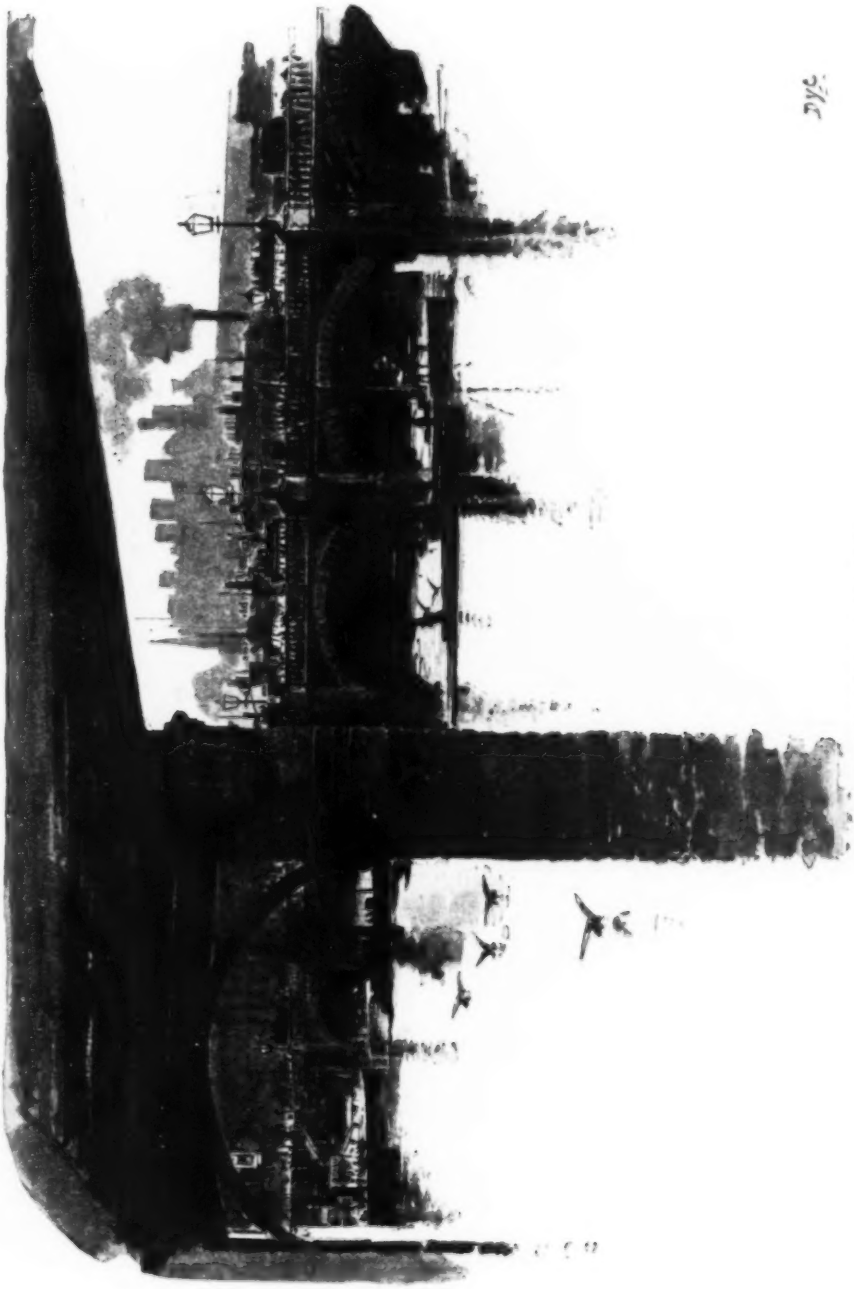
very beautiful, and it was assuredly very costly. The City Buildings, of which we present a view, cost £530,000, and the odd £30,000 may be put down against the marble staircase and adjuncts.

When all these things were done, or were being done, Dr. Albert Shaw came over from America and discovered Glasgow. He declared it all to be very good, and assured the world that in respect of method, constitution and enterprise, Glasgow may claim not the second,



TOWERS, DOMES AND CHIMNEYS FROM BOTTENROW

but the first, place among the communities of Great Britain. Municipal London is only about a mile in extent, and contains a population of less than 40,000; Municipal Glasgow covers many miles, and had in 1891 a population of 657,000. Dr. Shaw says it is a model municipality, and holds it up to the admiration and imitation of the world. Nor, *pace* Birmingham, is he very wide of the mark.



GLASGOW BRIDGE

The casual visitor to Glasgow is often disposed to regard it as rather a depress-



THE HIGH STREET

ing study in grey. Undoubtedly its tone is sombre, but there is an undeniable majesty in the elevation of its buildings, and in the grand sweep of its spacious streets. There are times, in early morning or by sunset, when unexpected beauties of perspective burst upon the street-farer. The general plan of the modern city is rectangular, it is built upon a low range of hills, and is encircled so picturesquely by other ranges, that there is nothing of the "level waste, the rounded grey," in itself or its environment. A popular delusion exists south of the Tweed that a perpetual rain-cloud broods over Glasgow, but this must be ranked amongst southern fallacies, such as that Edinburgh is in the Highlands, that everybody north of the Tweed wears the kilt, and that the Regent Street of Glasgow answers to the name of "Bewkannon."

In art and culture Glasgow professes to be half-a-century ahead of the rest of the Kingdom. She has not only a School of Art and rich municipal art-treasures, but she has also an Art School of her own. Here, in this grey "sea-born city," is concentrated some of the most confident opinion and vigorous expression in matters of Art that one can find out of London—if even there. The "Glasgow School" may not be yet as well-known in London as the "Newlyn School," but it is infinitely more original and more ambitious, and it is steadily carrying its Art message across the continent of Europe.

Glasgow is a city of "flats"—such as were once sneered at by Englishmen, but which are now being adopted all over the Kingdom—but it is also a city of education. No paper on Glasgow would be complete without some reference to the striking building on Gilmorehill, in which Principal Caird, first of British preachers now that Canon Liddon is gone, presides with dignity over the historic University in which Adam Smith once held a chair, which has lately given a Professor of Greek to Cambridge and a Master of Balliol to Oxford, and in which the most distinguished scientist of our time, Lord Kelvin, President of the Royal Society, still occupies the chair of Natural Philosophy. Queen Margaret's College, for, what Sir Piercie Shafton would doubtless have, with truth as well as with elegance, termed "Molendinary Maidens," is now affiliated to the University, but St. Mungo's College, which has grown up extra-murally within the



SIR JAMES BELL
From a photograph by W. Ralston



SIR JAMES KING
From a photograph by T. and R. Annan and Sons

last seven years and which preserves in its title the local name of the City's patron saint, still retains its independence.

It is a city of kirks, too, quite as much as Cologne is a city of churches. The spires that rise heavenward are innumerable, if the architecture of them is not always of most exalted order. A world of ecclesiastical and polemical tradition



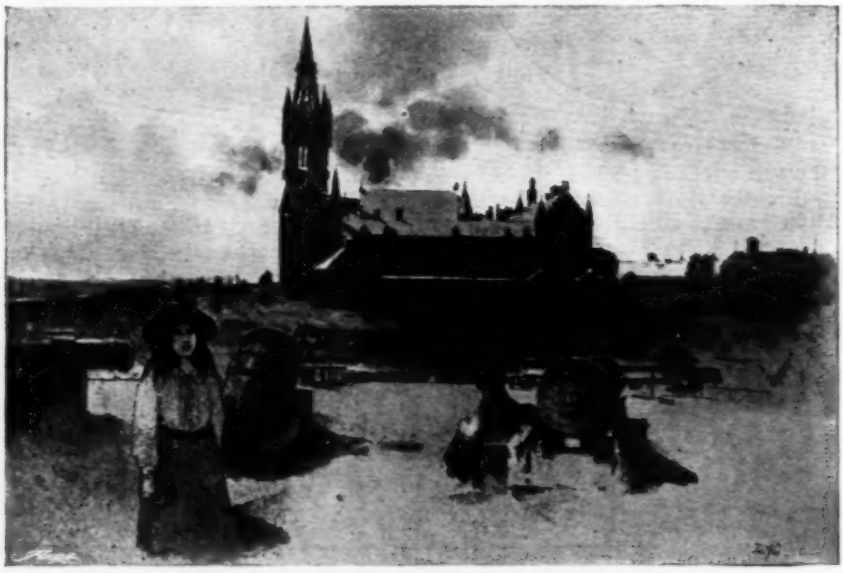
JAMAICA STREET

clusters round the old Cathedral, which once gave shelter to three separate worshipping bodies — two of which afterwards erected comparatively large Bethels of their own in the structures which came to be known as the Barony Church, in which Norman Macleod long officiated, though the building associated with his ministry has been replaced by a more modern and less beautiful edifice; and the quaint old church of St. Paul's. Among the older ecclesiastical edifices, too, one may see, breaking the line of the great East and West thoroughfare, known as Argyle Street, the steeple of the old Tron Church in which Dr. Chalmers alternately thundered and sentimentalised on economics and astronomy. This old steeple projects over the very pavement along which the renowned Captain Paton, of whom "we ne'er shall see the like no mo'."

"In dirty days he picked well
His footsteps with his rattan:
Oh! you ne'er could see the least speck,
On the shoes of Captain Paton."

and where "along the plainstanes like a Provost he would go," on his way to the coffee house, or maybe to foregather with a friend whom he would invite to dine with him off a herring, and a mutton chop, "which his maid dressed very fine," with a little Malmsey and a bottle of Bordeaux. He was the prince of all good fellows, for whom punch and tears should still be shed.

There is the Saltmarket on the left, "in sorrow, grief, and wo," and where it joins with the main artery of Argyle Street is the quadrangular intersection known as "The Cross," where alone survives in modern Glasgow the ancient Scottish custom of ushering in the New Year with a dram. There, at mid-night on every 31st of December, is a sight to see.



THE UNIVERSITY

"A town ca'd, Glasgow!" cried Andrew Fairservice in wrath when Francis Osbaldistone asked him to direct him "the nearest way to a town in your country of Scotland called Glasgow." "Glasgow's a ceety, man." Andrew was right. But if Glasgow was a "ceety" in the days of Rob Roy, it claims now to be in everything but name a metropolis. Her citizens are as good-natured and hospitable as they were in the days of Bailie Nicol Jarvie. They can still be stirred into fierce wrath, however. That is when Edinburgh seeks, in virtue of history or legal right, to exercise metropolitan privileges over them.

From Generation to Generation.

THE FAMILY OF SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P.R.A.



SIR JAMES LEIGHTON: SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON'S GRANDFATHER

FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE DAWE, R.A.



MR. FREDERIC SEPTIMUS LEIGHTON: SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON'S FATHER

FROM A PAINTING BY H. T. WELLS, R.A.



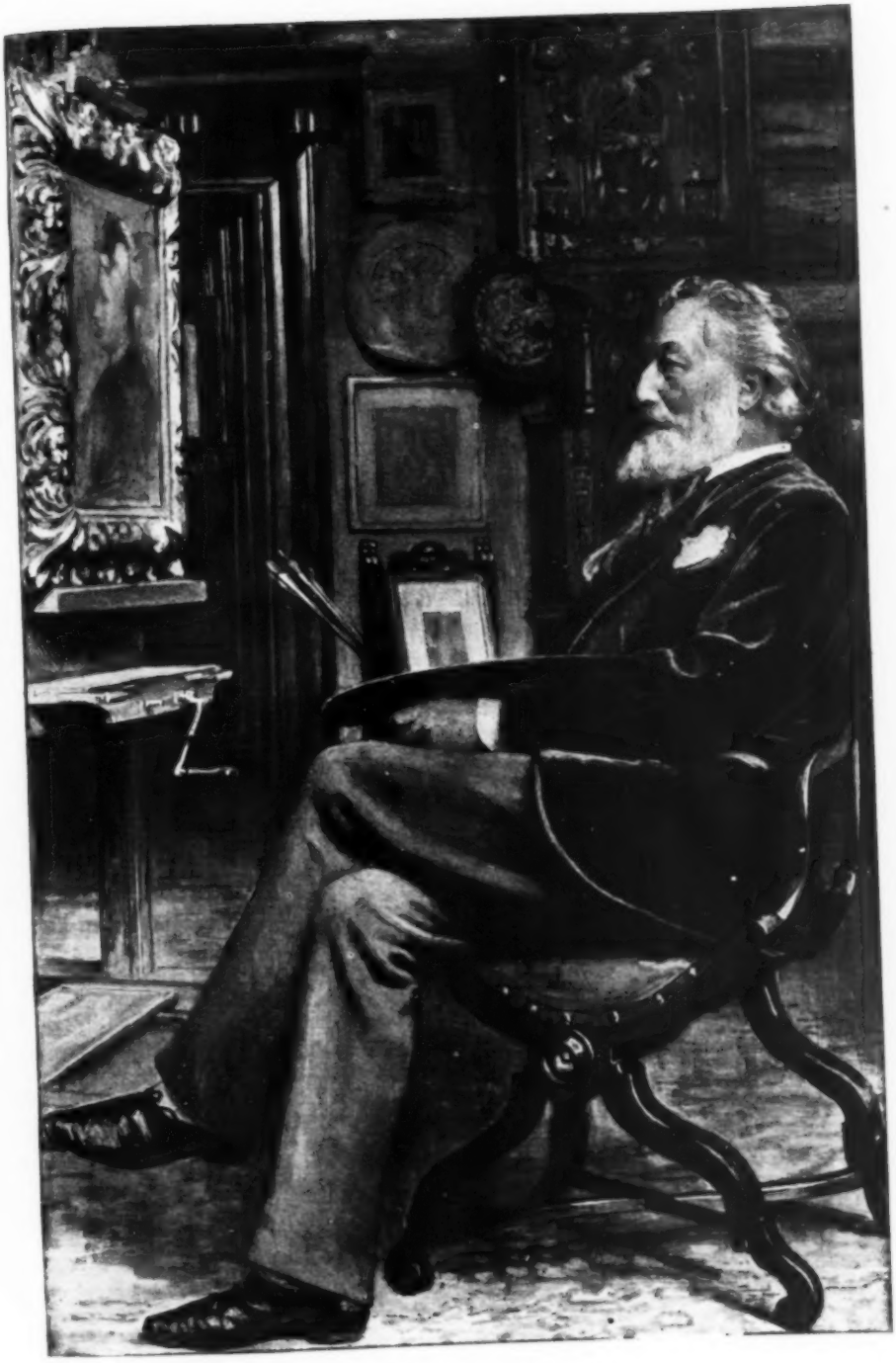
MRS. LEIGHTON: SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON'S MOTHER

FROM A SKETCH MADE BY SIR FREDERIC IN HIS YOUTH



MRS. SUTHERLAND ORR: SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON'S SISTER

FROM A PAINTING BY SIR FREDERIC



SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

DRAWN BY G. G. MANTON



ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

A Fit of Madness.



THE Birthday honours were particularly interesting one year, and they were discussing the list with some little animation round at the Club. Naturally enough I referred to the subject an hour or two later in Smurthwaite's rooms, sneering, as the men at the Club had done, at a certain obnoxious nonentity upon whom a baronetcy had been conferred.

"I daresay you are right," said Smurthwaite. "For myself I am chiefly interested to see that Morrison has got his K.C.B."

"Morrison?" I exclaimed, looking at the list in my *Pall Mall Gazette*. "Something official, isn't he?"

"He's in the—well, if I am to tell you his story I had better say simply that he is an honoured and respected servant of the public."

"Having said that," I suggested, "you may as well go ahead with the story."

"I must tell you," said Smurthwaite, "that I only came into the story at the very end. It was a long time in the enactment, and goes back, indeed, to the day when Morrison was married. He was six-and-twenty then, and for ten years he attended regularly to the duties of his office, and lived a perfectly humdrum sort of life, which ought to have gone on placidly, with a gradual increase of emoluments and decrease of work, until the time came when he should retire to the enjoyment of a comfortable pension."

"But surely," I said, "surely the Birthday list shows that those who anticipated such a career for him were perfectly right?"

"Perhaps," said Smurthwaite, "but I was going to tell you a story. . . For ten years this man had lived a regular and commonplace life, and then came a day when he was walking with a friend, one Fletcher, in a public place. This friend, meeting a lady of his acquaintance, introduced Morrison, but did so in such a way that—as is common with people newly introduced to one another—neither caught the other's name correctly. They all three walked together for a little while, and then, the friend being suddenly called away, Morrison offered to conduct the lady to her destination, and his offer was accepted.

"I am not prepared to say how far his eccentricities would have gone had matters remained as they were when he left her presently. Miss Stonor—that was her name—was a spinster of somewhere over thirty. She had means of her own, and had just returned from some years of

travel on the Continent. Fletcher, who had known her parents, was the only acquaintance she and Morrison had in common. This much came out in the course of conversation. Also, when they parted she called him by a name—Martingale, if I remember rightly—which was utterly unlike his own, and he did not enlighten her as to her error.

"I do not remember that he ever attempted to account for his subsequent conduct by laying the blame on Providence, but if you will suppose that he left Miss Stonor very much infatuated with her, and knowing the extent to which she was ignorant as to his identity, you must admit that the next thing I have to tell you looks as if Fate had taken a hand in the comedy of these lives. For Morrison read in the morning paper, as he breakfasted the next day, that Fletcher was dead. He had left his friends to transact some business, and on the way to the place appointed had been knocked down by a hansom and killed at once.

"Again the progress of the story must be left to your imagination for a time. Certain it is that Morrison continually visited Miss Stonor, and that she still remained in perfect ignorance of his real name. He even told her some lie as to the calling he followed, and explained the paucity of his acquaintances by enlarging on the absorbing nature of his business.

"Finally, his holiday approaching, he told his wife that his doctor had recommended him to go abroad, to take a course of the waters at some Continental health-resort. She suspected nothing, having perceived no change in his conduct, and so he left her. A few weeks before he had proposed to Miss Stonor and been accepted. It was arranged that—since neither of them was particularly youthful or had many friends who needed to be consulted—they should be married very quietly. The ceremony took place on the second day of the holiday which Morrison was supposed to be spending at a Continental watering-place, and Miss Stonor took to calling herself Mrs. Martingale.

"They started for the Continent together and there spent a very pleasant honeymoon at a place hard by that at which Morrison had told his wife he would be staying. Every day or two he would drive over there to get his letters and go into a *café* to write the necessary replies. And towards the end of the time allowed for his holiday they returned to England and took a house somewhere in the south of London.



THE DISCUSSION AT THE CLUB

"Now it would seem incredible that a man previously of notably regular habits should be able to begin to live a double life—to be husband to two wives—without detection. Yet Morrison, when he had left his office, was alternately the man he had always been in the past, and Mr. Martingale, 'something in the city.'

"Neither of the women appear to have suspected anything, nor did there

occur any awkward *contretemps* such as would have happened in nine cases out of ten, to bring about the disclosure of his secret. It is easy to imagine that this result was not attained without a tremendous strain upon the man's nerves —to say nothing of his pocket—and so it was only natural that in the end he should grow tired of his double life and long for the placidity he had enjoyed before the time of his meeting with Miss Stonor. But this was not until the deception had been successfully carried on for close upon seven months.



"SHE SHOWED HIM THE LETTER"

"Then the man seems to have got thoroughly tired out. He finally returned to his lawful wife, and managed to get a letter, addressed to the other woman, posted at Brindisi. In this he confessed to her, in more or less general terms, that he had been a blackguard to her. He added that, having taken steamer to India in order to escape from his trouble, he found that remorse for his evil deed pursued him still, and so was resolved to throw himself overboard before the vessel on which he was a passenger should have reached Port Said. After that she heard nothing of him.

"She somehow did not believe that he was dead; it was so obviously unnecessary for a man to go half-way to India to do the deed if he had once really resolved on suicide. She wisely resolved to let the dead past bury its dead, if it would, and, in the meantime, went back to her old life, and lived as happily as might be under her own name.

"She never met the man who had pretended that he was her husband. He was living the commonplace existence against which this mad escapade of his may have been a protest; and, knowing now what it was to lack placidity and calm, was thoroughly enjoying his return to tranquility. His official position was one of greater responsibility, and his wife looked upon him as a sort of epitome of the conjugal virtues.

"For some years Miss Stonor was not permitted to forget the unpleasant episode of her marriage, which was not a marriage. She met, after seven years, a country gentlemen of very old family, a childless widower who fell deeply in love with her and asked her to marry him.

"It would have been all right if she had been able to tell him that his attentions were unwelcome, but this was not the case. After a long interval of distressful doubts she decided to tell him the whole of her story. She did so, showing him the letter which had come to her from Brindisi to announce the pretended suicide of Morrison. Her lover behaved rather curiously for so inveterate a Tory as he was: he pointed out that seven years had elapsed since she had heard from Martingale, so that, in any case, she had the right to marry again. She did so, and became Mrs. Cleary, living thereafter on her husband's estate in Ireland.

"From that time forward all went pleasantly enough. The letter from Brindisi was all that remained to keep Mrs. Cleary in mind of the things she would fain have forgotten. Investigation was made, so far as investigation was possible under the circumstances of the the case, into the story contained in that letter. That is to say, an inquiry was made with a view to discovering whether any man who might have been the mysterious 'Martingale' had committed suicide between Brindisi and Port Said at about the time of the despatch of the letter. Mrs. Cleary had never believed to his master and begged his assistance and advice.

"Mr. Cleary heard his tale, and could not understand why the money was not paid to him still. He appeared, so far as his master could see, to have omitted none of the prescribed formalities, and so a letter was eventually written to the office within whose province the matter would naturally come, detailing the circumstances of the case and asking for an explanation of the delay in the payment of the money. That letter was the means of the clearing up of the mystery which had so long troubled Mrs. Cleary.



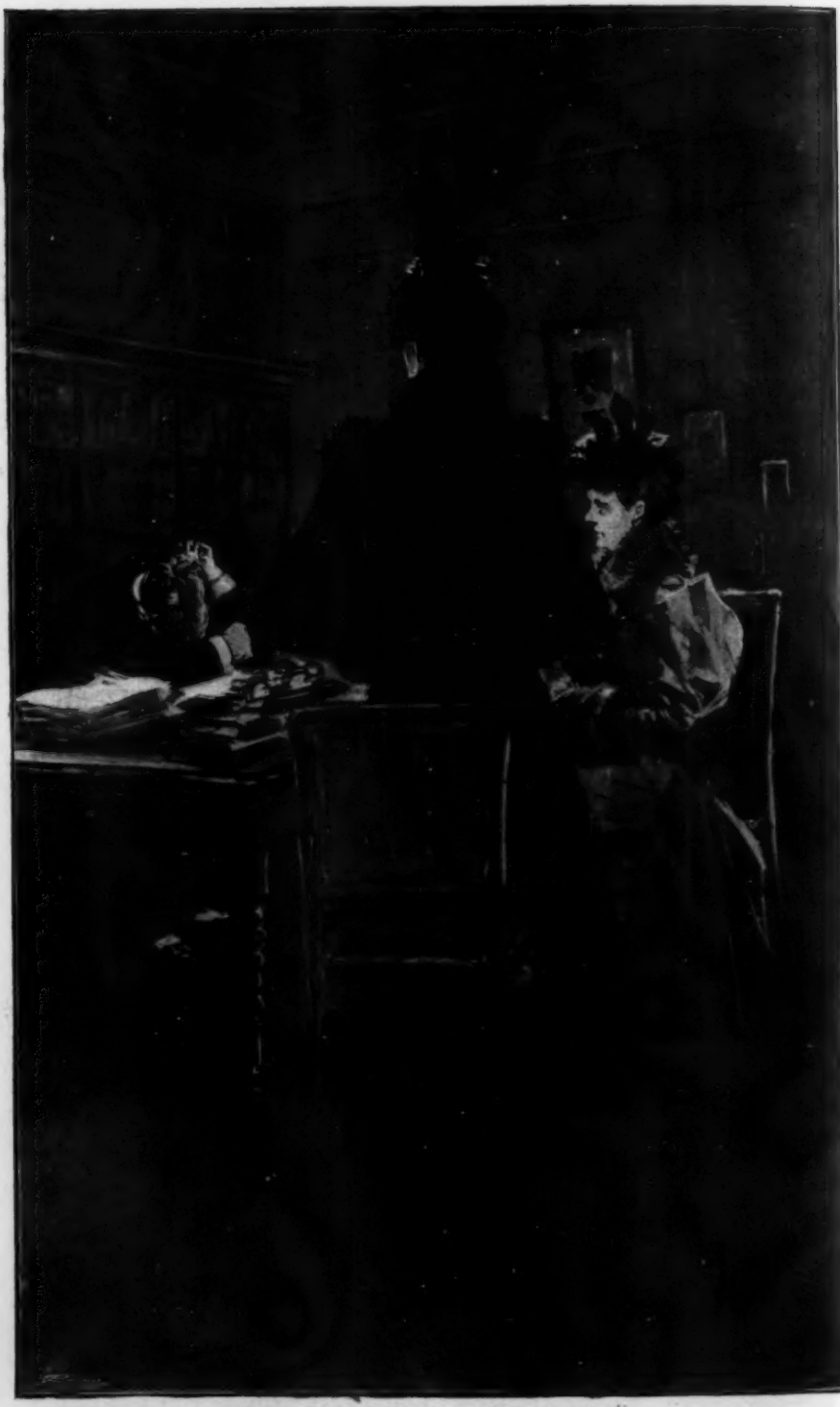
"HIS WIFE ROSE AND CAME TO HIS SIDE"

that the suicide had actually come to pass, and the negative evidence assigned in the course of the inquiry tended to confirm her in the opinions that she held.

"The event which brought matters to the climax long expected by the lady was the hiring of a new gardener—or lodge-keeper, I forget which—by her husband. This man also had been—well, let us say that he had been a servant of the public. He was entitled to a small pension, which he had hitherto received without any irregularity of payment. He had no sooner come to his new position, however, than the pension ceased to be paid to him because of some informality. Naturally he went

"A few days after the despatch of the letter there came a reply in an official envelope. It so hapened that Mrs. Cleary came down to breakfast a few minutes before her husband was ready, and, of course, she began at once to examine the pile of letters which lay upon the table.

"The gardener was a very good servant, and his wrongs had excited a good deal of sympathy in his employers. When, therefore, Mrs. Cleary saw that the official reply had arrived, she caught it up, and, being perfectly in her husband's confidence, opened and began to read it. But she was strangely disturbed by the dull official letter, in which



"HE BROKE DOWN COMPLETELY"

a Government clerk acknowledged the receipt of her husband's protest, and promised that it should be attended to. She grew pale and scrutinised the thing closely. Then she slipped it into her pocket and left the room.

"Her husband presently came into the breakfast-room, and in a few minutes Mrs. Cleary returned and took her place at the head of the table. Mr. Cleary had received various letters of interest, and there was some piece of news in the morning's *Freeman* which suggested conversation. He talked on pleasantly, therefore, hardly noticing that his wife's replies were mainly monosyllabic, so that, if you had looked in upon them, you would have said that here was a comfortable middle-aged couple, excellently situated, and as far removed from any mysterious trouble as man and woman could be.

"Presently, however, Mrs. Cleary spoke. 'There was another letter for you,' she said nervously.

"Mr. Cleary looked up, puzzled. 'Another?'

"'Yes,' she said, holding out the letter. 'I opened it.'

"'Why that's the reply as to old Jameson's pension,' exclaimed her husband. 'Oh! it is only an acknowledgment of my letter.'

"His wife stopped him. 'Oh!' she said, 'the contents can wait. Look at the handwriting.'

"Mr. Cleary did so, and as he looked at the writing, a look of being puzzled gradually came over his face. 'I seem to know it,' he said presently.

"His wife rose and came to his side. She laid an open letter on the table in front of him, and then placed the official note beside it. 'Do you recognise it now?'

"'My God!' cried Cleary, 'It is the same writing. We have found the man at last.'

"By a strange coincidence, such as only could have happened in real life, the letter was written and signed by Morrison, under whose attention the matter had come. Cleary read as far as the signature. 'The scoundrel has changed his name,' he said. 'Now the question is to decide on what we are to do.'

"After that there followed an eager discussion of the modes of procedure open to them. Mr. Cleary had a sister who lived hard by, and to her his wife had already confided the secret of her past. She was now called in to assist on deciding a course. It was finally arranged that the two ladies should go up to London and interview Morrison.

"They did so. They were shown into the room he occupied, and even a stranger could not have doubted that he was guilty. He broke down completely, and begged that in her great kindness the woman he had wronged would withhold her hand and do nothing to destroy his position, whether official or otherwise. He swore that he had done what he did in a sudden fit of inexplicable madness, and then again implored mercy at the hands of the two women, who listened contemptuously.

"Luckily for him it would have been a suicidal policy to expose him. It was at this juncture that I was called in, and very soon a decree annulling the marriage with him was obtained. There was no opposition; the names and stations of the parties were slurred over as far as was possible; and in a little while Mrs. Cleary had effectually cut herself off from her unpleasant memories of the past."

Smurthwaite paused. Outside the dusk settled down slowly. The roar of London was very distant, as it seemed.

"And Morrison?" I asked.

"Your evening paper tells you how he has prospered as a public servant. I believe, too, that his wife is just as ignorant as the public of his escapade. It must have been a brief madness. For the future he will doubtless be the sanest and most commonplace of men, and prosper greatly."

As a matter of fact Smurthwaite's prophecy was justified by the events which followed. Morrison died a few years after I heard this story, and the obituaries in the morning papers were eloquent of a sincere respect.

The "Ludgate" Prize Competitions.

The "Ludgate" medals were again sought after by many competitors; and, especially in the case of the photographs, the task of adjudication was by no means easy. Finally the medal was awarded to Miss Mabel Stopford, 52, Carlisle Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W., for her study of cattle. Five other pictures were deemed worthy of commendation, and are accordingly reproduced here. The best set of verses was "Bimini," by Ernest A. Carr, Lyndall, 91, Thurlestone Road, West Norwood, S.E. "On the Pier," by F. C. R., and "The Passing of the Year," by E. Macdowell Cosgrove, were commended. As to the drawings, "A Legend," by C. W. Crosby, was excellent in parts, but the "Sweet Anne Page" of W. Halcombe, Estaville, Sunnyside, Herne Bay, was deemed completer, and obtained the medal. The best short story was "Are you Glad?" of Miss Bertha Bawden, Tamar View, Tavistock. In the next Photographic Competition there is no restriction as to subject.

THE BEST SHORT STORY.

ARE YOU GLAD?

BY MISS BERTHA BAWDEN, *Tamar View, Tavistock.*

TAP, tap, tap, goes my lady's slipper on the fender rail. Tap, tap, tap, it echoes round the room, the only sound that breaks the silence. They have been quarrelling, as any one might see had such an one been present. The man waits, expecting something more, then with an assumed carelessness shrugs his shoulders and marches out of the room, remarking as he goes that he shall dine at the club, and she need not wait up for him. So she is left with a long, lonely evening before her for the first time since her marriage. As the door closes behind him she looks around the luxuriously furnished room, which seems to her very like a gilded cage—and yet she must own her keeper is kind to her—or has been up to this evening—and now they have been quarrelling for nothing at all.

Her mind goes back, as any woman's would at such a time, to her old home. Once more she is beautiful Miss Annesley, living with an old maiden aunt. She had few or no friends, for women failed to see that anything so cold and lovely needed sympathy; they envied her and some disliked her; a few were simply indifferent, but they were rich and she was poor. She had two younger sisters at school, and they did not think her cold.

It was for their sakes, partly, that she had given in when everyone persuaded her to marry a rich man, and the man himself laid out his treasures temptingly before her while he assured her of his love. She ought to be happy, but to-night she is not.

Several hours later, when her husband comes in, he finds her sitting before the fire with hands lightly lying in her lap, doing nothing. "Why did you wait up for me?" he asks, gently. "I told you to go to bed."

"I don't know," she answers. "I thought I shouldn't sleep."

The man sits in the chair opposite and they watch the fire together.

"Captain Chilton was at the Club," says he, breaking the silence.

A change passes over her; she seems to wake up and the man, without looking, feels it. "Did you see much of him?"

"No, I choked him off." For a few seconds the fire again claims all attention; then he continues: "He was

several seas over. I don't think anyone was particularly glad to see him; he has not been very popular lately. Then he talks in such a sickening way of the Mayor's red-headed daughter, wants to make one believe he's madly in love with her and wishes she hadn't a brass farthing—when he's sober. To-night he cursed some other woman for driving him to the—— I beg your pardon——"

"He was not always bad," said the woman.

"No?"

"I used to like him," she continues.

"So he said."

The colour rises angrily in her face; but the man looks in the fire as if he saw it not. "Perhaps it is the fault of that—that woman he talked about—I mean that he seeks forgetfulness in other things now," says she.

"Do you think so? I don't. A man has himself to thank most of all for what he is or is not. It's cowardly to put it off on anyone else."

"You may be right, and yet——"

"Oh, yes, I'm right. I knew a girl once who married a man of his sort. Do you think she was happy or he any the better for it? No! What do you think happened to her in the end?"

The woman slips from her chair upon the hearthrug and holds her hands out to the blaze; she feels as if he were talking of her and it makes her shiver. "Shall I tell you?" he goes on, gently pulling his chair nearer and propping a cushion against his knee that she may lean back. "She became a burden to him. For years he was simply indifferent, which was hard, for she was a beautiful woman. Now and again, she told me, he would feel proud of her as a show-card. This was after his love had died, and it didn't live long. And so time went on until she found that she interfered with his plans and his pleasures, and when his regiment went abroad she stayed at home and people pitied her. Would you like to be pitied, little one?"

"If she was beautiful," said the woman, putting aside his question; "why did he tire of her?"

"That was just it: it was only her beauty he loved and when the novelty wore off he ceased to see it."

"Surely that was her fault?"

"Her fault again! Why are you so hard on your sex?"

"Because—oh I don't know," and her hands tremble as she stretches them out to the fire. "But did she love him?"

"I hope not!" said the man. Again there is silence in the room; then: "The fellows are going to put Chilton out of the Club; they can't stand him any longer," says he. "I want to tell you why it was that I went to your aunt before I spoke to you: why I told her the length of my rent-roll and the number of my acres. It was because you should not marry him!"

The man's face is very white as he watches the fair head on the cushion against his knee. "Some day," he goes on softly, as if in pain; "some day you will be glad," and he lightly touches the coils of her hair.

For a minute she watches a small piece of coal sputtering in the grate; then, drawing his hand down over her cheek, she murmurs:

"I am glad—now!"



The Best Drawing.



O! That my love could but engage
Her passing notice—sweet Anne Page!

BY W. HALCOMBE, Estaville, Sunny Side, Herne Bay

The Best Set of Verses.

BIMINI.

LISTEN! a voice through the voices borne,
A singer's voice in the dusty street:
"Comrades, weary and spent and worn,
Toiling and fainting in day's long heat,
Sigh ye for rest and its raptures sweet?
Will ye not seek them in Bimini?

"In the fair fields of that dim far shore
Peace dwells, and beauty, and changeless spring.
Toilers, your labours shall all be o'er,
Lovers, no partings your hearts shall wring:
Mothers of sorrow, dark Sorrow's wing
Stirs not the stillness of Bimini."

Pallid faces grow flushed and bright,
Sad hearts leap at the haunting song,
Darkened eyes catch a gleam of light,
Weary souls for a space grow strong:
Old and young round the singer throng.
"Lead, ah lead us to Bimini!"

Why do they falter and turn away—
Shrink from the words that the singer saith?
Turn to their toil and the garish day?
Weird is the message he whispereth:
"Through the dark valley of lonely Death
Lieth the pathway to Bimini!"

BY ERNEST A. CARR, *Lyndall, 91, Thurlestone Road, West Norwood, S.E*



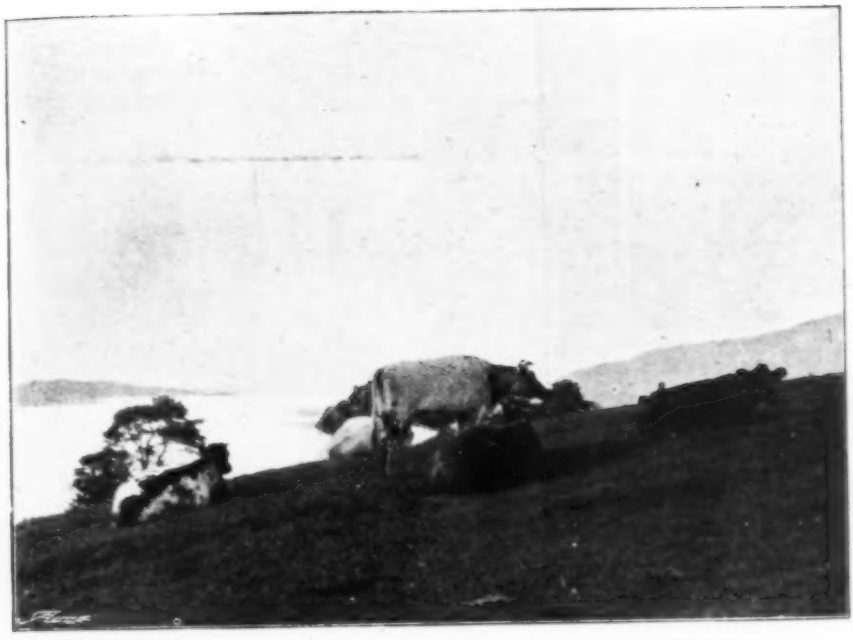
The Best Photograph.



STUDY OF CATTLE: MEDAL PHOTOGRAPH
BY MISS MABEL STOPFORD, 52, *Carlisle Mansions, S.W.*



COCKINGTON SMITHY, SOUTH DEVON: COMMENDED
BY C. P. CAMERON, *Edinburgh*



CATTLE BY WINDERMERE LAKE: COMMENDED
BY S. RICHMOND, *Liverpool*



SHEEP FEEDING: COMMENDED
BY J. W. LETHBRIDGE, *Wellingborough*



A COOL RESORT: COMMENDED
BY W. SMEDLEY, *Aston*



JERSEY NATIVE: COMMENDED
BY A. C. TOWNSEND, *Birmingham*

Holiday Paris.

BY RALPH DERECHEF.



ANY of the outward and visible signs of the approach of the New Year in Paris are identical with those the Briton is familiar withal. The shopkeeper, for instance, is at pains to jog the memories of his fellow men. He baits his traps or he dresses his windows, which you will, with cunning, for he is certain that, for most mortals, things are what they seem, despite the saying to the contrary. It cannot be denied that the result is a delight to the eye. The Parisian tradesman is an artist in his line, and provides gay presents and high fare to reach the heart of the subject at a bound. The festivities begin with a feast and end with the making of gifts. The curtain rises on Christmas Eve, the joyous *nuit de réveillon* when fewer Parisians go supperless to bed than on any other night in the year. The most sober-sided folk indulge in a measure of revelry. Truth to tell, the origin of these rejoicings is not in accord with the shape they take at the present day. In France, as in other Catholic countries, the memorable anniversary is ushered in by solemn mass from midnight till one o'clock in the morning. At two o'clock begins another mass, *le messe de l'aurore* and finishes not till four. The interval between the two celebrations gave those who attended them an opportunity of taking simple, and surely necessary, food. The frugal meal has become a function of a different kind. The Christmas Eve supper of the average Parisian is an excuse for merry-making, whereof the most is made. The gay capital—the cliché may not be avoided—is never gayer. For weeks notices are posted in all the more frequented restaurants announcing that in honour of the famous fête they will remain open throughout the night. The closing hour is abolished for the nonce, and the French equivalent for "Time, gentlemen, please!" will not interrupt the most belated roysterers.

The Christmas Eve supper, properly understood and duly honoured, must be eaten at a restaurant. The youth of the city, and a goodly number of its elders, observe this unwritten law. The consequence is that at any favourite resort a seat is hard to get. The impression left by a stroll through the streets is that all the city is feasting. Within the *cafés* the scene is animated enough to stem the tears of a weeping philosopher. The Frenchman is not in the habit of taking his pleasure sadly, and on the night of the *réveillon* he would hold it a sin not to amuse himself to the top of his bent. To attain his end he pays careful attention to two points. He sees to it that he sups in agreeable company and that he sups well. According to tradition there are certain dishes that ought to figure on the bill of fare, just as in Britain a Christmas dinner should include plum pudding and roast turkey. The turkey is also countenanced by the Frenchman, on the condition that it is truffled, or in default of the king of the mushroom tribe, it may be served with a *purée de marrons*, a thick sauce concocted of mashed chestnuts. Sucking pig is another dainty appropriate to the occasion, but the speciality most in vogue is *boudin*, a species of black pudding whereof, however, the most delicate variety is white. The Parisian, it is true, is inclined to neglect these time-honoured dishes in favour of any fare that happens to be most to his taste. There is reason to hold that this sumptuous supper, indulged in on Christmas Eve, is a beneficial institution, in spite of the nightmares and matutinal headaches it provokes. It braces up the hapless Parisian to meet the tribulations in store for him; it provides him with a reserve fund of good spirits, instils him with Dutch courage. And he stands in need of this strengthening, for a period of sore trial lies before him. Custom decrees that at this season of the year

ne must make innumerable presents, even at the risk of ruining himself, in kind or in sterling coin of the Republic. The plague of *étrennes*, as the New Year gifts are styled, is upon him. If he does not comply with the unwritten law he will find himself a social pariah. In England you know the Christmas present and the Christmas box, and also the Christmas "card," but the *étrenne* surpasses in horror all these things combined. It is an obligation that weighs most heavily, perhaps, on the man who goes much into society. To every hostess who has entertained him he must make practical recognition of the hospitable "favours received," in the shape of a present that will be esteemed—such is the hideous reality — in proportion to its cost. Formerly the tax was lighter, as it was understood that the money value of the *étrenne* should be small, but Fashion has now ordained that the gifts shall be expensive. Efforts have been made to put an end to this senseless toll, but as yet they have proved as futile as the attempts to abolish Christmas-boxes, or tips to waiters or railway porters.

The New Year box is levied in much the same way, and by much the same people as the Christmas-box in Britain.



"MUST BE EATEN AT A RESTAURANT"

Still there are a few slight differences of detail. For instance, in the case of the postman the fee takes the form of payment for an article you would be perfectly content to remain without. The fiction is that he makes you a present, and that you requite him at the rate of a hundred times its value, for of the largeness of his heart he invites your acceptance of a calendar, indifferently printed on a square of pasteboard,

and is content to receive in return a substantial offering in cash. The dustman, too, is a greater nuisance than his British brother, in that he has a double. There is the official dustman in the pay of the municipality, and the private dustman, the dustman by vocation, the *chiffonnier*, who picks over your bin to his own profit before its contents are carted away at the expense of the ratepayer. For some occult reason, after you have helped him to a living, he expects you to brighten his New Year. The street sweepers in Paris make a like demand on your loving kindness, as indeed does every manner of individual who by hook or by crook can make a pretence of proving that he has rendered you some service, for which he has already received his reward. Most brazen sinners in this respect are the barber's assistants, whom in France you are expected to tip whenever you pass through their hands. Towards the close of December they install a plate in a conspicuous position, taking care to bait it with a handful of silver, to make the customer believe that by adding to the pile he is only following in the footsteps of previous victims. The waiter is in the habit of resorting to a similar device, though he is forbidden to beg openly in the better-class establishments. All this enforced almsgiving is, however, but a bagatelle in comparison to that prime abuse, the making of unnecessary presents. They are made, be it observed, in honour of New Year's rather than of Christmas Day. This latter fête is kept more especially by children, who are often treated to a Christmas tree, though this custom is not so common as it is, for example, in Germany. Mistletoe, which is thought in France to bring luck, is sold by street hawkers, who carry it round in big bundles attached to the ends of a stick which they balance on their shoulders, crying the while: "*V'la le gui, v'la le gui. Au gui, l' an nouvel!*" The most usual form of rendering unto Cæsar the things that are unfortunately Cæsar's—to return for a moment to the New Year's present—is in the guise of flowers or sweetmeats. The flowers have this advantage, that they may be admired before they are sold in the windows of the florists, who always make a brave show and who surpass themselves at this season of the year. The bonbons are chiefly interesting as a source of miracles. Their price, the ingenuity with which they are put upon the market, and even the fact that they are presumably eaten, all these matters border on the stupendous. The tradesman, realising that in view of the price of sugar, there must be a limit to the cost of the lollipop naked and ashamed, has decided that before the chocolate cream or the *praline* can be utilised decently as a gift it must be enwrapped in a complex covering far removed from the screw of paper of our youth. In the New Year bonbon the secreted sweetmeat bears about the same importance to its elaborate receptacle as the bread in Falstaff's dinner to the sack, an arrangement which is good for trade, pleasing enough to the eye, but distinctly bad for the pocket.

Of course, there are plenty of purses in Paris that are scantily lined, and in their interest there is a vast display of presents that do not cost "the eyes of the head," as the French say: which are sold, that is, at popular prices. To allow the sellers of these humbler *étrennes* to come into contact with their customers, an institution flourishes in Paris which forms the most distinctive feature of the New Year celebrations in the capital. About a week before Christmas Day the boulevard in the course of a single night undergoes a complete transformation. Constructed in the twinkling of an eye, the *baraques* have sprung up on the footway like mushrooms. From end to end of the "great boulevards," from the Place de l'Opéra to the Place de la République, both sides of the thoroughfare are lined with wooden booths, pitched at intervals of a few feet. The fronts of these improvised shops face towards the pavement, so that the attention of the passer-by is challenged on the one side by the big tradesman and on the other by his upstart rival. The right to a stall in this temporary encampment is not to be had for nothing. The Municipal Council exacts payment from the occupiers of the booths, and the annual fair thus helps to swell the revenue of a city that is at no loss to spend all the money it can come by. Naturally, there are good "pitches" and bad. The former, like kissing, go by favour. The salesman who has a friend in court, an influential councillor to espouse his cause, may hope to rent a *baraque* fronting a frequented café, the light from which will add to the lustre of his own illuminations, or placed at a

corner where he gets the advantage of the traffic along a side street. The red-letter days for the fair are Christmas Eve and the Sundays preceding and following. The crowd gathers early in the afternoon, and is at its densest towards the approach of the dinner hour, when there is a moment of comparative calm followed by another period of activity, which lasts almost up to midnight. The fête is essentially a popular institution, and it is the masses rather than the classes that are abroad in its honour. On foot, or by tramway, or omnibus the dwellers in the suburbs and the populous quarters of the capital swarm down on the boulevard and wedge themselves into the narrow strip of



MISTLETOE IS SOLD BY HAWKERS

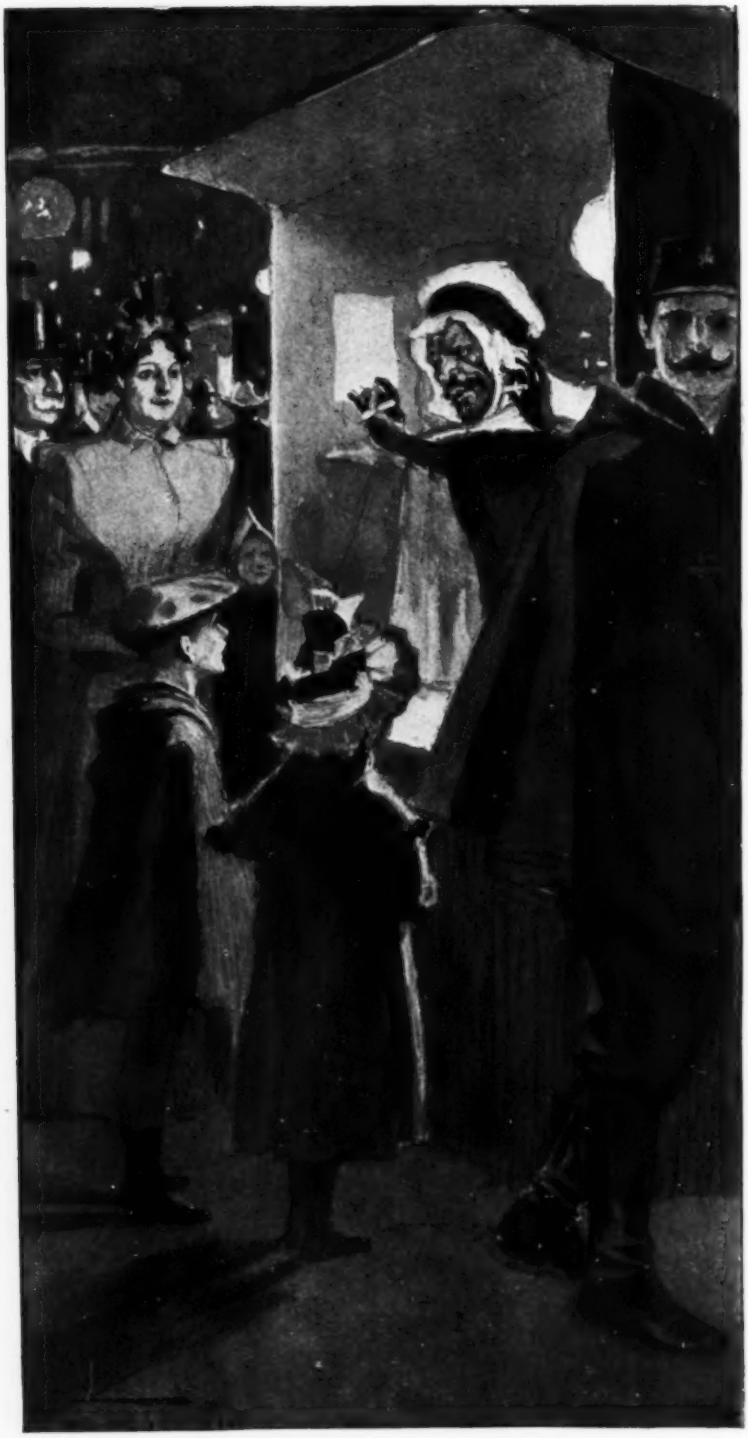
pavement left free for circulation. The throng surges to and fro at a snail's pace, coming at times to an absolute standstill at points where a booth of more than usual interest has centred the attention of the strollers and provoked a block in the traffic. But nobody is in a hurry, and everyone resigns himself to drift with the stream, elbowing his passage as opportunity offers, and elbowed in his turn. From the coign of vantage provided by a seat outside a café the



IN THE GUISE OF FLOWERS

scene may be watched at leisure. It is all the world and his wife and his little ones that is out and about. The function is a family affair. The holiday makers surge past not singly but in detachments, composed of groups of friends and relations, of households that have sallied forth in their full strength for the occasion. The youngsters especially are in their element, and troop by in numbers that make it hard to believe that France is threatened with a diminishing population. Neither this apprehension nor any other interferes with the general enjoyment. The crowd is in splendid spirits and in its best clothes, delighted to have turned its back on its sorrows and labours, ready to be amused at the veriest trifle, and realising its own conception, mundane, doubtless, but genuine as far as it goes of peace and goodwill.

But what of the booths? Within them is a wondrous assemblage of treasures that may be esteemed cheap, or be cheaply esteemed, according as the soul of the sight-seer be simple or cynical.



A MARCHAND DE BOUM-BOUM

The wares on sale are infinite in their variety. There are the respectable hardy annuals, the never-failing attractions that always draw the buyer, articles of established repute in which a brisk trade is certain. Of such is the "useful present," to hand in every conceivable shape. Here is a popular line in purses, whose imitation leather looks well to the eye and whose uniform price, whether it be ten sous or a franc, is, on the word of the salesman, a guarantee of eternal wear. A step further the small boy may puzzle his head for hours in deciding on the pocket-knife with which in the near future he shall cut his fingers. A neighbouring trader appeals to the artistic faculty with resplendent lithographs, sober line engravings, highly coloured photographs or portraits of such national heroes as M. Félix Faure, or the late Czar of Russia. Toy-shops abound, sweet-stalls crop up at every turn and the sellers of gingerbread-cakes are legion. French pancakes are cooking on squat, circular stoves with an appetising frizzle. Russians, in a garb that would excite astonishment in Moscow and who speak French with the accent usually identified with Montmartre, dispose of "caravan" tea on enamel ware supposed to be the handiwork of the *moujik*, but made more probably in Germany. More picturesque than the Muscovites, and far more genuine, are the sprinkling of Algerian Arabs, known to the small Parisians as the *marchands de boum-boum*. They traffic in nougat and other sweetmeats, crying their goods with all the verve and glibness of tongue of the smartest and sharpest native. These latter gentry, the professional street salesmen of Paris, are masters of their craft and contribute more than any other class to the fun of the fair. Their persuasive oratory, their "patter," is the delight of the crowd, rattled off as it is in the popular slang with inimitable impudence and telling aptness of phrase. As a rule, too, the articles they offer from behind the description of pulpit that most of them adopt in preference to the more elaborate *baraque* are exceedingly ingenious. It is almost always one of their number that strikes on the *succès de l'année*, or the invention, be it toy or puzzle or what not, that is the rage of the season, and, selling like wild-fire, is all over the town in a day or two. The year before last the "Miss Helyett" dolls were the reigning attraction, while last year the palm was carried off by an imitation clay pipe, from the bowl of which, on blowing into its stem, arose a paper bantam cock.

For a week after New Year's day the booths remain in place and then disappear as they came: silently, suddenly, in the space of a winter's night. With them vanishes the last outward vestige of the stride the Calendar has made. The happy New Year is well under weigh and the Parisians are engaged in making the best of it with lightened pockets, if not always with lightened hearts.





WRITTEN BY E. S. GREW

ILLUSTRATED BY ENOCH WARD

THE Princess Elizabeth Ward had not quite recovered from the unusual festivities of the day. All the afternoon a stream of people interested in the Hospital had rippled through the ward, leaving behind them a stir of excitement and the more substantial residue of flowers, and dolls, and playthings, and Christmas cards. Fur-clad ladies and benevolent gentlemen had stopped to ask the children unnumbered questions and to repeat the unvarying assurance that they "would soon be better." The solemn-faced little people in the cots had, here and there, responded to these advances, but more often been smitten with a tongue-tied shyness. But now that the last visitor had gone, they had recovered their tongues, and the sound of them was like that of children out of school. It was past the accustomed hour of bed-time, but the children had been promised that because it was New Year's Eve they should be allowed to stop up a little longer. So some of them lay awake looking at the swinging Japanese lanterns—which had been lighted for a little time—and here and there, where children had made friends, their cots were drawn close together so that they might chatter.

One of the cots, however, stood by itself. Its tenant, a very pretty little girl, with bright brown eyes, and soft hair, had stood up a large collection of Christmas cards on the board of the cot, and behind this barricade was sipping her glass of milk and eating her sponge cake with a leisurely dignity. Sister Margaret, the nurse, stopped as she passed the cot. Then she stooped and silently re-tied the pink ribbon round the pretty head—an attention which the child accepted also without comment. The nurse was moving away before the child spoke.

"Sister!" she called.

"Yes, Kootchee."

"You said as we were goin' to have the Christmas Tree lighted up."

"Well, I'm going to light it very soon now. Don't you want your cot wheeled next to Clara James's?"

"No I don't," replied Kootchee. "I don't want to talk to her no more. She's a silly little thing."

A momentary smile shone in Sister Margaret's eyes. Kootchee's friendships were of very uncertain tenure. But her severe face kept its unsmiling gravity. She did not enquire into the cause of the quarrel, and had again moved away when Kootchee recalled her.

"You don't want to go yet," she complained. "You haven't got all that to do, I'm sure."

"I must go round, Kootchee; and I'm going to light the candles."

"Well, when you've lit the candles—"

"I'll come and say good-night to you, Kootchee."

"You will? Straight?"

"Yes."

The child nodded contentedly. "I tell you what," she said, "if you like you can wheel me up to that new child as

came in the other day; and I'll talk to her till you're ready."

The offer was in accord with the general unexpectedness of Kootchee's departures. The patient to whom she had offered to talk had only been moved into the ward a few days. She was a sickly child and very silent, and Sister Margaret, wheeling Kootchee's cot across the ward, had some misgivings about the success of the introduction.

However, she left the situation in Kootchee's hands. It was one in which that self-possessed young person appeared to find little embarrassment. She nodded to the stranger.

"I've got more Christmas cards than you," she began.

The other child looked listlessly at the two or three lying about the board of her own cot. "I had more give me last year," she said.

"Was you in 'orspital last year?" asked Kootchee.

"Yes."

"Go on: you weren't."

"I was," repeated the other, "but it wasn't here. It was another one, nicer than this, down in the country."

"Do you like bein' in 'orspital," asked Kootchee.

"I don' know, I'm sure. It's nice and quiet."

There was a long pause: the pale child looked straight in front of her. Kootchee re-arranged her Christmas cards and now and then turned her bright eyes with a quick glance at her companion.

"What funny 'air you've got," she remarked, at last.

"Yes," admitted the other child. "It was cut orf last time I was taken bad."

"I tell you what," said Kootchee, "if you like I'll give you some of my Christmas cards."

A faint interest showed itself on the other child's face, and, instructed by the donor, she proceeded to arrange her cards in imitation of Kootchee's stately row. Kootchee's conversational powers received a stimulus from the diversion.

"My name's Emily Ada Elliston," she volunteered. "I've broke my leg. What's yours?"

"Nelly Comfort," said the other.

"Well I never!" exclaimed Kootchee, "I should think you must have been measured for it. I've got an iron splint to my leg," she added. "I *was* frightened when I come here first, I give you my word. I fell over a slide as I was a-coming out of school. Is your's your leg?"

"I don't know," said Nelly Comfort. "They thought I was better once. But I had to go back to another 'orspital."

The pretty child looked at the sickly one with bright, critical eyes and for a minute forgot to ask another question.

"I've been ill ever since I was a baby, on and orf," Nelly Comfort went on.

Kootchee re-arranged her cards silently. Her odd little brain was puzzling itself with the difficulty sometimes experienced by older people of finding the right thing to say.

"Well, never mind, dear," she said at last; "you'll p'raps be better soon."

"No I shan't," retorted Nelly Comfort. She turned impatiently away and closed her eyes on her pillow.

"Oh, come!" remonstrated Kootchee, "you don't want to take and go to sleep yet! Why Sister Margaret's goin' to light the candles on the Christmas Tree."

The other child turned her shoulder away still more decidedly.

"She is," reiterated Kootchee. "She is—straight. You don't know how lovely it'll look when all them candles is alight."

"I don't want to see 'em."

"Oh, very well," said Kootchee, "don't then! Only don't you ask me to wake you up when they *are* lighted, because I shan't!"

"You needn't."

"I shan't."

Nelly Comfort ostentatiously pulled her quilt further over her head.

"So you can go to sleep," added Miss Elliston, "you're a disagribble little thing."

Sister Margaret had completed her round of the ward; and now, lighting a taper, she began to touch the little red and yellow candles on the Christmas Tree.

"Oh, she's lighting 'em," cried Kootchee and a long drawn "O—o—h!" of admiration from some of the other cots confirmed her statement.

Nelly Comfort stirred slightly.

"Oh, isn't it *sweet?*" Kootchee observed—to anyone it might concern.

"I tell you," she added in words more particularly addressed to the next cot,

"Now all the candles is alight, it is *all* right."

Nelly turned half round.

"They're not," she said.

"They are," asserted Kootchee. "They are reely. I'll take me word."

The other child sat up again and the two of them looked along the ward at the Christmas Tree: and at the tiny flames flickering against the blackness. The light of the candles was reflected in their eyes. It was a long time before either of them stirred or spoke. At last Nelly Comfort sighed.

"Well, Kootchee," said Sister Margaret, "isn't it time you went to sleep yet?"

"Oh, no, Sister Margaret. Not yet. Jest a little longer. Besides you'd ought to tell me a story to-night."

"But——"

"Then I will go to sleep. Reely."

Sister Margaret, who had finished wheeling back the cot, stood over it a moment.

"I must first go and put out some of the lights," she said.

When she had done this she returned



"FUR-CLAD LADIES AND BENEVOLENT GENTLEMEN"

"I think I shall go to sleep now," she said, "if you don't mind."

"Shall you," replied Kootchee. "Are you gettin' sleepy?"

"Yes."

"Well, good-night then," said Kootchee.

"Good-night."

The two of them looked at one another for a moment or two. "Good-night," said Kootchee again, and then the children leaned towards one another like the letter A and kissed.

Kootchee was not in the least sleepy. When Sister Margaret came to wheel the cot back to its place she found her still staring at the Christmas Tree.

and seated herself by the side of the cot. Kootchee could just see one or two of the candles of the Christmas Tree sparkling behind her. Sister Margaret was herself in shadow.

"What are you goin' to tell me about?" asked the little girl.

"I've told you all my stories, Kootchee."

"Well, look here," suggested Kootchee, "you tell me that one over again about the little beggar gell and the garden."

"Shall I? But that's such an old story, Kootchee."

"I don't mind. You know the one I mean: about the little gell who wished."

"Yes," said Sister Margaret.

"Well, go on."

"Once upon a time," began the nurse, obediently, "there was a poor little girl who was very tired, because she had been walking ever so long a time along the dusty road."

"Was she a little lame gell?" asked Kootchee.

"Perhaps she was," admitted Sister Margaret, "but she was very, very tired and hungry, when all at once she came to a great gate of ivory and gold by the wayside. She stopped before it a long time, not daring to go in; but presently, since she didn't see anybody looking, she just stepped inside. And when she had passed the great gates she found herself in the most beautiful garden you can imagine. There were lovely flowers blooming everywhere, and on the trees the fruit and the blossom grew side by side. Fountains were sparkling in the sunlight and——"

"Was there anybody else there?"

"Yes. In the distance the little beggar could see other children playing ever so merrily——"

"Nice little gells?" asked Kootchee, "with yeller 'air and big sashes tied round 'em?"

"Yes," agreed the nurse, "and there were silver tables about everywhere. Some of them were heaped up with lovely dresses, and others with the most wonderful toys, and there were others which were spread with all sorts of good things to eat."

"Jam tarts and custards?"

"Yes, and lots of other things. And the poor beggar girl was very hungry, and she was just going to stretch out her hand to one of the tables, when she perceived two birds that sang on a bough of a tree."

"Now it's comin'," interjected Kootchee.

"And one of the birds sang always, 'I wish I was,' and the other sang, 'I wish I had.' And the little girl, without thinking, said, 'Oh how I wish that all the poor little children in the world could be here and see this lovely garden and the trees, and the fountains!'"

"Ah!"

"And still the birds kept singing, 'I wish I had,' and 'I wish I was,' and the little girl forgetting that she was hungry said, 'Oh how I wish they could all have some of these lovely dresses and play with the toys——'"

"And 'ave some of the lovely fruit and cakes," finished Kootchee. "Yes?"

"And then the wishing garden all vanished away utterly. For it was enchanted: and it had been decreed that the spell should come to an end if anyone should ever enter the garden, and wish two wishes without asking anything for herself."

The nurse's even voice ceased, and for some moments Kootchee was silent too.

"What a shame!" she said at last.

"What was, Kootchee?"

"Why," complained Kootchee, "she didn't get anything."

"Perhaps she did after all," said Sister Margaret.

"Did she?" said the child: Sister Margaret's belief reassured her. "Do wishes always come true?"

Sister Margaret shook her head. "Not always."

"But don't they ought," persisted Kootchee, "if you wish for somebody else? Do they come true then?"

"Surely," said Sister Margaret in a very low voice, as if speaking to herself, "Surely not all in vain."

"If I'd been her," Kootchee chattered on, paying no heed to the response, "I should have wished one wish for myself, and then one wish for somebody else. I'd have wished you something. And then I'd have wished that poor little gell I've been talkin' to, and then——"

"And what would you have left for yourself, Kootchee?"

"Oh, there's ever so many things," said Kootchee, "I think I should have liked to be a lovely Princess like the Sleepin' Beauty. And then I think I'd like to grow up into a tall nurse like you, Sister Margaret."

"You couldn't have both, Kootchee."

"Couldn't I? Couldn't I reely? Then I don't know which I should have. Which would you have if you wished?"

"But I am a nurse, Kootchee."

"And wouldn't you have ever liked to be a Princess and live happy ever after?"

Sister Margaret did not reply; the child looked at her: but the nurse's face was in shadow.

"Did you wish?" Kootchee persisted.

"Yes," said the nurse at last.

"And the wish came true?"

The Sister's reply was so low it could not have been meant for the child.

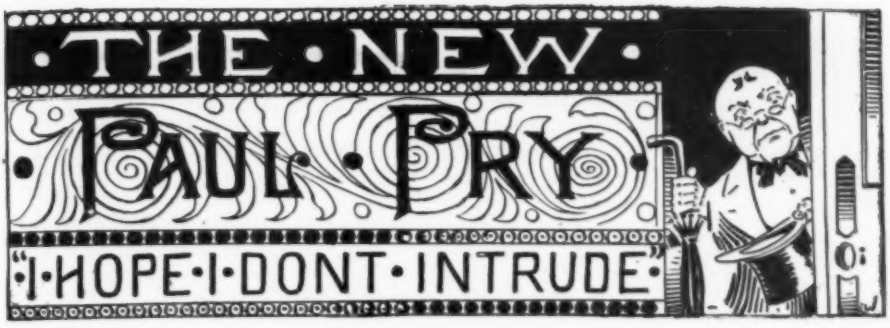


"'WAS SHE A LITTLE LAME GIRL?' ASKED KOOTCHEE"

"Yes," she whispered, "it was what I wished."

"Then," said Kootchee, "I shan't have to wish you anything. But," she added, after a pause, in which neither had spoken, "but I will. On'y I can't think of anything to-night. And now I'll go orf to sleep. So good-night."

She held up her face to be kissed. "Why, Sister," she whispered, as the nurse's worn face touched her fresh young one, "Sister, you're cryin'!"



A Famous Book of Autographs.

IN my quest of the curious I happened, the other day, on the shop of Mr. "Willie" Clarkson, the famous maker of stage wigs and other theatrical properties. While standing before his window of grinning masks and beauteous head-gear, I suddenly recalled a wonderful book the courteous perruquier had shown to me, long ere the *Ludgate* and I discovered we were made to minister to each other's needs. Without hesitation I passed into the place.

"Hope I don't intrude," I said; "just popped in to borrow your autograph book for a few days."

It is not easy to startle a man who has attended stage rehearsals for many years; but the wig-maker (who cherishes the album above all earthly possessions) was really astonished at my coolness.

"Borrow my autograph book!" he repeated, as though unable to believe his ears. "Impossible! I thought you knew I never allow it to pass out of my hands."

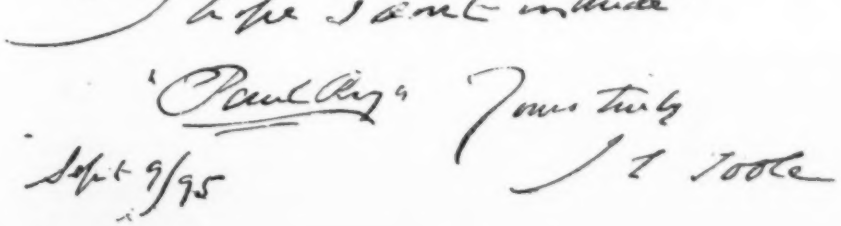
I whispered into his ear the magic words that the world clamoured loudly for a sight of it, and the *Ludgate* would act as showman. Instantly his features relaxed, and he answered resignedly:

"O, of course, if the *Ludgate* wants it——"

Thus was another victory gained—thus a new adherent won to the side of Paul Pry.

"No; there is practically no history attaching to the starting of the book," Mr. Clarkson said, as I plied him with questions. "I had two albums given





me four or five years ago, one for press-cuttings, the other for autographs. The entries have been made by eminent musicians, actors and artists who have dropped into my shop. That's all."

Well, what a succession of notabilities must have dropped in to be sure. In the way of procession, even Sir Augustus Harris can never hope to equal it. Some of the autographs are here reproduced: to publish all would be to fill a whole number. Sims Reeves, Cyril Maude, William Terriss, Olga Nethersole, Hermann Vezin, Jessie Millward, Marie Roze, Ellaline Terriss, Seymour Hicks, H. B. Irving, Charles Wyndham, Charles H. Brookfield, Forbes Robertson, Jane May, Kate James, G. H. Betjemann, Beatrice Lamb, Lewis Waller, Marie Lloyd, Dan Leno, Little Tich and Eugene Stratton—a company never before equalled on any stage—have signed their names.

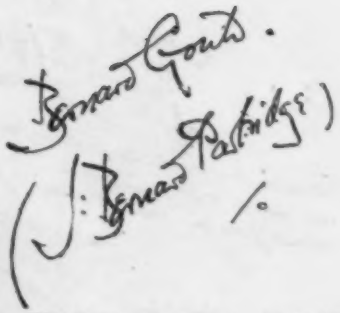


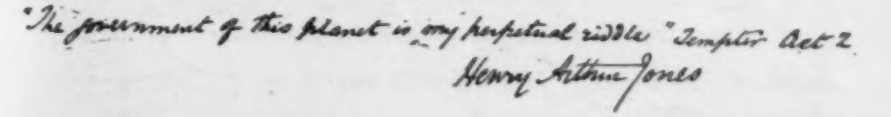
Others have made more elaborate

entries, usually in the form of lines spoken by characters they have impersonated, or from some favourite play; as thus: "Give me another chance" *(Mrs. Tanqueray)*, Beatrice Stella Campbell; "There is some soul of goodness in things evil" *(Henry V.)*, Herbert Beerbohm Tree; "Were I thy bride!" Jessie Bond; "I don't like London," W. S. Penley; "I don't think much of my profession, but, contrasted with respectability, it is comparatively honest" *(Lady Windermere's Fan)*, Winifred Emery; "Eh! eh! eh! eh! pretty

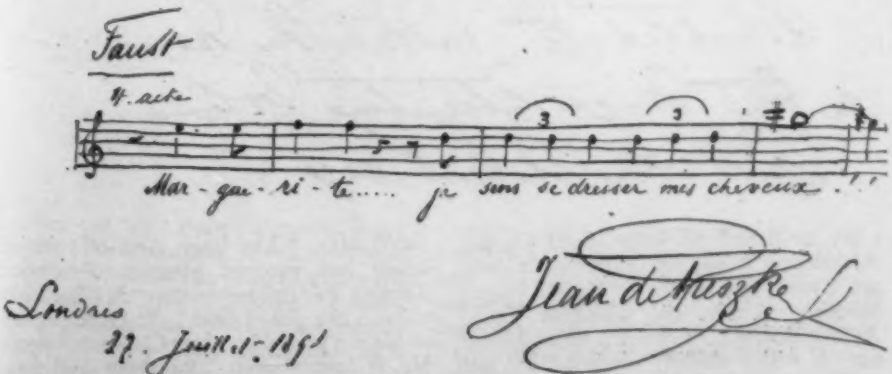


the old country took as much trouble over marriage as we do over a tomato salad, I guess there'd be a more satisfactory mixing all round" *(The Colonel)*, Charles Collette; "You think I am a Puritan, I suppose? Well, I have something of the Puritan in me—I was brought up like that. I am glad of it"



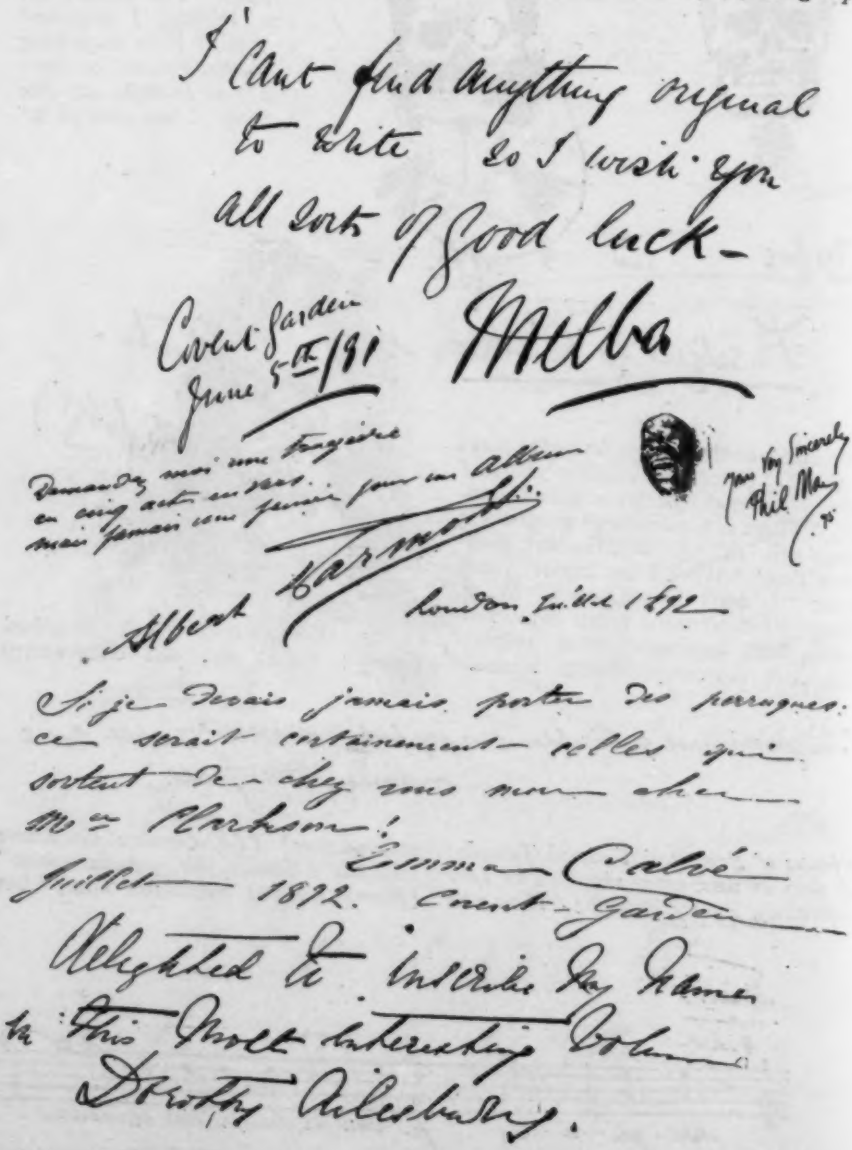


(Pirates of Penzance), Richard Temple; "A slap in time saves nine" *(The Late Lamented)*, Fanny Brough; "If you in maiden say" *(La Cigale)*, Geraldine Ulmar; "That's for remembrance" *(Hamlet)*, Maud Beerbohm Tree; "Let



me have men about me that are fat" *(Julius Cæsar)*, Henry Kemble; "Last time, Clemmy, my boy" *(Dick Phenyl)*, Edward Terry; "Charity covers a multitude of *shins*," Charles Danby; "Know you the hand," S. B. Bancroft; "I will shilling" (gag of Sam Gaythorne in *Cut Off with a Shilling*), H. B. Conway; and the Moral, "Take care of yourself and the world will take care of you," W. L. Abingdon.

C. Haddon Chambers, quoting *Captain*



trust to time" *(Liberty Hall)*, George Alexander; "No, my lord, not a lady am I, nor yet a beauty" *(Faust)*, Fanny Moody; "Under the Chestnut Tree," Arthur Roberts; "I was his heir—he cut me off with a shilling—hair-cutting one

Swift, says: "The Long Arm of coincidence has reached after me;" while Adelina Patti observes that "A beautiful voice is the gift of God." "'Trifles light as 'air are your wigs, dear Clarkson," says Mr. Wilson Barrett, "for them and for

other things accept the thanks of yours gratefully;" while, with mock pathos, is written: "To the only hope of my declining years," Lillie Langtry. In a remarkably firm and distinct hand appears the entry, "Mary Ann Keeley, gards." Charles Reade's play of *Masks and Faces* seems to be held in fond remembrance. Mrs. Bancroft and Mrs. Bernard Beere both quote the line: "Stage masks may cover honest faces," and Miss Mabel Love, continuing the



October 3rd,'95. Born November 22nd, 1805." "I'm older than I was, no thanks to anybody.—Matilda Wood," writes the otherwise Mrs. John. Mindful of many effective make-ups, Miss Ada Jenoure enters, "To the 'kind gentleman' that makes me look nice, with kindest re- excerpt, adds: "And hearts beat true beneath a tinselled robe." The written bull of the Irish politician is consciously repeated by an old Criterion favourite: "I never give autographs. Yours very truly, George Giddens." A current of pathos runs in some of the

Ellen Terry. Tarmouth Feb. 18th/93.

With all good wishes

Yours Truly: 1894

"And mine, to eke out his — (Shakespere

Ellen Terry:

Yours truly Gordon Craig

"And his (Shakespeare's) to eke out mine" (Ha

Arthur Sullivan

Yours faithfully

John Hare

"Bloomsbury! What a pretty name. Bloomsbury sounds so fresh and sweet."

Lyceum Theatre

Yours truly

Marion Terry: 1893.

entries as, "the world laughs with us, but we must sorrow alone"—Blanche Horlock; "Life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel" —Bassett Roe; "Not everyone that dances is glad"—Alice Lethbridge. Miss Clara Jecks is philosophical. Says she: "Energy will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a man without it." Isidore de Lara addresses a bar of music "From an artiste in airs to an artiste in hairs." There is a hearty ring about Lionel Brough's contribution that reminds you of some of his impersonations: "Dear William,—'May you live long and prosper' is the wish of your old friend."

Dramatic criticism is represented by:

"About his dress no artist cares a fig,
If only Clarkson has supplied his wig.
LIONEL MONCKTON."

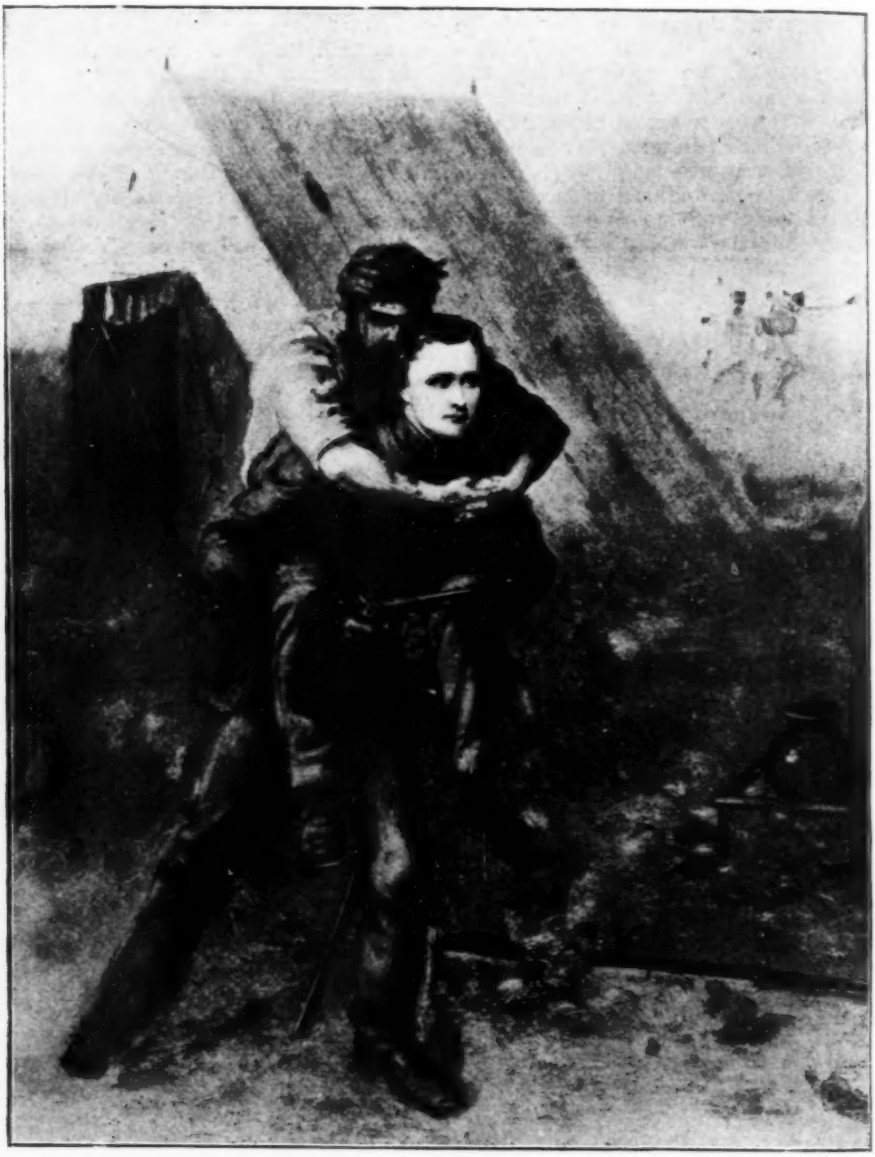
"Allow me, sir, to tell you that my grey hairs are a wig," says Mr. Leonard Boyne; while Miss Esther Palliser writes: "Hoping you will make of me a beautiful Rebecca." Burlesquing certain testimonials familiar to us, Mr. Arthur Williams gravely writes: "I am forty-seven to-day, but, thanks to your Lillie Powder, my complexion is equal to a youth of seventeen," which testimony is solemnly witnessed by "Harry Randall."

I think you will agree with me in thinking that I have never dropped in to better purpose than in this case.



For Valour.

THERE is magic in the words "For Valour," and the stirring and splendid history of the Victoria Cross has stirred many a civilian's blood to a passing ambition that even he also had joined a service capable of bestowing that rare recognition of human courage. Colonel F. D. M. Brown, who died the other day, won his Cross as long ago as 1857, at Namaul, during the Indian Mutiny. A soldier of the First European Bengal Fusiliers lay wounded within forty yards of the enemy's cavalry, and Brown, rushing to his assistance, carried him to a place of safety, his own life during the achievement being spared as by a miracle.



THE LATE COLONEL F. D. M. BROWN WINNING THE VICTORIA CROSS

Mr. A. S. Boyd.



Mr. A. S. Boyd's future cannot fail in brilliance: it must be something with a knighthood in it, at least, since his name appears designed for a "handle." Conspicuous among black-and-white men, his clear artistic line, ever sure and ever right, is more akin to Keene's than to any other. Time was when he affected oils and water-colours and demonstrated his ability to use the brush; but many can paint though few can draw, and Mr. Boyd was Scotsman enough to "tak' a thocht" that led him from colour to monochrome, from Glasgow to London. His contributions to the *Daily Graphic* are usually works of art as well as "news pictures," and those to *Punch* are instinct with humour; while the author is thrice fortunate who secures him as illustrator. Once he wrote an excellent fairy tale; but, conservative of his reputation, he has avoided any further venture into the domain of letters. The man is notable as his work. Sometime Sunday-school teacher, the nimbus seems yet to shimmer round his head, and most of the canonised are less worthy than he. Generous to a fault, he has made gifts of time and money, known merely through them that praise him; and sympathetic to aggravation he tolerates even "minor verse" which is probably read by none save the author and himself. Yet has he one redeeming vice: he is an inveterate punster.

Theatres and Music Halls.



FROM MISS NELLIE FARREN'S PLAY-BILL

THE photographs wherewith you are here presented form a proper complement to the *Trilby* pictures which appeared in the November *Ludgate*. For London has done what it is usually loth to do: it has endorsed an American success. *Trilby* has been filling the Haymarket from gallery to stalls, and, as the result of its success, is being burlesqued at two theatres. At the Prince of Wales's, Mr. Arthur Roberts and Miss Kitty Loftus, in *A Trilby Trifle*, have played the two leading parts with the gayest appreciation of the opportunities they afford to the comedian. *A Model Trilby*, too, is the chief attraction at the Opera Comique, where all the world of playgoers has rejoiced to welcome Miss Nellie Farren back to the theatre, if not, for the present, to the stage she adorned so admirably. Mr. Robb Harwood is a fine Svengali, hardly to be distinguished from the original at some times, while at others his burlesque is excellent. As to Miss Kate Cutler, she is wonderfully like the pictures, albeit smaller in stature—because, as she explains, "the part has been cut down"—and she plays with a delicate sense of humour, singing charmingly. At the halls the Trilbys and Svengalis are beyond numbering. Mr. Edwin Barwick (whose Irving is a masterpiece of mimicry) is perhaps the most notable of the latter, while Miss Marie Lloyd has a Trilby song, and Miss Nita Clavering, in the well-known costume, has been singing "Ben Bolt"—a thing



MISS KITTY LOFTUS AS "TRILBY"
From a photograph by Alfred Ellis



MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS AS SVENGALI

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS



MISS KATE CUTLER AS TRILBY

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY



MR. EDWIN BARWICK AS SVENGALI
From a photograph by Hana

which had hardly been possible but for the fact that *Trilby* has made the song a topical one.

Miss Winifred Johnson.

Miss Winifred Johnson is well-known to fame on her own account, but even if she lived altogether in retirement she would be a distinctly notable person, being the wife of Mr. R. G. Knowles, one of the best of the excellent comedians whom America has lent from time to time to the Old Country. A well-known music-hall manager over there confessed the other day in the course of an interview that, while the American comedian can usually hold his own on any stage, the American woman is not, as a rule, a great success as a music-hall singer. A variety of lamentable experiences at English halls compel you to admit that this confession could hardly have been avoided if the interviewer was only ordinarily pertinacious and acute—which, being American, he almost certainly would be—and his victim as refreshingly candid as the majority of music-hall managers. It is Miss Winifred Johnson's great good fortune to be the example, or at least, one of the very few examples that are known to English audiences, which prove the rule laid down by the manager. Her dancing is admirable, and has withal a touch of the grotesque and fantastic which serves to differentiate it from the dancing of other



MR. ROBB HARWOOD AS SVENGALI
From a photograph by the Regent Portrait Co.



MISS WINIFRED JOHNSON
From a photograph by Lang Sims, Brixton Road

artists in that kind. Our picture does her a certain injustice in that it shows her as prepared for the dance alone. Miss Johnson plays the banjo with something far beyond the average skill, and she is not often content to display the one accomplishment without the other. As to her singing—for she also sings—very little need be said. She created that classic song "But the Cat came Back," and that in itself is an achievement sufficiently notable to be allowed to stand alone.

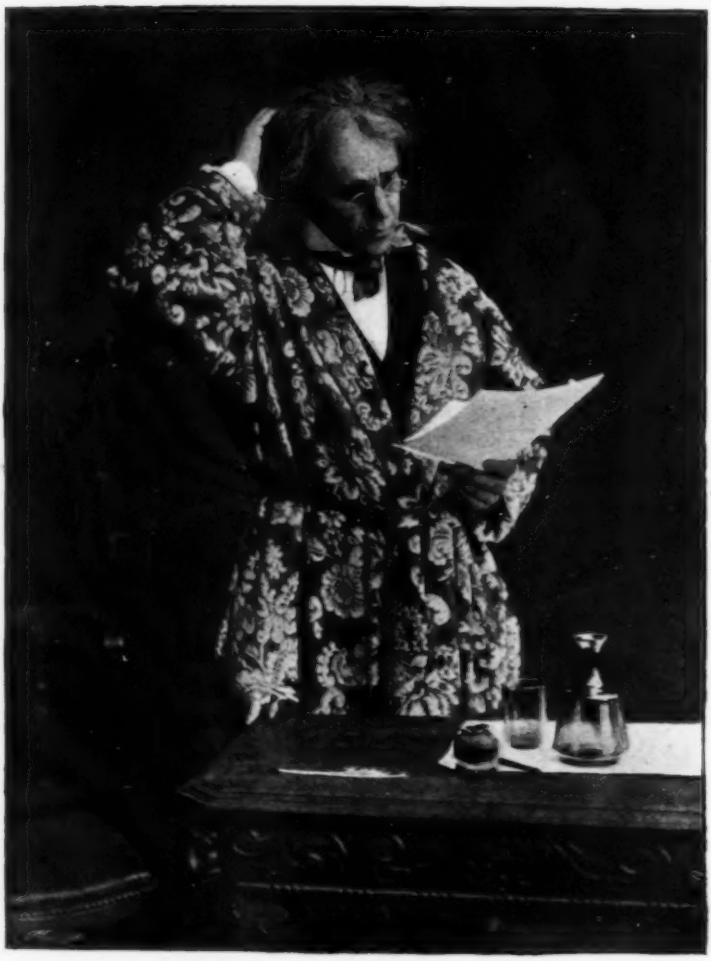
"THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE-STORY."

THE portraits which we publish of of Mr. E. S. Willard and Miss Annie Hughes should make all play-goers conscious of a very great variety of obligations to these two players. In divers ways each of the twain has delighted huge numbers of people: Mr. Willard first of all as the most consummate stage-villain of his day, and then in *The Middleman*, *Judah*, *Alabama* and *The Professor's Love-Story*. As for Miss Annie Hughes, you recall her as a winsome English girl in a long series of pleasant plays, though it would be difficult to say in which of the many parts she has played she exercised the greatest charm. One is glad to have *The Professor's Love-Story* revived. Mr. Willard is shown as the guileless Professor Goodwillie, while Miss Hughes plays the part of the lady secretary who gradually steals away the heart of her employer, making him oblivious of the grave studies which have occupied his attention up to the time of his first making her acquaintance and seemed likely to claim him for their own until he should have reached the end of his allotted days. The stage certainly ought to amuse and delight—in modern days of stress and strain there is more need of this than ever—and a pretty idyl like Mr. Barrie's play, if it be acted as *The Professor's Love-Story* is acted at the Garrick, may count on a hearty welcome, simply because it earns it by pleasing and amusing the more or less tired folk who get to the theatre at night.



TWO PLAYS AT THE ST. JAMES'S

DRAWN BY FORLEY F. S. SKETCH



MR. E. S. WILLARD IN "THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.



MISS ANNIE HUGHES IN "THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY"

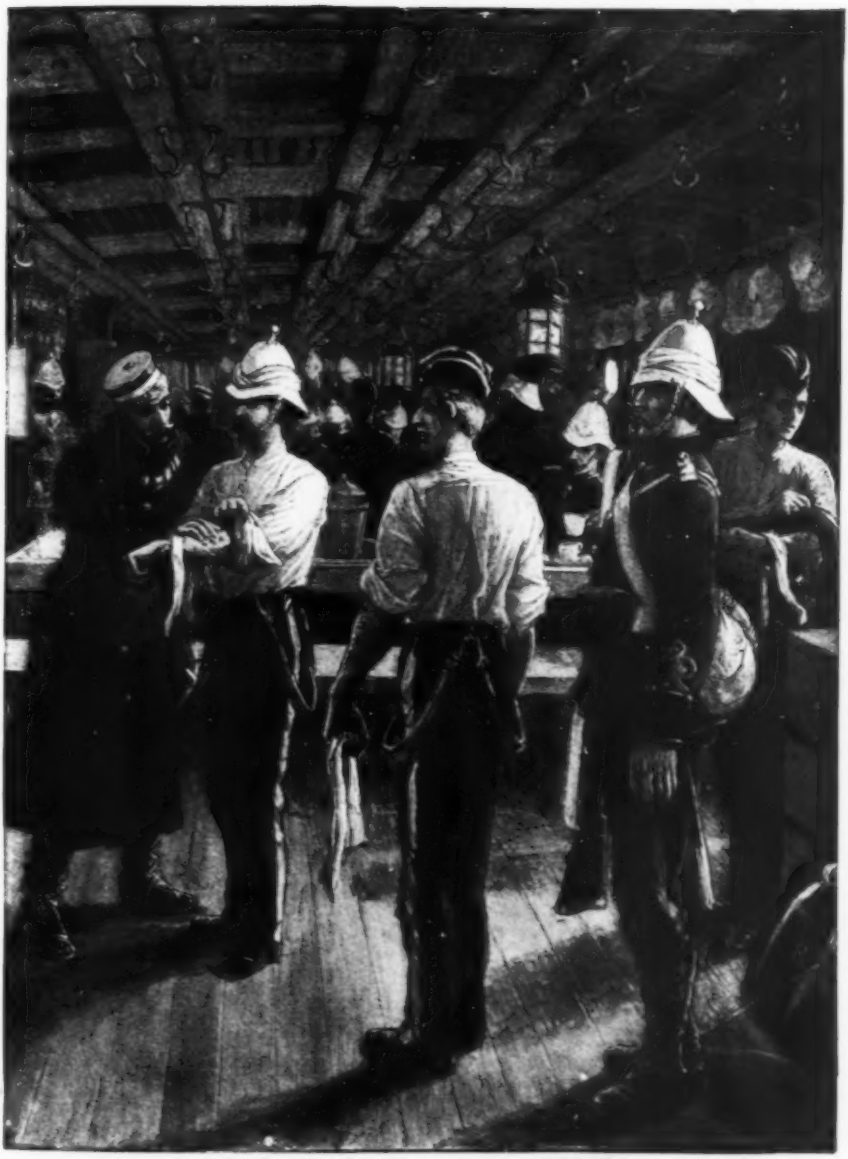
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.

Pictorial History of the Month.



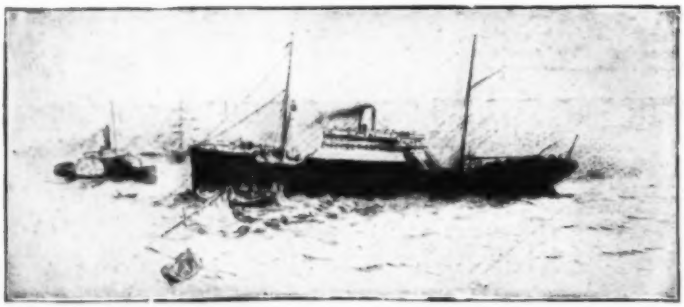
PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBURG
From a photograph by Charles Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight

THE ASHANTEE CAMPAIGN

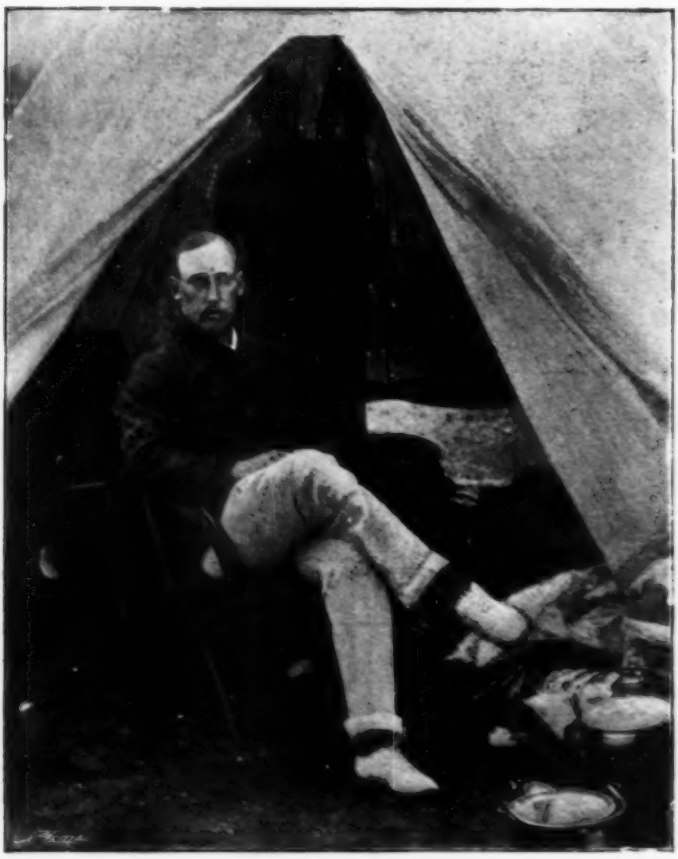


VACCINATION PARADE ON THE "BATHURST"
Drawn by C. J. Staniland, R.I.

THE ASHANTEE CAMPAIGN

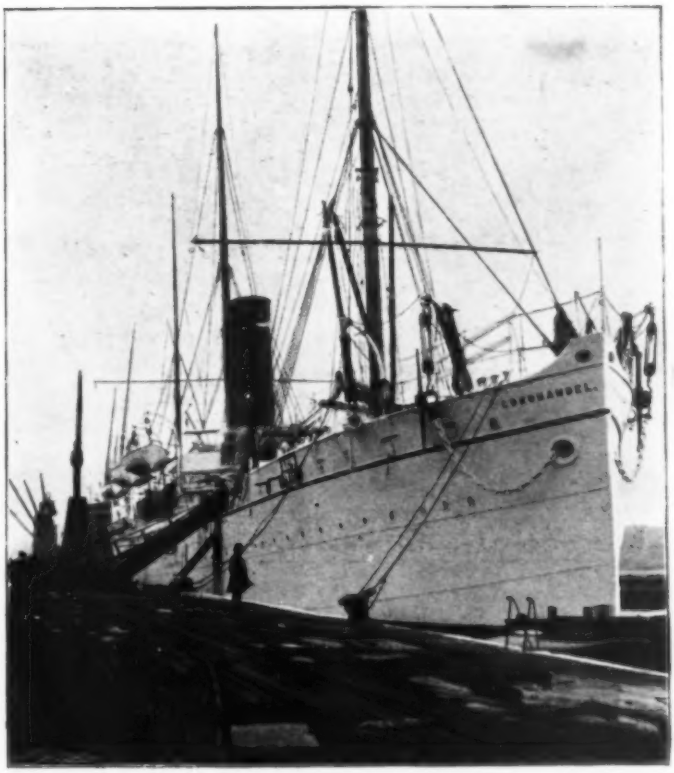


THE "ANGOLA" AT LIVERPOOL
Drawn by Oscar Eckhardt

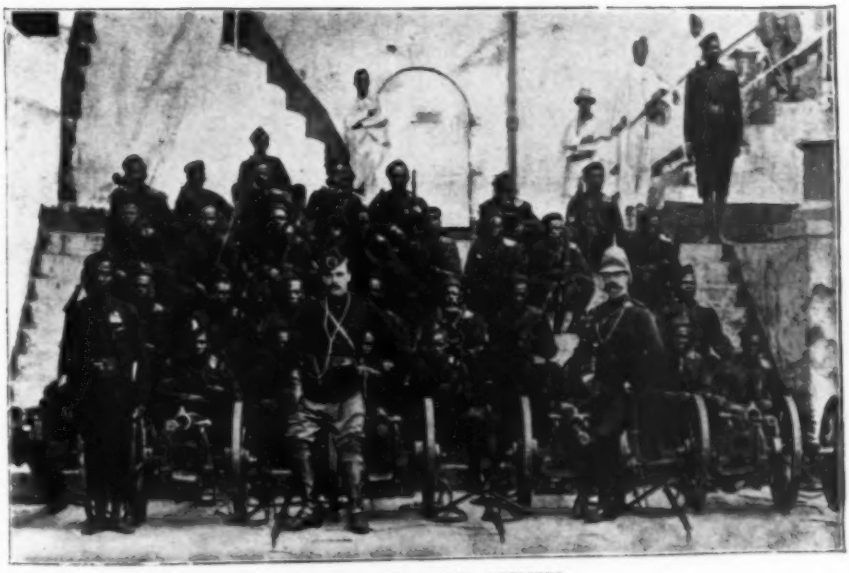


PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR
From a photograph by J. T. Cumming, Aldershot

THE ASHANTEE CAMPAIGN



THE "COROMANDEL" AT LONDON DOCKS
From a photograph by H. R. Gibbs

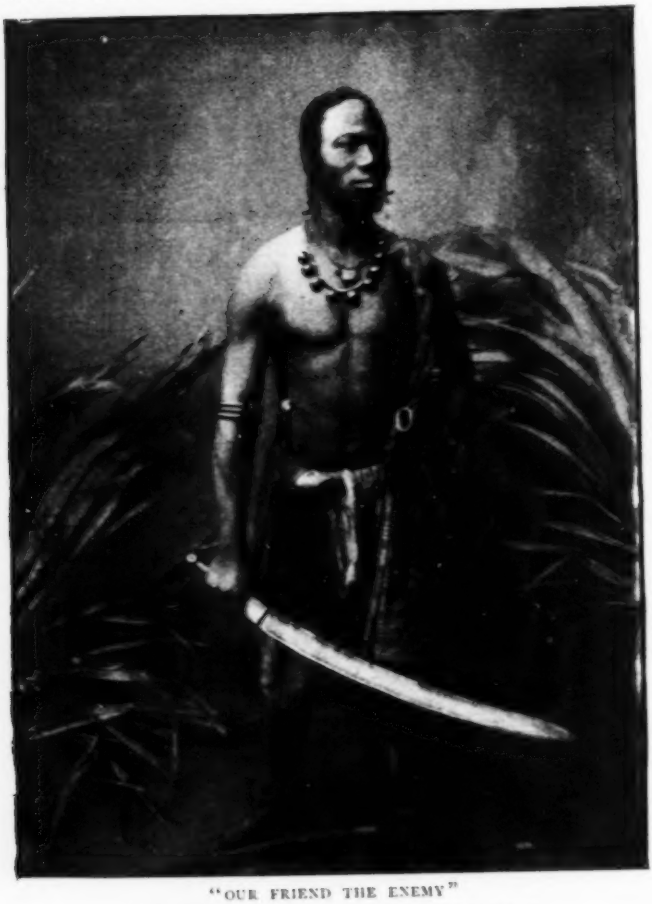


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"OUR FRIEND THE ENEMY"

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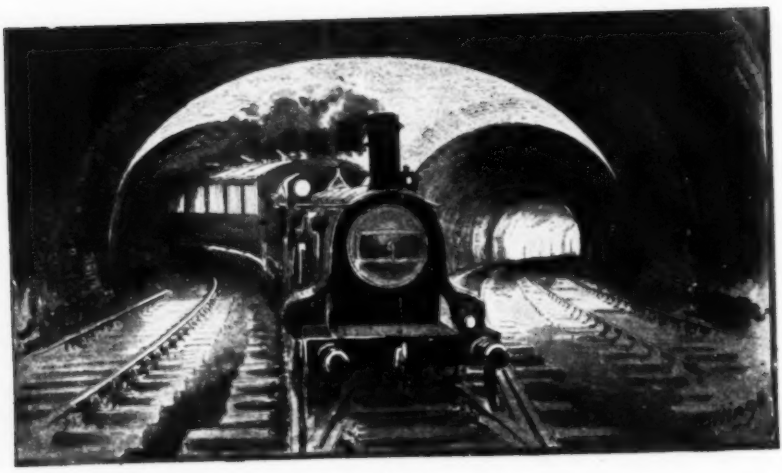


CAPTAIN C. W. KING, A.S.C.
WHO WAS INVALIDED WITH SUNSTROKE
From a photograph by J. Russell and Sons, Wimbledon

THE ASHANTEE CAMPAIGN

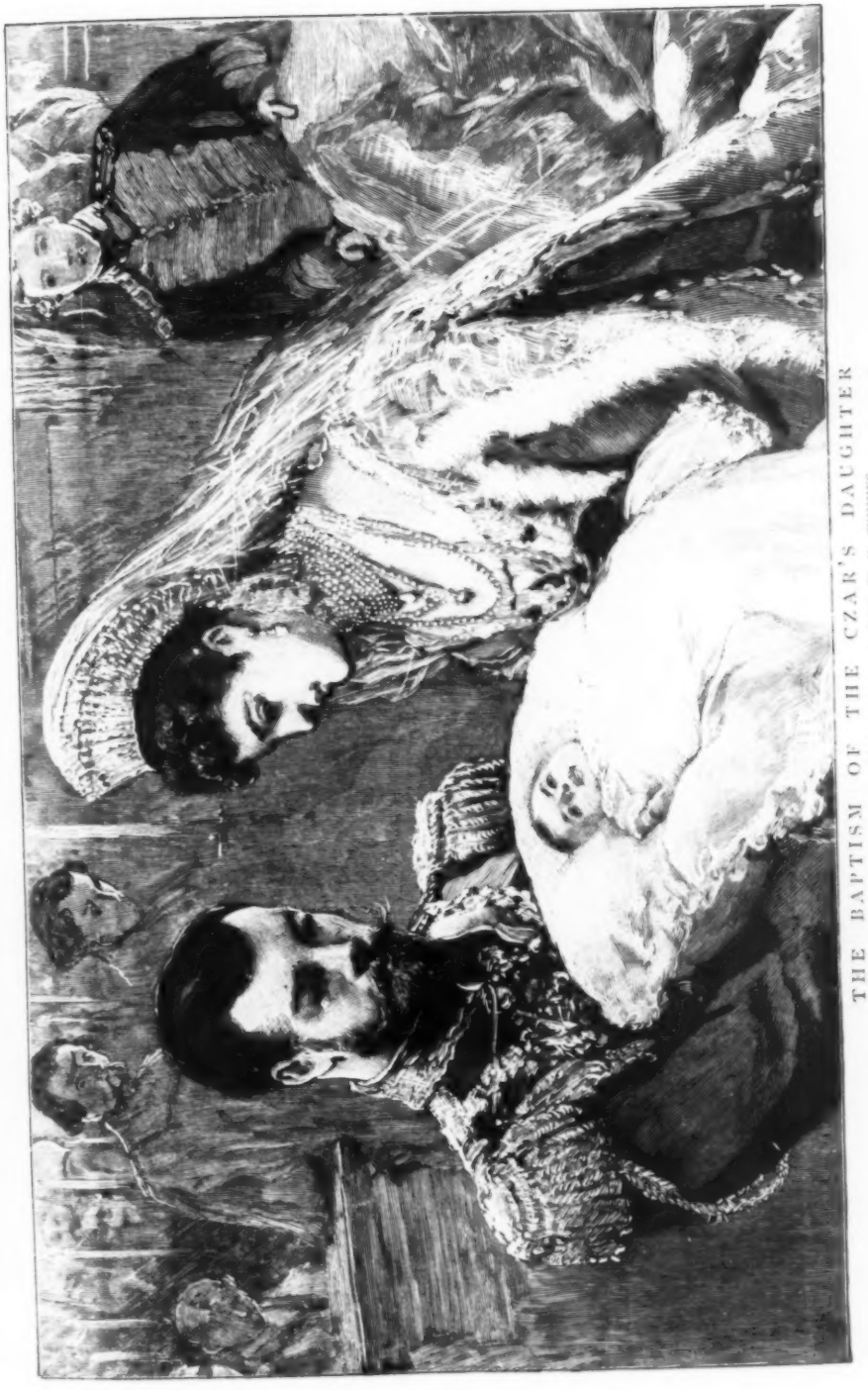


STOBCROSS STATION



THE BELLMOUTH TUNNEL

THE NEW UNDERGROUND RAILWAY AT GLASGOW



THE BAPTISM OF THE CZAR'S DAUGHTER

DRAWN BY W. SMALL FROM A SKETCH BY H. CUMMING



THE LATE M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS



HEARTY GREETING



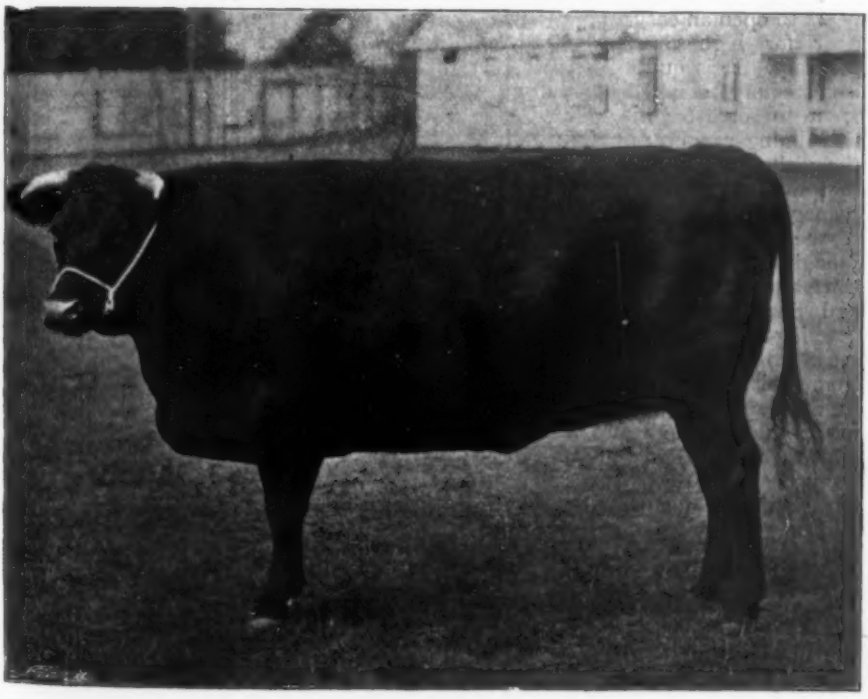
GIFT OF A ROSE

Souvenir de mardy-
A Dumas fils

THE LATE ALEXANDRE DUMAS AND LA LOIE FULLER



"WINDLE COURTIER," WINNER OF THE NATIONAL DOG SHOW CHAMPIONSHIP
The Property of Robert Coop, St. Helens



THE QUEEN'S "FREDERICA," WINNER OF THE CATTLE SHOW CHAMPIONSHIP
From a photograph by H R. Gibbs

THE BONBONNIÈRE



THE enterprising publisher of a metropolitan directory has intimated the intention of giving with addresses the "At Home" days at the various houses. Surely this is a somewhat dangerous innovation? "At Homes" are usually so crowded that the busy hostess has often but vague notions as to the identity of certain guests, so that the system appears to open an easy door for high-class burglary. It is quite a customary arrangement to serve tea in the dining-room ere the visitors seek the reception-room to pay homage to the lady of the house. What, then, is to prevent the thief, attired in purple and fine linen, from entering when guests most do congregate, from taking a leisurely survey, from annexing anything handy, and then sauntering away without exciting a particle of suspicion in the minds of the ministering servitors?

I have just received an invitation card which has printed on the back a plan of the district where the sender lives. It is a contrivance humane and thoughtful, that won the instant approval of Mr. Babbington-Bright, who has gloomy recollections of cold and hungry hours passed in seeking the houses of friends who elect to dwell in new suburbs—regions outside the magic circle no self-respecting Jehu will condescend to know.



To me the apparent value set upon the common (or garden) postage stamp has ever been puzzling in the extreme. It is the sole article one friend may not accept from another without payment. Of course, the cause of this false modesty lies in the fact that a stamp, bearing a certain intrinsic value, ranks as money; and none cares to take money from a friend — however insignificant the sum. Hence the postage stamp is ever something apart.

On inviting guests to his country house the host puts servants, horses, carriages — all his worldly goods indeed — at their disposal. The hostess sees that the temperature of their rooms is right to a degree, and that every peculiarity of taste is studied. But neither dreams that a thoughtfulness adding vastly to the visitors' comfort would be to furnish the writing-table with the harmless necessary stamp.

I have reposed under many hospitable roofs, and in every case have I found an abundance of elaborate writing material, but in one instance alone stamps and post-cards. I may mention that the mistress of that exceptional household is a brilliant writer, as well as an exceeding capable housewife: perhaps she is the one because she is the other.

Of course, visitors ought to provide themselves with all the stamps they need before leaving town. Guests who accept choicest cigars and priceless wines as a matter of course, hesitate ere they ask a host for stamps. Stampless men are wont to secretly purchase them from the footmen. Or, failing that, to send telegrams — a course that frequently necessitates a groom riding through miles of snow. Why should hospitality draw the line at a commodity low-priced as the postage stamp?

I wish the New Woman would agitate for some useful reform. Would men tolerate, as women do, the tyranny of the uniform size of lump sugar? In a community whose taste in matters saccharine differs so greatly, every loaf of sugar is



chopped into pieces of equal bulk. Many a cup of tea gets cold, what time the hostess explores the recesses of her sugar-bowl in kindly quest for the "Just a tiny lump, please," to suit some guest. Surely a largely-signed petition to sugar merchants might induce them to adopt a machine, which, while it cut the pieces one size, would let that size be small.

The culmination of human misery seems to be reached when some unhappy mortal who attempts to commit suicide is forcibly rescued and lodged in prison. I once saw an aged man who had made a futile effort to drown himself in the Regent's Canal; and a sadder spectacle I never witnessed. The accounts of the amazing skill and perseverance wherewith two young ladies resuscitated a woman and child believed to be dead—

"drown-dead" as Mr. Peggotty would have termed it—has made me wonder if one is justified in interfering, when a fellow creature has, with infinite torture, cast life away and is to all intents dead. Of course, in a case of accidental drowning rescue is the thing; and as far as the child in this instance was concerned the action was brave and wise. But that this poor woman should be painfully brought back to life, to be tried for attempts



at murder and suicide—in the ordinary course of the law—seems harsh and cruel. What a horror of the death to be endured a second time must darken the remainder of her existence! The question of right and wrong is surely puzzling enough for a Solomon.

In the early gloaming of the much-loved New Year holidays, we children were wont to gather round the log-fire blazing on the library hearth, to revel in ghost stories. Mother held the copyright of a tale especially creepy, for which, though it made us afraid to go to bed, we regularly pleaded with the fondness of youngsters for the repetition of the awful yet familiar. Looking at the story now, my more critical eyes perceive it not as an ordinary ghost legend, but as a weird psychological experience.

In a city work-house one winter night an old woman lay a-dying. Her life had been notoriously infamous: utterly given up to sin, her constant endeavour had been to make others evil as herself. She had, for many years, been bed-ridden in the work-house, but even there the other inmates, though the dregs of society, shrank from contact with her. Now she was passing, vile and unrepentant. The visiting clergyman had laboured in vain to soften her. Sundry evangelising dames had sought to awaken her to a sense of her sin. But immovable, she met all these endeavours with a flood of invective, feeble yet copious — blood-curdling from the mouth of one on the brink of grave.

This January midnight the nurse of the ward, a capable, unimaginative young woman, who occupied the bed next to Granny Brown's, was suddenly aroused from a profound sleep. Thinking the invalid needed her services, she promptly raised herself and looked towards the crone's bed. The old woman lay on the side of her couch next to the attendant. Her eyes were wide open, and her slowly moving lips showed she muttered quietly to herself. There was nothing unusual in her aspect; but crouched on the ground beside her, and gazing intently into her eyes, was an evil spirit!

To the nurse the terrible fact was that the old woman seemed altogether unconscious of the presence of the dread

thing. Fascinated, the nurse stared for a spell: then her strength failed, and, for the first time in her life, she fainted.

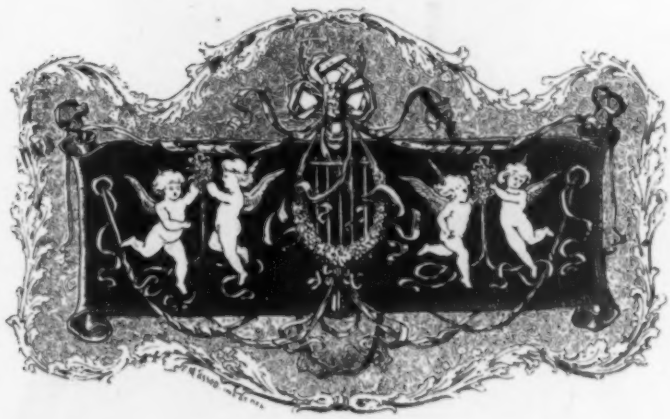
When the grey light of dawn crept in through the window she was brought back to consciousness by a commotion in the ward. Granny Brown had been found dead, lying exactly as the nurse had seen her ere oblivion brought relief.

The bustle of the day prevented thought of what she had witnessed preying upon the nurse's mind. Yet, as darkness fell and the ward became quiet, the awfulness of her peep into the supernatural overpowered her nerves and she gave way to violent hysterics. When the remedies applied by the Doctor had in measure restored her composure, she confided her story to him. The incident was mentioned by the Doctor to Mother, who was greatly interested; and visited the woman to obtain an authentic account of her strange experience. One question alone did Mother ask.

"Can you describe the appearance of the evil spirit?"

"Yes," replied the nurse. "It was all darkness, but a little light!"

Miss Chris Hammond's illustrations, which brighten the preceding pages, are given with the courteous permission of Mr. George Allen of the Ruskin House, from his exquisite two volume edition of Richardson's *Sir Charles Grandison*, which Professor Saintsbury has edited in the workmanlike fashion characteristic of him. I have ever respected the aphorism, "When a new book is published read an old one"; for if I have not eschewed the new, neither have I abandoned the old. Richardson has been well-nigh out of the question, however, by reason of the bulk of his novels; but, with the skill of Professor Saintsbury and the art of Miss Hammond, to read him has at last become not merely a possibility but a pleasure.



Fashions of the Month.



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THIS evening gown has a bodice and epaulettes of lace; the sleeves are composed of frills of black net; the skirt is of black satin.

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THEATRE COAT

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The Editor reserves the right to publish any of the Contributions, though, as a rule, only those that take prizes, or are commended, will be given. He also reserves the right to withhold the medal in any section where none of the contributions is worthy of publication. Every effort will be made to return unsuccessful MSS, Drawings, and Photographs, where stamps are sent for the purpose, though no guarantee can be given on the subject.

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SUMMARY.

Anthony Langford, being accepted as the lover of Barbara Phelps, daughter of a Salisbury merchant, earns the hatred of John Manning, who also loves her. As he goes homeward one day, a highwayman — Captain Jacobus — warns him that his estates are confiscated, and himself outlawed, by the Commonwealth. Langford remembers Manning, and sees his work in this. Jacobus explains that he is a principal agent in a new conspiracy against the Protector, and asks Langford to join him. They then ride to Wilton and meet other Royalist conspirators, where it is arranged that Jacobus shall proceed immediately to tell the Earl of Rochester what force the Royalists of Wiltshire can put in the field forthwith. Anthony Langford rides with him to a ruined chapel in the woods three miles from Wilton, and meets one Mul-Sack, chief of a gang of thieves who act as spies and messengers for the Royalists. He and his companion sleep there that night. Nick Armorer, lieutenant of Jacobus, has been arrested for stealing the mails, and lies in prison in London. To rescue him is the object of the journey on which the two companions set out the next morning. In Winchester they come on Cromwell and Jacobus makes a mad and unsuccessful attempt to stop his coach and rob him. Then at Farnham they come on two brothers, one having a business in London and the other in Winchester. Each of the two has received a letter bearing news of the illness of his brother and bidding him come to see him, Jacobus having arranged that each shop shall be robbed while the master is away. Jacobus and Langford capture one of the twain before they have had time to recognise one another, and leave him bound and gagged in a barn. Then they go back to the inn, and after a quarrel with the other brother, fall in with two beautiful ladies who bid them to supper and entreat them very kindly, for the King's sake.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE ROAD: THE GOLDEN FARMER.

IT was late the next morning ere we awoke, although we had laid our plans to start at sunrise and to escort the two ladies so far as Guildford. When we came downstairs the landlady (a changed and gracious being) informed

us that they were already gone near half-an-hour. Mr. Dickenson, she added, had departed overnight, "holding a bloody clout to's jaw."

"We will breakfast at Guildford, Anthony," said Jacobus.

I had to agree with a good grace, though I disliked exceedingly this custom the Captain had of always breaking his fast some ten miles further on: it was nothing but sheer, senseless, superfluous energy on his part: a mere lust for factitious virtue. We found the horse the Captain had won, in the stable next our own nag—or rather Mr. Jedediah's—a big-boned, grey gelding, a very serviceable beast. A lock of his mane was knotted with scarlet ribbon. I untied this ladies' favour, and a slip of paper fell out, upon which these words were written in a fair hand:

"Ladies-errant seek other-guess heroes
Than laggardly, slug-a-bed Cavalieros."

I tossed the script to the Captain.

"What! a love-letter so soon!" said he. "Very pretty," he added, reading it. "But wait till they're stopped by some scoundrel foot-pad out upon the shark, and they'll pipe to a different tune, I'll warrant; for they're outside my policies now."

I mounted the grey, and the Captain the goldsmith's bayard, and we rode slowly up the long slope to the ridge of the Hog's Back, along which the road runs straight as a pike the whole ten miles from Farnham to Guildford: bordered on either side by a wide strip of velvet turf and enclosed with tall, luxuriant hedges. The east wind had changed during the night, and an odorous western gale blew at our backs, driving great armadas of grey cloud overhead, whose shadows swept across the fair plains lying below: seen as we cantered along the wet grass through gaps in the flitting hedgerows: now and again a plump of rain would fall, like a shower of needles in the glints of sunshine. We had been riding thus for half-an-hour, perhaps, when we came in sight of a black dot where the lines of the road ran into the sky.

"There they are," said the Captain, and setting spurs to our horses, we presently made out that the group was standing still: and consisted of four persons upon horseback, two of whom were ladies, and the third their groom: but who was the fourth?

"The laggards will be in time yet," said Jacobus, urging his horse to its utmost speed. As we drew nearer, I observed that the stranger, whose back was towards us, appeared to be delivering a speech: I could see the sparkle where the sun struck the pistol in his right hand as he gesticulated. I suppose Mrs. Mariabellah and Mrs. Beatrice found his eloquence something tedious, for, seeing our approach, they uttered a cry of delight and waved their kerchiefs; but the speaker merely glanced over his shoulder and went on with his oration.

"'Tis the Golden Farmer, as God's-my-life!" cried the Captain, pulling his horse into a walk. "We must hear him out, Anthony, for unless you shoot him dead, there's no stopping him. The man talks like a mill-race, or a whole college of doctors. He would perish else. He only robs because it gives him such singular good opportunities of compelling an audience."

The orator was a burly, great-headed, grey-haired man with thick lips: half his face was hidden by a black mask, behind which his yellow eyes rolled as he harangued: the ladies and the lacquey, under the awe of his pistol, were ranged in front of him like children before a schoolmaster.

"Hark you, are ye not mad toads, to use such arguments to me? I know your sex too well, madam, to suffer myself to be prevailed upon by any painted Mrs. Bitchington among ye," shouted the Golden Farmer, in what appeared to be a peroration. "What talk of the King to me! Give me leave to tell ye, madonnas, that I am king here, and that I have a household to support at the public charges as well as his Majesty. I collect my dues from all that pass, and why should you, who would fling away all your rhino upon mirrors, apricoke paste, French essences, and such like vain trifles, rob an honest freebooter upon his lawful occasions? No, no, you jades, this haughty spirit, this hyperbolical cant, this sham poverty, will not serve you here. A plague on you! Untie your purse-strings quickly, or else I shall send you from the land of the living. Do you think I have no other-guess customers, that you keep me waiting upon you all the morning?" concluded this outrageous ruffian, levelling his pistol.

The ladies cried out. My gorge rose



"JACOBUS STOOD WITH LEVELLED PISTOL"

at the man's vile insolence: and I closed in upon him on the one flank, pistol in hand, and caught his wrist, as the Captain did the same on the other.

"I have never heard you speak better," said Jacobus. "But upon this occasion there will be no contributions."

"Curse you," shouted the Golden Farmer, struggling. "What do you here?"

"Bing avast, my bene-cove, bing avast," returned the Captain, using the thieves lingo. "I bit the blow in the darkmans, and the doxies are my booty." *

"Tip me my snack, or I'll whiddle," † cried the other.

"Not a doit. Give me your word to picque peaceably, or, by God, you go below for orders," and the Captain put his pistol to the Golden Farmer's head.

"I'll picque, 'tis all boman," * said the freebooter, sullenly: whereupon we released him; and without another word, striking spurs into his horse, he wheeled and rode away.

* "Be off, my friend, be off. I robbed the girls last night, and the booty is mine."

† "Give me my share or I will inform upon you."

* "I'll go, 'tis all square."

"There goes a very dangerous companion," remarked Jacobus. "And y'are the first congregation that ever listened to his silver discourses without paying for the treat in gold."

He put his horse in motion, and we began to ride forward, four abreast, the white-faced little lacquey falling behind.

"We are infinitely beholden to you, gentlemen," cried Mrs. Mariabellah, who appeared somewhat changed and pale in the morning light, methought: while Mrs. Beatrice, though rosy as ever, wore a scared look about her dark eyes.

"We have a thousand apologies to make, on our part, for our laggard appearance," I said.

"Had I conceived of such a possibility," said the Captain, "I would never have gone to bed."

"And should never have got up," said Mrs. Beatrice.

"Pardon me," returned Jacobus, "your fair cousin would have compelled you, for I know she had sworn to prove the force of her bright eyes upon an armed desperado."

"Y'are impertinent, sir," said Mistress Curle, reddening.

"Is't not the truth, then, madam? I am no courtier, I cannot embroider my sayings, I 'speak but for your welfare. Did you not say to yourself, or even, perhaps, to prudent Mrs. Beatrice here: 'Now let us adventure, and see if one of these self-same robbers of the road will out-face a pretty damsel!' and therewithal you slip off like a couple of convent school-girls, whilst two poor gentlemen are trying to get a little piece of rest from the arduous fatigues incident to his Majesty's service. 'Twas scarce kind, I think. Moreover, you run the risks of dangers you know nothing of. No, no, madam, you cannot play Una without the Lion, in these tristful days," concluded the Captain, with an obvious relish.

I cursed Jacobus in my heart, for Mrs. Beatrice shot an appealing glance at me, and I could see that both girls were over-wrought and trembling from stress of the danger they had just escaped. They spurred a little in advance of us; and thus the Captain, plucking at his moustache according to his habit when disturbed in mind, fell into step side by side with me.

"*Fay ce que voudras* is a privilege at all times to be reserved for ladies, Captain," I remarked sufficiently loud for them to hear.

He looked at me doubtfully, then his face cleared. Jacobus was one of those natural philosophers whose ignorance of women embodies itself in a single simple theorem: and hence, in his relations with ladies, he frequently walked upon the brink of catastrophes wherefrom not even his excellent intentions could always save him.

"Why, 'tis very well said, Anthony," he returned, cheerily. "And if a man be permitted to stave off evil consequence, 'tis all he can expect; he may sing *Nunc dimittis* upon it, and go his way."

We rode along in silence: and gazing at the two graceful figures in front, moving to beat of hoofs through the blowing, changeful, shining landscape, I marvelled to find myself as cold as though I were before a picture. A year ago or thereabouts I would have played the lover, or at least dallied somewhat with the part: now my mind reached back with a strong recoil to a blue-eyed damsel, sitting lonely in a gray city leagues behind us: and I found that I cared not the toss of a coin whether or no I was ever to see those two pretty ladies again. When they were come to the top of the long hill that descends upon the tail of Guildford town they turned to await us, the wind fluttering their gay riding-dresses, and playing daintily with strayling locks. The cloud was quite dispelled from a pair of flushed and kindly faces.

"Gentlemen," said Mrs. Mariabellah, "'tis very sad, but I think it will be proper for us to part here, though not, let us ever hope, for always. How can we thank you for your valour?"

While she was speaking, the Captain had taken a couple of Jacobuses from his pocket; holding them on his saddle-bow he graved something upon each with the point of his dagger. He had been making of a little speech, and arranging a situation as we came along, I could see; and now his time had come.

"Alas," said he, "'tis ever the way of this floating world that we cannot be where we would: sometimes we are fast a-bed when we should be in the saddle: and again, the King his service haleth us willy-nilly from delight. But since so it must be, set the crown upon your favourable kindness, I beseech you, ladies, and

accept a token that should safe-guard you upon all the West Country roads, until the King comes home:" and with his best air, dismounting, he gave a broad piece to each lady, kissing, as he did so, the hand she stretched forth to receive it.

"And when that day comes, as it will swiftly, I vow there will be no more gallant gentleman, no, not even the King his Majesty, restored to place and honour, than Captain Jacobus," cried Mrs. Mariabellah.

I was standing at Mrs. Beatrice's knee: and thinking, I suppose, that I might feel a little cast into the shadow by the Captain's glittering performances, she glanced at me with a sudden, kindly look. I thought it mighty pretty of the maiden, and I took her hand and saluted her.

"Madam," I said, "I pray you remember always I am your faithful and willing friend to serve you."

"And you, Mr. Langford," said she, "y'have gained two friends. Forget it not."

I made my adieux to Mrs. Mariabellah, who spoke with equal courtesy: but I could see her mind was possessed by Jacobus. Then the two ladies turned and rode away down the hill, followed by the little groom, to whom the Captain tossed a crown. We stood watching the lessening figures until they came to a turn in the road, when they looked back, and flashed a kerchief in the sunshine.

"Youthful and fair and ignorant and good—upon what a singular world those perilous eyes look out!" quoth the Captain, as we remounted. "I marvel what it must be like, Anthony. Well, your fair lady is a pretty toy, indeed. I bless God for her. But she is a sad hindrance to business; and I shall eat the bigger breakfast that we are no longer cumbered."

I knew better than to say what I thought: and we pursued our way in silence into the old, steep town of Guildford, where we put up at the White Hart. When we were fairly on the road again, I reflected that there were thirty profitable miles of road to London: and plainly foresaw further difficulties with my pragmatical conscience. But although now and again big, ruddy, well-liking farmers would be jogging to meet us, or a coach with outriders would lumber by, Jacobus rode all day as peaceably as he had been a simple citizen. The dusk was gathering, and the broad river glassed a red sunset, as we passed the Lord Protector's palace of Hampton Court: and the dark had fallen by the time we were climbing the hill to Putney Heath. The wind, which had been waxing steadily all day, roared in the thickets through which the road ascended: and the battered crescent of the moon in wane shone in flying gleams between serried and swiftly marching regiments of cloud. In one of these flashes I saw a horseman spurring past us, wrapt in a great furred cloak. A moment afterwards I heard the Captain's voice above the wind and the thrashing of the branches, shouting in my ear.

"I think your nag hath cast a shoe. See to't before we go farther."

I dismounted instantly, and felt the beast's feet, to find him securely shod. As I raised myself to climb into the saddle again, there came another gleam of moonlight, and I glanced about for the Captain. A bow's shoot further along the road I saw two black figures motionless amid the tossing silver landscape: Jacobus stood with levelled pistol, while the rider in the furred cloak seemed to be groping in his saddle-bags: and beyond, a man hanged high upon a gibbet, swang limply to and fro, chin to breast and toes to earth. Down the wind came an odious, heart-heaving waft, and a clinking of chains. The night shut close again like a curtain: after discreetly waiting a few moments, I rode slowly forwards; and presently discovered the Captain at my side. We exchanged no word until we had passed beneath the dead man, when the Captain cried a salutation to him.

"He was a generous cully while he lived," said Jacobus. "And now, 'twixt hawk and buzzard, he is food for the hoody-crows."

"May I never come to say the same at your gallows'-foot, Captain," said I.

"Amen!" rejoined Jacobus, piously.

Soon after, turning to the right, we rode through Wandsworth—Westwards to Lambeth, where the murdered Archbishop's Palace loomed across the marsh-flats, thence to London Bridge; and so, for the first time in my life I set foot in London Town. I do not know to what I had looked forward: but the narrow, dim-lighted streets and the close air

struck me with a sense of outrage and indecency. After winding through a maze of mean and noisome lanes and alleys, we came out upon a long thoroughfare, which, so the Captain informed me, was Fleet Street, where was the Globe Tavern, and there we drew rein for the night.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BELL-MAN OF SAINT SEPULCHRE'S.

So soon as we had supped, the unwearying Jacobus announced that he must pay a visit to a certain lady of his acquaintance, and would have me to accompany him. Accordingly we repaired to a house but two doors off, which was lighted up as if for a festival. Bedizened trulls with inlaid faces were looking forth from more than one of the windows.

"Captain," I said, "this is no place for me."

"Set your sick conscience to sleep, boy," he returned. "We are upon King's business, o' my word."

"You would down into the Pit with that word upon your lips," said I.

"And why not? We will attempt the vestibule, at any rate. I desire you to take particular heed of the conversation: there cannot be too many checks on the bridle of this sort of cattle," said Jacobus, entering the house.



"GIVE YOU GOOD-DEN, MRS. MARY"

There was no need to knock, for lounging in the doorway was a slatternly down-at-heel wench, prankt out in faded finery, and with a very impudent eye, who greeted Jacobus in terms of scandalous familiarity.

"You will find Mrs. Moll at her accompts," she added, and the Captain, who seemed to know the place, walked upstairs to the first-floor, where

there were doors in front and upon the left hand. A great noise of talk, laughter, and the clink of glasses came from behind the door in front; but it was upon the other that Jacobus knocked twice in a particular manner. A voice cried out to us to enter, and upon opening the door we found ourselves in a panelled room of moderate size and good proportion. Lights burned upon the high wooden mantel, and a sole candle stood upon the polished table at the side of the fire, illuminating the face of one who sat smoking a long clay pipe, behind a great brass-bound ledger which lay open next a bottle and a half empty glass. At first I could not determine whether the singular monster who rose as we entered were male or female, Michael or Diabolus: for the sleek countenance was that of a sly, good-humoured, evil woman; while the doublet and slashed gaskins might have served the turn of a needy sloven of a gentleman: but the Captain's greeting informed me.

"Give you good-den, Mrs. Mary. This gentleman, my friend, and I would be glad of a piece of a talk with you upon certain affairs."

"With all my heart, Captain," responded Moll Cutpurse, in a voice harsh yet insinuating, which put me in mind of a snail crawling upon a window-pane. "Y'are ever welcome to my poor house. Methought you would to Rumvile*, so soon as I heard that poor Mr. Armorer would be shoving the tumbles from the Checquers† to Tyburn."

"Is the date appointed?" asked Jacobus.

"The day after to-morrow, I have sure news. Such a mighty pretty, civil young gentleman, too, and such a way with the wenches as he hath. Well, well! Holborn Hill is the road to glory for such as we, Captain, be it soon or be it late. But sit ye down, gentlemen, draw to the fire, and what will ye drink, now?"

"A cup of Rosa Solis for me," answered the Captain.

I had no mind to drink in neighbourly fashion in such a house, but a glance from Jacobus told me it were best for us; and, as civilly as I could, I said I would have the same. Mrs. Cutpurse rose, and crossing the room with her man's stride, she flung aside a heavy curtain which hung on the wall to the right of the door by which we had entered, disclosing a leaded casement brightly painted with a curious, lewd design, which gave upon the room beyond. As the woman opened the window a broken torrent of talk and shrill laughter flowed upon our ears, mingled with the crazy notes of a song. Mrs. Cutpurse leaned over the sill and called for the liquor, and, moving a pace, I looked over her shoulder, seized with an eager curiosity. Gallants, flushed and disordered, sat about the lighted tables, drinking; every man with a pretty gay girl beside him or upon his knee. One uplifted gentleman with a foot upon the table and a wine-glass held askew in his shaking hand so that the liquor spilled, was chanting a song of the Rump with a very scandalous bob to it. I marked with surprise that while some of Moll's lady-birds looked merely brutish, others were pleasing, simple, and kindly.

"Will you not join my merry company assembled, my pretty gentleman, while I discuss with the sober Captain?" asked Mrs. Moll, turning to me with a leer: and ran on in her horrible voice, that rasped upon me like a finger-nail on silk, in force to cajole me. But I answered very shortly, turning my back broad upon her: and the liquor being brought, she hasped the window, drew the curtain, and without any more words sat down again at the table, facing the Captain; while I drew a chair to the fire on the opposite side of the hearth.

"At your service, Captain," said Mrs. Cutpurse, cheerily, with unruffled composure. "You want a gob of money, as usual, I take it. Well, now, and what is the sum?"

"Mrs. Cutpurse, I should explain to you Mr. Langford, keeps her monies at the charges of the Commonwealth," said the Captain. "'Tis the only privilege, perhaps, she shares with Oliver, as the similarity of their hand of write is the single point of likeness between them. But the last, it is true, Mrs. Cutpurse shares with everyone who have skill to write at all."

Indeed, this female iniquity was so accomplished a forgeress that upon several occasions the Commonwealth Treasury honoured her drafts for large sums, supposing them to be genuine:

* London. † Whipt at the cart's tail from Newgate.

until at length Cromwell was forced to invent a private mark.

Captain Jacobus then proceeded to unfold his proposal: which was, that Mrs. Cutpurse should repair on the morrow to Wallingford House with a forged warrant for a thousand pounds: and that during the night following, the Captain should bring to her ample security for that amount — in what form did not transpire — and exchange it for the money. Mrs. Cutpurse put questions and made conditions with the acerb shrewdness of a scrivener; and that business was speedily despatched. The Captain then went on to disclose the details of a scheme to be carried through during the next four-and-twenty hours, in which Mrs. Cutpurse was to bear a main part. Meanwhile, I sat back in the shadow, taking careful heed of their talk. The devil's-din in the next chamber went on, with now and again a ring of broken glass, a cascade of tipsy laughter, or a swinging song with a roaring chorus. I found time between-whiles to marvel at the romantical volutions of circumstance: at this hour I should have been riding homewards across Salisbury Downs, my head full of sunbright, happy memories: and the field of dark and rolling hills, domed with the sparkling sky, rose before me. I recalled the thymy scent of the night-wind breathing in my face; and looking round the close chamber, which seemed to copy the vicious aspect of its owner, a sense of intolerable sickness took me, and I got suddenly to my feet.

At the same moment the Captain came to an end and rose also. We made our way out of the house by a narrow back stairway which led us into an alley as dark as pitch. I could discern nothing but a confusion of roofs against a jagged piece of sky, where the stars were winking. But the Captain went confidently forward, and two or three sharp turns brought us into Fleet Street, which was dimly lighted at long intervals by oil-lamps slung on chains betwixt the houses. The place was deserted save for a few prowling shadows, and in the distance, the glimmering lanterns of the watch. The clock of Saint Dunstan's was clanging twelve as we reached the door of our tavern; and upon the last reverberation followed the far-away scream of a woman, a confused shouting, and the clash of steel.

"Alsatians serenading," quoth Jacobus, "down in Whitefriars yonder. You would not hold our friend Mrs. Cutpurse in all points as the fruit of the Holy Seed, perhaps: but were I to take you to houses I wot of in Alsatia, you would think her bagnio a conventicle, by comparison. But come in to bed, my young friend. I shall to sleep like a dog, till nature wakes me: and I would counsel you to the same, for it's little enough sleep you'll get presently."

But I lay long awake that night, for I was over-weary. The liquor I had drunk had set my brain clear as a lighted room, wherein I acted over and over again the scenes of the past three days: and when at last I fell on sleep a little before dawn, the scream of the woman rang in my dreams, and I seemed to see her fleeing through narrow mazes, pursued by ruffians: and try as I might, I could never come up to her, nor see her face.

It was high noon before we rose next day; and after a great and choice meal we set forth into the streets. Here I speedily grew discomfortably angry with the jostling tide of wayfarers, who made nothing of elbowing a man into the kennel without so much as a word: while the horrible clamour of the flat-capped 'prentices crying their masters' wares upon the pavement filled my ears: and the warm fetid smell of the place, like that of a swamp, nauseated me to the gizzard. We passed down Fleet Street and up Ludgate Hill to Paul's. At the corner of the Churchyard the Captain showed me, as he had done at Winchester by Brother Jedediah, the low-browed house and close-shuttered shop of Brother Emanuel, and his gilded sign decently draped in black sarcenet. Walking in Paul's for awhile, we found it crowded with bargaining merchants, bustling cits, gallants and their lasses, more like a cried fair than a temple of God. Thence we took our way down Blow-Bladder Street to Newgate Prison, a part of which, as it served for the City gate-house, stood on either side of the road. The buildings were tall and narrow, with a great door in the centre, and a single tier of plain barred windows rising on each side. A little beyond is Giltspur Street, which, branching into two on either side of a pile of buildings at its junction with Newgate Street, turns off towards Smithfield.

The church of St. Sepulchre stands at the further corner. These particulars, together with the relative positions of the adjacent streets and side alleys, I must learn by heart, in view of the night's work: and to this end we paced about and about, backwards and forwards, until I had the tract of huddled houses bounded by the Fleet Prison and Paul's on the west and east respectively, Fleet Street on the south, and Smithfield on the north, clear as a map in my head. By that time it had fallen dusk, and we returned to the Globe Tavern to dine. As we sat at meat Captain Jacobus impressed upon me the order for the night's enterprise with great particularity. The first thing to do was to get speech of the condemned highwayman, Mr. Nicholas Armorer, who (it will be remembered) had been taken by Cromwell's patrol immediately after having slain Mr. Secretary Thurloe's express from the Low Countries. Now the success of the Penruddock plot depended upon the Government's ignorance thereof: if Armorer had destroyed the mails before he was overpowered, all was so far well: but if, on the other hand, they had fallen into the hands of his captors, the whole plan of operations must be altered. The prisoner, and the prisoner alone, could give us this most necessary news: and if the Captain succeeded in winning to him, Jacobus would at the same time convey a parcel of weapons with which he might make good his escape. To this end Jacobus intended to personate the Bell-Man of St. Sepulchre's, who administered the consolations of religion to all condemned criminals the night before their execution.



"A HUGE, GROSS MAN, WITH A TANGLE OF RED HAIR"

For a certain Mrs. Elizabeth Elliott, whose son, having been condemned to death and at the last moment reprieved by the King's clemency, dying some few years since, had in gratitude bequeathed a sum of money to the Parish of St. Sepulchre's, to the intent that they should find a man for ever, who, betwixt the hours of eleven and twelve the night before the prisoner's execution, should go under Newgate, giving warning of his presence by the solemn ringing of a hand-bell. He was then to put them in mind of their imminent end by the reading of certain prayers and pious exhortations. Now Mrs. Moll Cutpurse had undertaken to entice the Bell-Man into her house that evening: the Captain would take from him his book of devotions, and habit himself in the great blue cloak with silver buttons in which the Bell-Man officiated. My part in the plot was, briefly, to withdraw the crowd from about the Captain in order to secure him a few moments of solitude wherein to accomplish his design. I must then return to the house of Mrs

Cutpurse and there to await Jacobus, who, it seemed, had another business in hand. When I learned the details I owned to myself the design wore a singularly desperate aspect: but there was no question of thievery this time; and I promised myself, at the least, some pleasurable excitement. Nor was I in any sense disappointed in that expectation.

The dinner eaten, we primed our pistols afresh, and fully armed, masked, and cloaked, made a circuit and entered the bagnio by the privy door. We found the lady flauntingly apparelled in purple Lucca velvet, much bedecked and bejewelled; and I misliked her more than ever. Drest as a man she appeared merely monstrous: but clothed as a woman she seemed to insult her sex. She led us straightway into a little apartment that opened off the room in which she had entertained us the night before: and there, all fallen together in a great chair by the fire, a huge, gross man with a tangle of red hair lay in a slumber so profound that, had he been dead, he could have been no more insensible of our approach. A black-jack stood on the floor at his side, empty; and a faint, pungent odour hung in the air.

"He drinks a mighty potation," remarked Mrs. Moll, "and after the way I mixed it, I'll warrant him to slumber through the trumpet-blast of the great Archangel."

The Captain doffed his hat, and picking up the Bell-Man's blue camlet cloak from behind the door, put it on and pulled the hood over his head. Searching in the lining, he presently drew forth a thin volume bound in brown leather and conned it swiftly through.

"There is a cursedly scant measure of the farrago," said he. "You must be mighty quick, Anthony, or I shall have to spin prayers out of my head like an Independent. This is a job would have better suited the Golden Farmer."

Upon leaving the house, we found awaiting us at the door the Bell-Man's open cart, to which a big black mule was harnessed. A 'prentice-lad stood at the brute's head, and a number of idlers had gathered round. I took the reins, the Captain tossed the boy a coin, and climbing into the cart, we set off towards Saint Sepulchre's upon Snow Hill. The mule went at a funeral pace: and finding that no persuasion prevailed upon it, I desisted therefrom, supposing that the beast was trained to the proper custom. The crowd increased momentarily and began to surround us, until by the time we descried the swinging lanterns of the Watch at the corner by the church, the multitude must have numbered some two or three hundred. Many in the procession carried links: so that the red gleam flitted from casement to casement of the houses on either hand, lit strongly and struck into vividness faces here and there among the throng: while a world of shadows danced overhead, amid the smoke and glare. At Saint Sepulchre's, the Watch with shouldered bills, brown or bright, fell in among the crowd: and in this order we arrived at Newgate.

Stopping the cart in the middle of the road, I jumped down and began to work my way through the throng, which strove to press close. The glare of the torches flickered upon the grisly walls and tiers of black barred windows: looking back, I saw the Captain rise to his feet and open his book.

"Gentlemen, are you awake?" he cried in a great voice, scanning the grim fronts of the prison to left and right.

I had but time to catch an answering cry from within the condemned hold, when I was clear of the press, and running hot-foot back to Giltspur Street. Reaching the back of the square of houses on either side of which Giltspur Street branches into Newgate Street, I paused, and looked about: for it was in this place, well within hearing of Newgate, that I purposed to raise an hue-and-cry. The street was deadly quiet, so that my footsteps made an extraordinary commotion; and so far as I could discern by the faint starlight and the glimmer of a lamp at a little distance, not so much as a cat was stirring. Stepping out into the roadway, which here formed a small open space of triangular shape, I opened my mouth and shouted "Fire, ho! Fire!"

The word had an effect, immediate and unexpected. From the shadows a figure detached itself and came swiftly towards me. As it drew nearer, I made out the form of a man something smaller and slighter built than myself; the face under the broad hat was closely muffled.

"Where is the fire, sir?" enquired the stranger, eagerly, peering about at the dark and silent houses.

This was a difficulty I had not antici-



"CLIMBING INTO THE CART WE SET OFF TOWARDS ST. SEPULCHRE'S"

pated. "Why, here, sir," I answered, "Do you not see it? Help me to raise the alarm, then. There is no time to be lost;" and I was fetching my breath for another alarum when the stranger clapped a hand upon my mouth.

"Y'are mad, or jesting," he said, angrily. "There is no fire. And I want the street kept quiet."

"And I want it raised," I returned, pinioning him. "Leave me be, my little man, or I will break you in pieces."

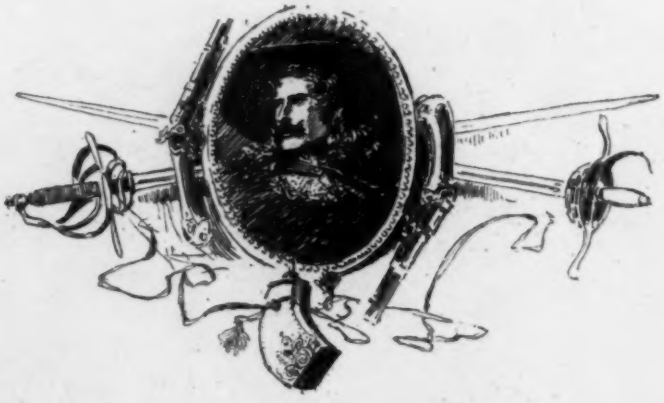
My gallant struggled furiously, and dealing him a kick that sent him headlong, I began to halloo at the top of my pipe. In another moment casements were flung open, night-capped heads bobbed out, and voices from all quarters took up the cry. My gentleman picked himself from the kennel and ran upon me with naked blade.

"Look, then!" I cried; and obeying my outstretched arm, he stopped and turned; then, with an inarticulate cry, dashed forward.

For at that very instant, to my extreme amazement, I spied a light tongue of flame amid a spiral of smoke upon the thatched roof of the house opposite to me: then another and another: and before I could move, the place was burning like a torch. My task was accomplished, with a vengeance; the crowd came pouring through the narrow streets on either side the central block in the midst of which my house was blazing. I felt as if I had set light to it myself, and fought my way towards the flames with intent to do what I might to extinguish them. Half-way through the crowd I met my young gallant carrying a wench in his arms, the people making way for him.

"O you!" he cried, stopping. "I think you must be a witch or the Devil. I have been watching the place all night, and how could it have caught fire? Make way, sir. You shall not stop me!"

I never saw a boy so mad with excitement, and as I stepped aside to let him pass I noted that the girl was fully drest as if for riding. Then my imminent appointment with the Captain coming to mind I freed myself from the roaring mobile and took my way back to Fleet Street. As I walked my head cooled, and it broke upon my understanding that had it not been for the singular chance of the conflagration (an accident, perhaps, of the young lady's vigil), I had come extraordinary near to upsetting a deeply-schemed plan of elopement.



Artists on Their Works.



IN this second article the characteristics of the letters included will be found to be little different from those in the instalment you have already read. It may be that more of the artists whose replies are quoted have found it possible to give a definite answer, but most of them complain once more that the question asked is exceeding difficult to answer, and many add (what you would yourself imagine) that the preference of the artist among his own works are based on no critical reason. A man likes one of his own pictures best simply because he does, and not necessarily because he would maintain that it is his best. Letters are reproduced in facsimile from M. Bougereau, Messrs. Philip Calderon, R.A., W. P. Frith, R.A., W. B. Richmond, R.A., B. W. Leader, A.R.A., and John Lavery.

Mr. William Hole, R.S.A., R.P.E., writes: "*The Canterbury Pilgrims* is, I think, my best original work. It is a large plate which is little known in this country, but which, oddly enough, has been very popular in the United States. I have little hesitation in selecting *The Wood Sawyers*, after J. F. Millet, as the best of my reproduction plates, not that the technique is better than that of others which I could name, but because the massive and telling composition of the original and its vitality of workmanship make it an exceptionally suitable subject for etching."

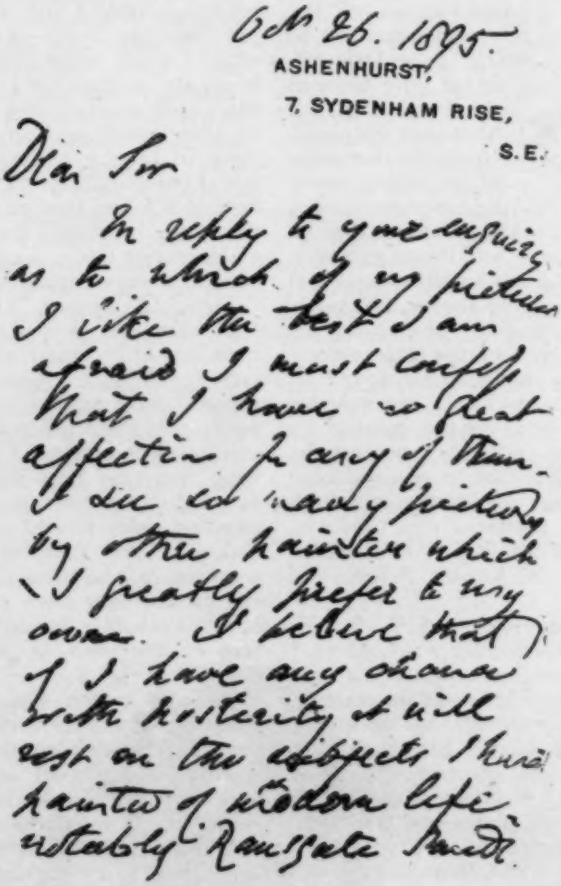
Mr. A. Bruce-Joy, R.H.A., says of his sculptures: "In reply to your question, I feel very strongly with some of the authors to whom you lately addressed a similar inquiry, a great dislike to allude publicly in any way to my own productions, and that the less said by an author or an artist about his works the better. However, the example of making an answer of some kind having been so well set by several of your correspondents, I will allow myself to say that the works in portraiture by which I would most wish to be remembered are perhaps the London statue of Mr. Gladstone, and that of John Bright at Manchester; and amongst the busts those of the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Salisbury. I will add, however, that I find that all real interest in my works ends when the great effort of endeavouring to overcome the difficulties which I always encounter has ceased."

Mr. A. K. Brown, A.R.S.A., writes: "It seems to me you have asked a question which most artists will find rather difficult to answer. Artists are different from authors, inasmuch as the majority of them produce a great many pictures in the course of a season: and, while they may have one favourite out of the number, when it comes to be a selection from several years' work the task is a very different one. I know some artists who invariably consider the last picture they have painted as their best. Probably the oil picture I like best of my own is one called *The Gareloch*. It was exhibited a few years ago in the Glasgow Fine Art Institute, and afterwards in the Glaspalast Exhibition at Munich, where it was awarded a gold medal, and was purchased for the National Gallery of Bavaria. Of water-colours two pictures entitled *Arran and Bute*, and *Solway Sands* have given me most satisfaction. To this brief reply I may add that I hope to live to paint pictures that will please me much better than any I have yet done."

Mr. E. A. Normand writes: "I find it difficult to say which of my pictures I prefer, for, in passing them in review before my mind's eye, I am conscious of a distinct feeling of disappointment associated with each important effort I have hitherto made. The realisation of one's ideas on canvas falls so far short of what one hoped to produce (and I might add, of what one felt

able to produce) that one gets to regard all one's pictures as more or less failures. The only pieces of work that have ever satisfied me technically have been quite unimportant 'single figure' subjects, or heads in which one has been able to devote one's whole attention to the manipulation; but in a large composition one has to consider each individual figure in its relation to the picture as a whole, and one's brain has to grapple simultaneously with several intricate problems. Having recently had the opportunity of seeing seven or eight of my more important pictures side by side I have come to the conclusion that my *Death of Pharaoh's First Born* annoys me least when I look at it. It has a certain earnest solemnity about it that tells me I did not entirely fail to realise the motives of the subject, though the handling, owing to the peculiar condition of the light in which it had to be painted, leaves much to be desired from a conscientious artist's point of view."

His wife, better known as Miss Henrietta Rae, says: "I suppose I ought to reply that, among my own works, my favourite picture is the *Psyche Before the Throne of Venus*. It certainly has been my greatest popular and financial success; but I cannot help admitting that, in my opinion, the very characteristic which undoubtedly won for it the popularity it enjoys, viz., its general prettiness (detestable word) robs it of its right to rank as the great achievement which some of my too partial admirers would assign to it. The picture I feel least ashamed of is


Oct 26. 1895.

ASHENHURST,

7, SYDENHAM RISE,

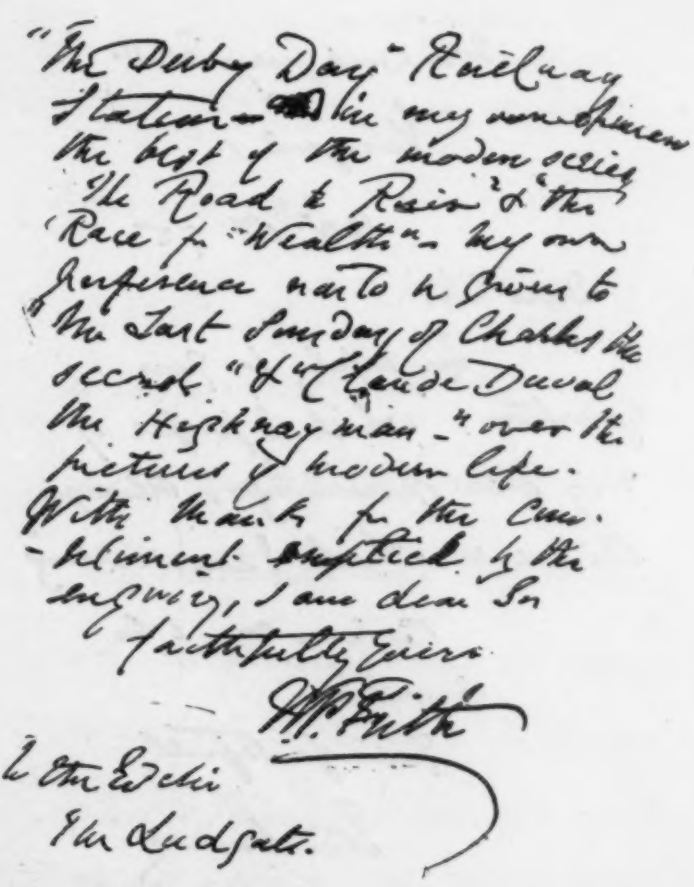
S.E.

Dear Sir

In reply to your enquiry as to which of my pictures I like the best I am afraid I must confess that I have no great affection for any of them. I admire many pictures by other painters which I greatly prefer to my own. I believe that if I have any chance with posterity it will rest on the subjects I have painted of modern life notably Ramsgate Sands.

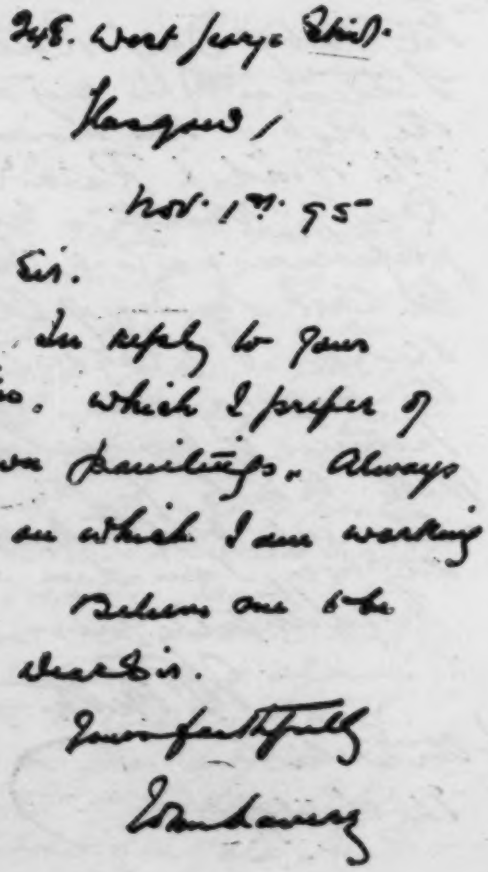
the *Ophelia*, purchased by the Liverpool Corporation. It is, I think, more vigourous than anything I have hitherto produced, and it has qualities that, in a measure, satisfy me; though I feel bound to add that I find few people who agree with me in my preference."

Mr. James Archer, R.S.A., writes at the weeping Queens; the vision of the Sangreal I added was my own idea and as an interpretation of the line, 'Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.' I considered his real wound was the betrayal of his honour by his wife and dearest friend, and the only healing in such a case must be a spiritual


"The Derby Day" Railway
Station — One of my own pictures
the best of the modern series
"The Road to Ruin" & "The
Race for Wealth" — My own
preference ought to be given to
"The Last Sunday of Charles the
second" & "M^r Claude Duval
the Highway man" over the
pictures of modern life.
With thanks for the com-
pliment implied by the
enquiry, I am dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
W. P. Frith
2 Ormonde Villas
The Ludgate.

greater length and incidentally proves how difficult is the choice he has been asked to make: "In my life's work I think the five pictures that I prefer are the following: The subject of the first, painted while I was still living in Edinburgh, is from the *Morte d'Arthur;* the book was lent me by my friend Sir Noel Paton and at once took hold of me; the subject I chose was King Arthur dying in the Island Valley of Avilion, surrounded by one. I exhibited the picture in the Royal Scottish Academy in 1860. There was a small replica of it in the Guildhall Exhibition before the last. The second picture I mention is one I painted shortly after settling in London, and was called *Maggie, You're Cheating*, two young girls in the costume of the last century playing cards. The third picture, called *Helen of Kirkconnell*, was painted from what Lord Macaulay called the finest of all the ballads; the point I chose

was where Helen falls dead in her lover's arms, having thrown herself between him and the shot intended for him. It was founded on a real event that happened in the reign of James I. of England. Sir Heron Maxwell told me the scene of the tragedy was visible from some of the windows of his house in Dumfriesshire. The picture was exhibited in the Royal Academy in the year 1868 (as far as I remember). The last two pictures I shall mention together, as one took me the longest time I ever spent on a picture and the other the shortest; the first took me seven months and the other three hours! *Dieu le Veult*, Peter the Hermit preaching the first crusade, is the first in which I tried to suggest the wild enthusiasm of all classes, even of children, for the idea of going to Jerusalem to deliver the tomb of Christ from the Infidel: the other was a portrait of a lady, head and shoulders, which one of the most distinguished members of our profession always calls my *Gainsborough!* It was exhibited in one of the shows held in the semi-circular galleries behind the Albert Hall, some time in the seventies; last year I sent it to the Salon. The Peter the Hermit was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1882."



Mr. Arthur Hacker, A.R.A., makes a pleasant confession: "My favourite picture is that which I am now engaged on. I like better, however, some one still to be painted in the distant future."

Mr. Alexander Roche, A.R.S.A., says: "I really don't know that it will interest anyone to know which of my works I prefer, but in case it should I prefer my

Idyl, exhibited at the Grafton two years ago, and now in Berlin."

Mr. Edwin Hayes, R.H.A., R.I., says: "I am happy to say that my last Royal Academy Picture, *Crossing the Bar*—in the possession of the purchaser—is, I think, my best picture. The subject pleased me—plenty wind, heavy sea, etc."

Here is the reply of Mr. C. Napier Hemy: "I should say *A Silent Adieu* amongst my garden pictures; *Hardy Fishermen* perhaps the most vigorous of the boating; *St. Mawes* the best coast view; and *Homeward* the first of my water-colours. Of the river Thames pictures *Limehouse Barge Builders* is the best."

Mr. Walter Langley writes from Newlyn: "You ask which of my own paintings I prefer. So far I think *Among the Missing*, a water-colour, and *Never Morning Wore to Evening But Some Heart Did Break* (an oil picture), are the two paintings which gave me most satisfaction when done. Like most painters, I hope my best picture is still to be painted."

Mr. J. Campbell Noble, R.S.A., is indefinite: "Your question is a difficult

BURROWS CROSS, SHERE,

GUILDFORD.

Nov. 3rd 1895

Dear Sir

Your question is a difficult one to answer. I can hardly say which of my pictures I like best. Perhaps "In the evening time it shall be light" is the most popular and I think it one of my most effective works but I have painted others since

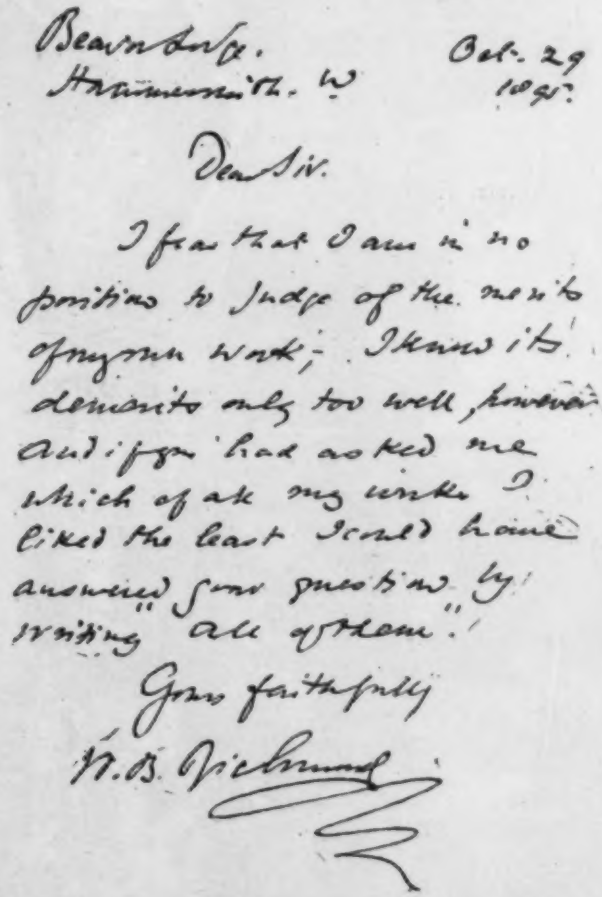
that I think quite equal to it if not better. "The Manchester Ship Canal works in progress" was a much more difficult subject and equally successful my this years picture in the Royal Academy "Evening Glow" I think equal to any thing I have ever done and one that I am now at work upon for next years Academy I think will better. I always try to make my last picture my best.

Truly yours

B. W. Leader -

one to answer. My work always falls so far short of what my ideal is—that my next picture is always to be the best."

Mr. R. B. Nisbet, A.R.S.A., R.I., is another who complains of the difficulty of the task set him: "You ask an apparently simple question? I have read replies from Authors in the current number of *The Ludgate*, and can only say that if it be your apparently simple question raises. I shall try to answer it in a manner. *Harrowing* for a grey effect, and *A Borderland Sunset* for an evening scene, are the two pictures which, from recollection, I like best. As they are both in private collections, I have no opportunity of comparing them, and so cannot give you a definite answer, but my preference lies between these two."



Beaumont St.
Hammersmith. W
Oct. 29
1895

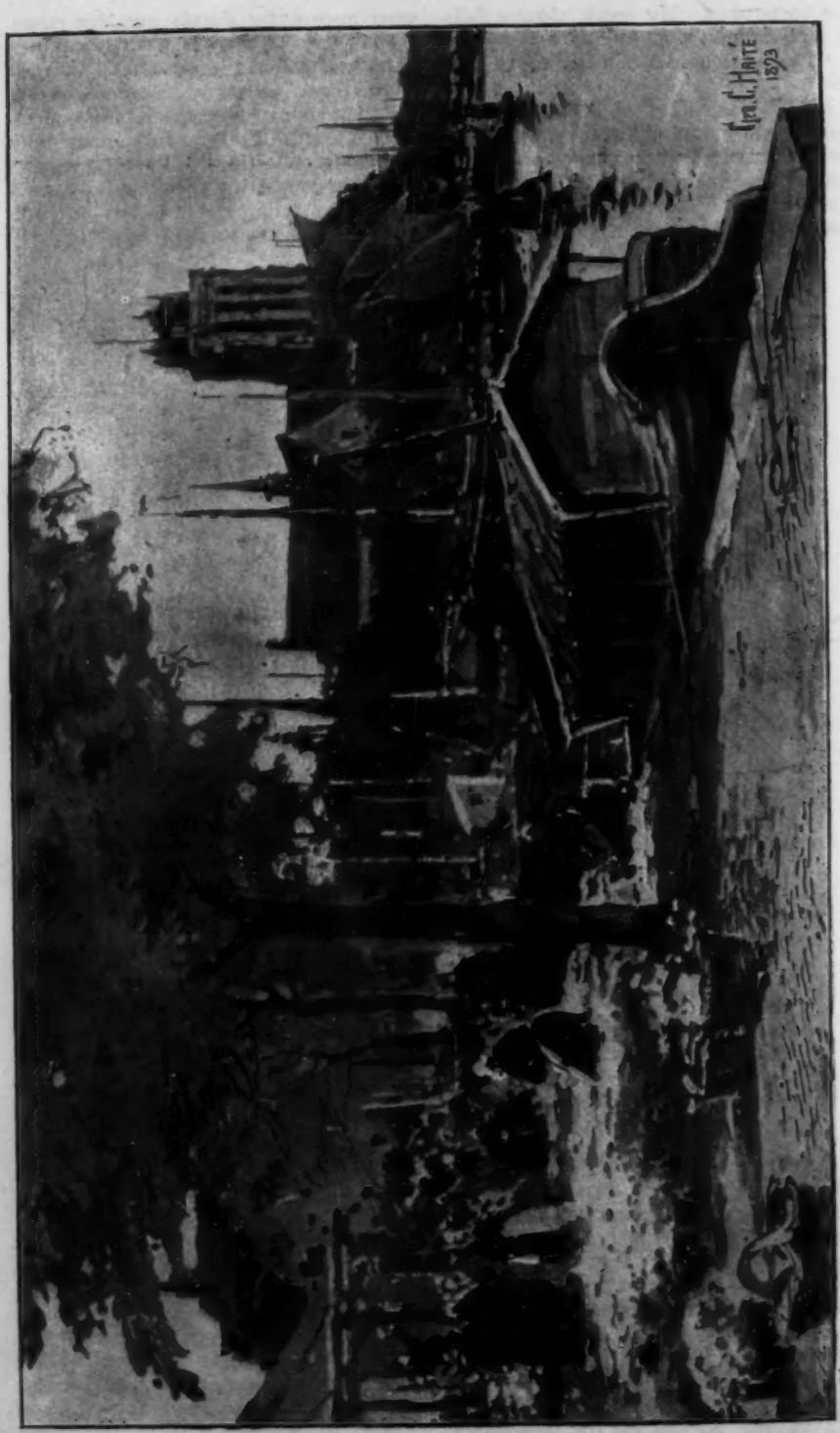
Dear Sir.

I fear that I am in no position to Judge of the merits of my own work; I know its demerits only too well, however and if you had asked me which of all my works I liked the least I could have answered your question by writing "all of them."

Yours faithfully
W. B. Richmond

difficult for a writer to arrive at a conclusion, a painter seems to me even worse off. A painter may like one work purely from a technical point of view, and another because it expresses best his feeling, quite independent of whether his manner of doing so is good technically or not. Then, again, colour comes in, and that may be beautiful, and express an emotion associated solely with colour. So you see the difficulties

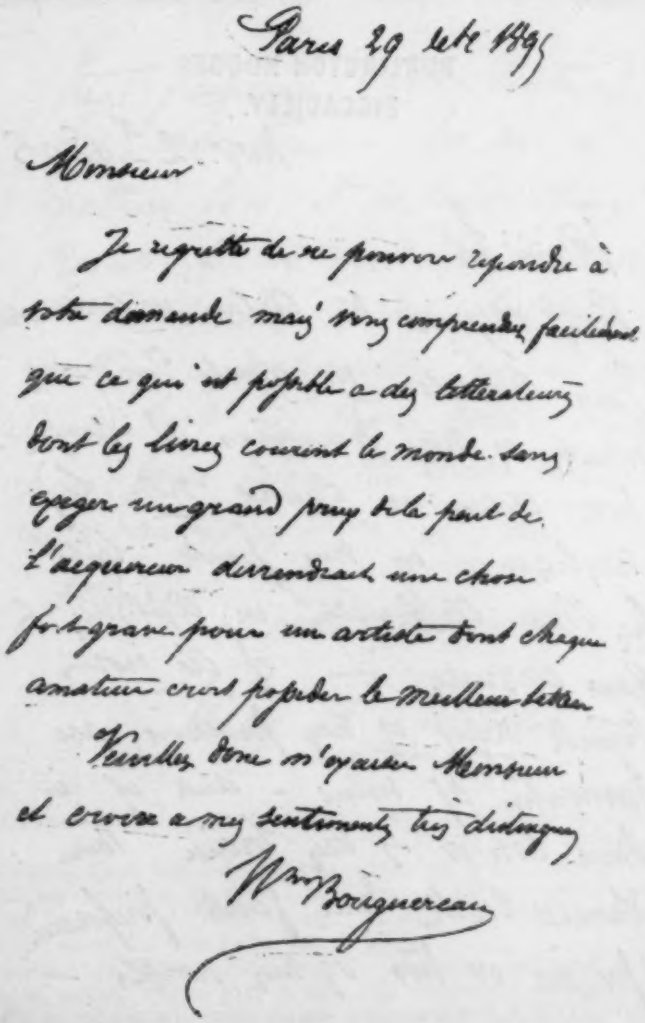
Mr. George C. Haité, R.B.A., discourses pleasantly and philosophically on the subject. "It is difficult," he writes, "to answer your request that I should inform you which of my pictures I personally prefer. I suppose we have all had some affection—more or less — for most of them as we were painting them, but as we become more dispassionate and critical, and ripened in our judgment, we doubtless



UNDER THE LINDENS — DORDRECHT

FROM A PICTURE BY G. C. HAITÉ

find that we must have loved them for their very faults. Every parent is blind to the failings of its own off-spring, and exceptionally keen in detecting failings in others, and it is very much the same with pictures. We detect the shortcomings in the works of others by a sometimes another—as, for instance, for effect—or sentiment, and sometimes the effort to combine both. I might have briefly answered that the artist is always *going* to paint his best picture, but if it will assist you in any way I will venture to give expression to my preference for



direct and unerring instinct; still, to my mind, it would be the worst kind of affectation to deny that one has a liking —a predilection for one or two works, over and above others. The difficulty I find in answering your query arises, therefore, not so much from that of selection, as it does from the fact that one paints sometimes to gain one thing, two pictures—one painted to give the effect of noonday sunlight life, and movement, as in my picture of Dutch life *Under the Lindens*, now at the Crystal Palace (which has been awarded a silver medal by Messrs. Burgess, R.A., Phil Morris, A.R.A., and Alfred East, R.I.); and of the depression and sadness of a wet autumn evening, as in my picture,

FROM A PICTURE BY G. C. HAITÉ

Leaves must fall and the Latest Blossoms Wither, of which a reproduction will appear in the *Art Journal* for March, 1896.

Mr. T. Graham, A.R.S.A. writes: "Like the children, my mind reverted to my *biggest*, called *The Last Boat*, exhibited at the last exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery."

Mr. Patrick W. Adam, A.R.S.A., says: "It is somewhat difficult for an artist to fix on a particular picture out of a very considerable number, but I think a little picture which I exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy last year, entitled *Christmas Cards*, is my favourite. This picture—which represents a little girl sitting at a table looking at some cards—was purchased by Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A., for a gallery in Auckland, New Zealand."

Mr. W. B. Wollen, R.I., writes: "It is a very difficult matter to decide which picture I have taken the most interest in whilst at work upon it. Perhaps I would give the preference to the *42nd Royal Highlanders (Black Watch) at bay, Quatre Bras*, painted in '94, but they all interest me."

Mr. David Farquharson, A.R.S.A., is lucky in liking his last: "I consider my last Academy picture, entitled *A Summer Eve*, the best of my efforts. It is at present hung in Manchester, and has been bought by the Corporation Art Committee."

BURLINGTON HOUSE.
PICCADILLY.

Nov. 2d 1895

Dear Sir:
Pray excuse this delay in answering
your circular in which you ask
which of my paintings I prefer -
that delay is caused not by
negligence on my part but
by sheer difficulty in replying to
your enquiry — I do not
think any of my pictures are
favourites of mine - and if in
some corner of my brain there
should lurk some faint preference
for one or two of my works —

Mr. G. P. Jacomb-Hood, R.P.E., says: "I am less dissatisfied, perhaps, with a portrait of my sister in black (exhibited a few years ago at the Suffolk Street Galleries, and afterwards in the Paris Salon), than with most of my painting, and next to that—as ideal work—I place a picture called *The Triumph of Spring*, exhibited at the Grosvenor at the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours entitled *Early Morning in the Meadows* is the one."

This is the reply of Mr. R. H. Carter: "I would name *A Message to the Reef*, exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1892 Exhibition, as the best subject I have done. It has been published as a gravure by Frost and Reed, Bristol."

That preference has no critical value whatever — for as a mother's love, it is said, clings closest to the most frail, sickly or troublesome of her children, authors and painters as a rule think best of those works which have given them the most trouble and anxiety — I am.

Dear Sir

Yours faithfully

Philip H. Calderon

Gallery, and now belonging to Sydney, N.S.W."

Mr. G. Ogilvy Reid, A.R.S.A., imitates certain of his brethren in discretion: "It is not easy for an artist to say which of his works he thinks the best; my experience is that anyone who possesses a picture thinks that is the artist's best, hence you will easily understand that it would be ungracious of me to indicate a preference for any one of mine in particular."

Mr. Claude Hayes, R.I., writing awhile ago, said: "The picture now on view

Mr. E. M. Wimperis, R.I., says: "A Water-colour drawing of a *Scotch Moor* in the possession of Lord Egerton of Tatton, which gained a medal at the last Paris International Exhibition."

But surely the most delightfully candid confession comes from Mr. J. R. Weguelin, A.R.W.S.: "My favourite is my first exhibited picture. It is not a good picture and it was not well hung, but it gave me more happiness than any work of mine has given me since, and I love it."



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. BACON

DECLINED WITH THANKS.

MR. WALLACE ARMSTRONG, M.P., had been three times Mayor of Salchester, and he had more than once declined the honour of knighthood during his terms of office. When his party was swept out of power by the flowing or ebbing tide of the political moment it was reported in the press that the Mayor of Salchester had refused a baronetcy. Some wondered at the Mayor's humility; others, professing greater knowledge, sneered at his insatiable ambition. The Mayor himself meanwhile went steadily on, rendering great services to his party, spending money recklessly to further its interests, and waiting. Everything comes to those who wait, and Armstrong did more than merely wait: he worked and sweated his factory girls so far as the Acts permitted.

Gerald Armstrong, the Mayor's only son, was an excellent foil to many of his father's best intentions. He had been sent down from Cambridge for something dircreditable, and after spending a year or two abroad he returned to the paternal roof to form, as it were, a dark background against which his father's wisdom and piety showed with great brightness. This contrast, although sometimes convenient, was really distressing to the Mayor who feared and, indeed, believed, that in addition to all the bets and debts he had paid, and scandals he had hushed up, Gerald would one day cover him with unsupportable disgrace. The sins of the son were thus somewhat heavily visited upon the father, and the father's devotion, as is usual in such cases, was proportionately great.

When the great election of 189— came on, it will be remembered that the country rose to the occasion. Mr. Armstrong rose with it. His interest was of great service in most of the manufacturing towns around Salchester, and his money was useful generally. Many seats were captured. When an ex-Cabinet Minister was sent to contest one of the divisions of Salchester, the Mayor felt the opportunity of his life had come. He would make the East Division of Salchester his "coping-stone." He would win it for the ex-Cabinet Minister, and then the inhabitants of his native city would find out the full glory of the man they had thrice made their chief magistrate.

The political excitement was so keen that Surgeon-Colonel Hedford was drawn into the struggle. Himself cared nothing for politics, but his friends dragged him to meetings, and pushed him upon platforms where, to his own surprise, he made speeches and wondered what the people were cheering about—which, as a rule, they did not know themselves. Hedford served on one of the ex-Cabinet Minister's Committees, and so was brought into daily contact with the Mayor, whose indomitable perseverance and energy he could not but admire. He also made Gerald Armstrong's acquaintance, and was not long in arriving at the opinion that rumour for once had understated the case against the culprit. This was enough to arouse Hedford's

interest. Gerald was in every way such an efficient scoundrel as to repay a student of character for the most minute examination. These two, therefore, began to pass as friends with the Mayor's party. They really had one point in common: neither cared for politics.

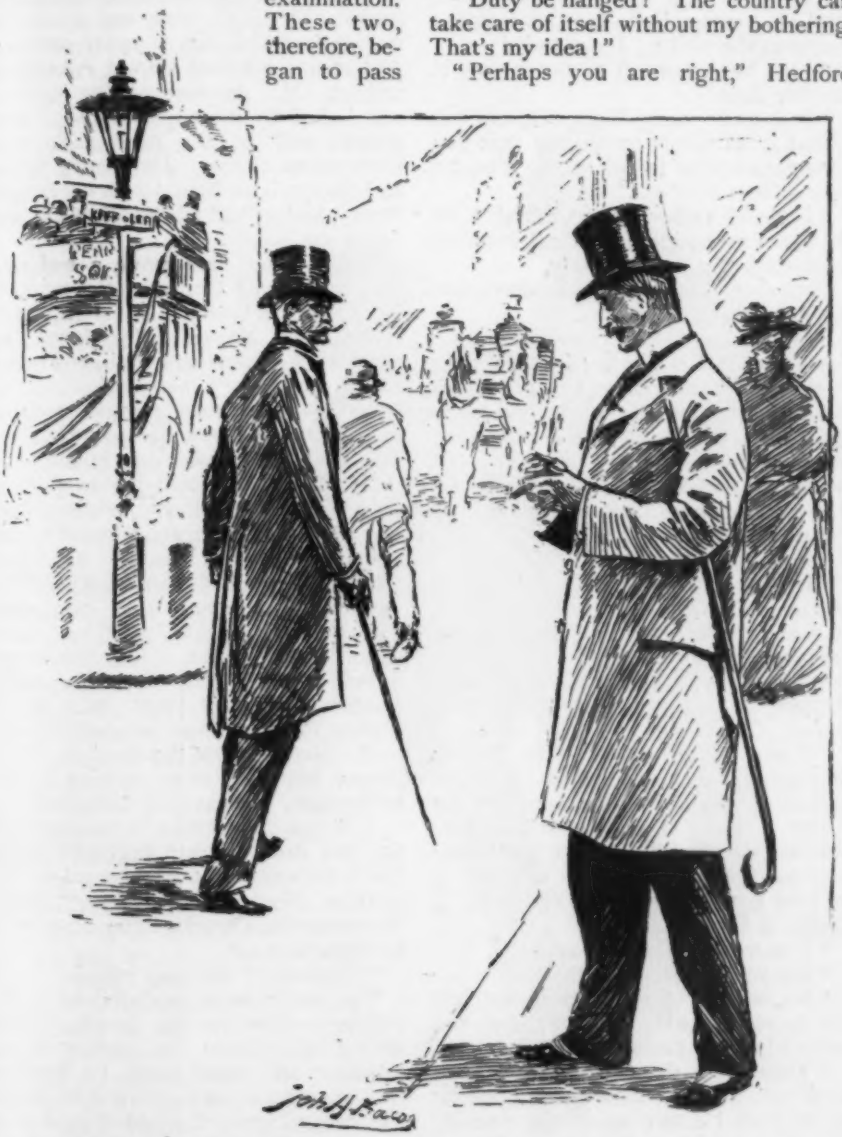
"Confounded rot, this political tomfoolery," Gerald said frankly one day when he met Hedford on his way to a Committee meeting. "I wonder why you bore yourself with it."

"It is rather a bore, I must admit, Hedford answered. "But one must do one's duty to the country."

"Duty be hanged! The country can take care of itself without my bothering. That's my idea!"

"Perhaps you are right," Hedford said coldly. "Your interference might not do any good. At the same time I think you ought to show yourself at the meeting in St. George's Hall to-night. I suggest it merely as a matter of expediency. Your continued absence gives annoyance to your father."

"Oh, dad's all right. I can twist him



"COLONEL HEDFORD REPLIED SHARPLY, TURNING AWAY"

round my little finger. Why last week I got fifty out of the old chap after he had sworn he would not bleed another sixpence for the next three months. And I managed it by the simplest dodge in the world. I pretended ——"

"I am busy now. You can tell me at another time."

"Dear me!" young Armstrong sneered. "That is as much as to say that you have got on your moral stilts. You are very seldom off them."

"I would rather be on moral stilts than be a moral idiot," Colonel Hedford replied sharply, turning away,

Armstrong followed him down the street, laughing heartily.

"On my soul I give you credit for that—Hedford." He was going to say "old chap," but the other's face stopped him. "I do indeed." He laughed again, and quite unaffectedly. It was not because he had lost all self-respect, but because he had never had any. "You see it so exactly describes me—a moral idiot—but it's rather rough from you."

"Why from me?"

"I mean from—a murderer." There was no malice in the way this was said. It was simply given as the necessary explanation.

"What do you mean?" Hedford asked stopping suddenly and confronting Armstrong.

"You need not look so desperately shocked. I meant no harm. It was that collision when you were on the *Kaiser Wilhelm*. I read about it in Melbourne. Didn't you shoot a poor devil who was trying to get into a boat? I suppose you were all in a jolly funk. I should, if I had been there."

"You would," Hedford assented.

"But you all got off in the end?"

"No, not all. One man was shot, but not by me. Had you been there—the subject is disagreeable to me."

"Then we'll drop it by all means. And just to show there's no ill feeling on my part I'll turn up at the meeting to-night. I'll be on the platform."

"I am glad of that——" Hedford paused abruptly. He was about to offer some good advice, contrary to his rule, which was never to advise an adult, believing that if a man will not act wisely for his own sake he certainly will not for the sake of his good adviser. They parted at a street corner without further conversation.

The meeting was disorderly and at times riotous. It had been meant for the friends of the ex-Cabinet Minister only, but both sides were strongly represented. One ugly rush was made for the platform. It was narrowly defeated. Just at this moment Gerald Armstrong arrived. His presence on the platform was hailed by the opposition with loud groans, and by the other side with tremendous cheers. The young fellow had always been liberal with his father's money, and so had a considerable following in the hall.

But Hedford had made a bad mistake in bringing Gerald to the meeting. For when Mr. Wallace Armstrong, M.P., thrice Lord Mayor of Salchester, sat down after delivering a well constructed speech on the "Liberty of the Individual"—which must certainly suffer if his nominee were not elected—a marked impression was observable in the audience. The people had previously been frenzied by a passionate address from the ex-Cabinet Minister, wherein a little outburst of high treason had been violently applauded, hats, handkerchiefs, umbrellas, bannerets, and everything movable being waved aloft in great enthusiasm. When Mr. Armstrong, however, sat down after his coldly practical statement, there was almost silence. The audience was really moved by the plain sense of the speaker. Their silence betrayed more respect, if less enthusiasm. It was soon disturbed.

A haggard workman in the centre of the hall stood up and began to speak. His voice was instantly drowned by discordant cries from Armstrong's party. He demanded a hearing. They threatened to throw him out.

"Tyranny!" the man yelled.

The single word produced an extraordinary effect on the people. Armstrong, who knew the temper of an audience, and could gauge its impulses with exactitude, saw a crisis was imminent. He stepped forward, asked the workman to ascend the platform, and begged the people to hear him. "A fair field and no favour," he claimed, had been his guiding principle through life. This took with the audience. Great cheering followed in which both sides joined. When he got upon the platform the workman was trembling with excitement, but he was too much in earnest to allow any nervous strain to prevent him

from giving his "message" to the meeting.

"Men of Salchester," the impromptu speaker began in a thin voice which was heard with difficulty. "You have listened to Mr. Armstrong's speech on the liberty of the individual——"

"Speak up!"

"I will speak up in a minute," the man said, his voice gathering a little strength. "It's a fine theory, is Mr. Armstrong's, and I just want to tell you summat about Mr. Armstrong's practice. My girl, Molly Jones, as fine a lass as ever stepped, went into his factory when she was sixteen year old—that's three years ago—and 'andsomely he's treated her."

"Shut up! No personalities!"

"No personalities! Isn't it all personalities so far? And isn't it a 'fair field and no favour' that Mr. Armstrong has claimed for me? I'll say my say and you can judge between him and me——"

It was a psychological moment. Any interference with the man would surely turn the people in his favour. Armstrong arose again and raising his hand for silence once more asked for a patient hearing for his critic. the Mayor was again vehemently cheered. The speaker was nonplussed. He could not understand such generosity from a man he had all his life regarded as a merciless slave-owner, a "bloated" capitalist, and a sworn enemy to the working class. He commenced again lamely, gave the hours his daughter had worked and the wages she had received, spoke of the hopeless misery and the profitless drudgery of the life, and then a sudden passion lent him eloquence. He charged young Armstrong publicly with his daughter's ruin.

"And she's disgraced to-night, and he sits there among the highest in the land. And if that's the way individual liberty is to be divided between us lowet orders and our betters, all I have to say is as hell will be a pleasant change for us."

The meeting broke up in confusion.



"YOU CAN JUDGE BETWEEN HIM AND ME"

On the platform it was felt that such language could be no longer permitted. Even Mr. Armstrong consented to the man's expulsion, and he was flung outside the hall in a damaged condition physically, but satisfied that he had said his say. The incident was unfortunate. It lessened Mr. Armstrong's influence with the electors, and although the ex-Cabinet Minister won his seat, it was by a narrow majority. Still, he won it, and the ambition of Wallace Armstrong's life was surely now secure. But it was not yet; for when the higher powers say a thing may not be done, it seldom is done. And so there was an end to Wallace Armstrong's ambition for the present.

Hedford was dining with the Mayor when the letter arrived which conveyed this unpleasant news. It was from the Cabinet Minister, and indicated as delicately as possible the reason why the Prime Minister's suggestion had been ignored.

"It is hard, very hard," the Mayor said, querulously, "that this ungrateful son of mine should thwart me at every point. You can see plainly from Lord Balcombe's letter why——" He broke off with an inarticulate growl and there came over his face an expression which Hedford had only seen once before—on the platform in St. George's Hall when he was publicly shamed by the simple fact that he was the father of his son.

"Hard, very hard! And I have done so much for him."

"A good deal too much," Hedford said drily.

"You do not understand. You have been in India all the best years of your life. Your liver——"

"Is not quite what I would like. It does not, however, influence my judgment."

"Bah! You have no son."

Hedford felt thankful that he had not a son like the Mayor's, but he said nothing.

"What am I to do?" Armstrong asked appealingly. "What can I do with Gerald?"

"Very little. I mean, nothing at all unless you adopt strong measures. The time for kindness is past. If you want to make a man of your son—I don't say a good man, only a colourable imitation—you will have to take my advice. But it is not my business to advise," he corrected hastily.

"Oh, yes, it is your business. Everything seems to be your business. Why not this amongst the rest? And I will do whatever you direct. How do you account for his being—being such a——"

"Consummate scoundrel," was in Hedford's mind. He kept it there, and said instead "Put him into a private asylum for a year and see whether it will do anything for him. He is really insane. He ought to be under restraint. Do you know that he is suffering from alcoholic poisoning at the present moment?"

"Dr. Aicken says he will be all right, so far as his health is concerned, in a short time," the Mayor answered.

"Then perhaps you had better follow Dr. Aicken's advice," Hedford said stiffly, and the subject was dropped.

Dr. Aicken was wrong. Gerald Armstrong did not get well in a few days, he got much worse. Nemesis is better late than never. The patient was troublesome and exacting, and consequently a great fuss was made about him. No one troubles about the ninety-and-nine who go "straight." It is the hundredth who goes wrong that is treated as a martyr and brought back in the bosom of the good shepherd. It is a rather ridiculous aberration.

When young Armstrong was at his worst, the girl, Mary Jones, was noticed hanging about the house, and was threatened by the police. She appealed to Hedford, who had put her in the way of earning an honest living. "Only to see him once before he dies," she pleaded. This, of course, her social saviour could not accomplish. So she had to try a desperate and too successful an experiment. Two days later she was arrested on the charge of having attempted to murder Gerald Armstrong by poison.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the details elaborated at the police-court investigation after the arrest. In brief, Surgeon-Colonel Hedford swore that he was summoned urgently, at Dr. Aicken's request, to Martello Towers. He found Gerald Armstrong suffering from narcotic poisoning. He diagnosed the case as narcotic poisoning from the usual symptoms—flushing of the face at first; then extreme lividness, accompanied by contraction of the pupils, and low circulation. Chloral was the poison used.



"PLEASE SIT DOWN"

Dr. Aicken corroborated. Had the remedial treatment been delayed twenty minutes young Armstrong must have died.

Mrs. Douglas, housekeeper at the Towers, deposed that the nurse in charge of the case left at five o'clock on the evening of the attempted murder. An experienced nurse from London was to take her place within an hour. In the meantime she took charge of the patient. She was called out of the room to meet the prisoner, who was dressed in a nurse's costume and said that she had been sent from London to relieve the woman who had left. Mrs. Douglas had not been more than ten minutes out of the sick room before giving over charge of the patient to the prisoner. Shortly after, Dr. Aicken arrived and found that young Armstrong had been poisoned. The prisoner became hysterical and her imposture, i.e., that of being an experienced nurse, was at once detected. The police were sent for and she was taken into custody.

The police evidence was only important in proving that nothing criminating was found in the clothing of the accused.

By the grace of the Court the prisoner made a pathetic statement from the

dock. She said she had frequently tried to see the man who had pretended he was her lover, but had always been repulsed. One day she had been told by a servant who had showed her some kindness, that a new nurse was coming from London. She personated that nurse, and when she got into the sick-room found to her horror that the patient was unconscious. She was about to ring for assistance when Dr. Aicken arrived. She would have given her life for Mr. Gerald—here she broke down.



"YOU HAVE SEEN THIS BEFORE, I BELIEVE?"

After several remands the case was returned for trial. At the next assizes Mary Jones was acquitted for want of direct evidence to connect her with the actual administration of the poison. She

had better luck than she deserved, most people said.

Surgeon-Colonel Hedford had an opinion of his own: but he kept it to himself. To ventilate it would only court disaster. He had no proofs. Meantime young Armstrong did the worst thing in the world for everybody connected with him as well as himself. He got slowly better. His long-suffering father was the only person who admitted any satisfaction at this turn of affairs. Gerald Armstrong eventually got quite well, and so forgot all his good resolutions. Six months afterwards he died in a London hospital.

Then this paragraph appeared simultaneously in all the Salchester papers: "A vacancy will be immediately caused in the parliamentary representation of Salchester by the elevation of Mr. Wallace Armstrong (Mayor of the city and M.P. for the southern division) to the peerage. We understand that the new peer's title will be Lord Lithington."

Hedford read this at breakfast. Having done so, he sent for Mary Jones. His messenger knew where to find her, and she came at once. When she entered his study, he offered her a chair. She rested her arm on the chair back, but did not sit down.

"Please sit down," Hedford said kindly; "unless you wish me to stand."

"Oh, no, sir; please don't." The girl flopped into the chair.

"That's right. Now, will you just go over again that extraordinary story of yours—that night you got into Gerald Armstrong's room."

"I thought I told you, sir."

"Yes, so you did. I want to get the details accurately fixed in my mind. You are quite sure you heard some one leaving the room as you entered?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"And then you found an empty bottle labelled 'chloral' on the floor?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you say you——"

"Say what, sir?"

"What did you do with the bottle?"

"I dropped it into a delf jug" (she meant an antique vase) "on the mantelpiece. Dr. Aicken was coming. I did not tell this to the solicitor. I never told it to anyone but you. You have been so kind to me—God's blessing on you, sir—and I did not tell you either until the trial was over."

"What was your object in that?"

"I didn't want to make trouble."

"If Mr. Armstrong had died from the poison it might have cost you your life."

The girl shrugged her shoulders, and said grimly:

"I'm none too fond of it."

"My dear Hedford I am delighted to see you," the Mayor of Salchester said, as the specialist was ushered into his reception room. "I suppose you have heard the news and have come to congratulate me?"

"I have come to get you to do something for the girl, Jones. If you refer to the Peerage, I think you will decline that."

"Decline it! The ambition of my life!"

"Then it won't be gratified."

"What do you mean?"

"Look here." Hedford produced an empty bottle labelled "Poison." "You have seen this before, I believe?"

Armstrong flinched. He regained his nerve in a moment, and denied having seen the bottle. Afterwards he maintained his self-possession absolutely throughout a long and trying interview. Hedford had no case: mere suspicion is not enough to go to law on. He left the Towers at the suggestion of the proprietor and was ordered never to darken its doors again.

But Wallace Armstrong declined the Peerage, and retired altogether from public life. He died soon after, heart-broken by the loss of his son it was said.

The citizens of Salchester raised a handsome monument in memory of the man who had been three times their Mayor. It contains a record of all the virtues which were his, and many others which were not.

MY VALENTINE



The rose is red,
The violet's blue,
That's what I've said
To Cissy Hugh;
For I am ten and she is nine,
And I'm sending her a valentine.

I wrote as neat
As I could do,
The honey's sweet
And so are you.
And made six crosses in a line
For kisses on my valentine.

Then must I say,
What none should miss,
And so are they
That send you this.
And every word was written fine,
Upon the pretty valentine.

And last, how sweet
To say to Cis,
And when we meet
We'll have a kiss.
Now, I shall write her name and mine,
And take to her my valentine.

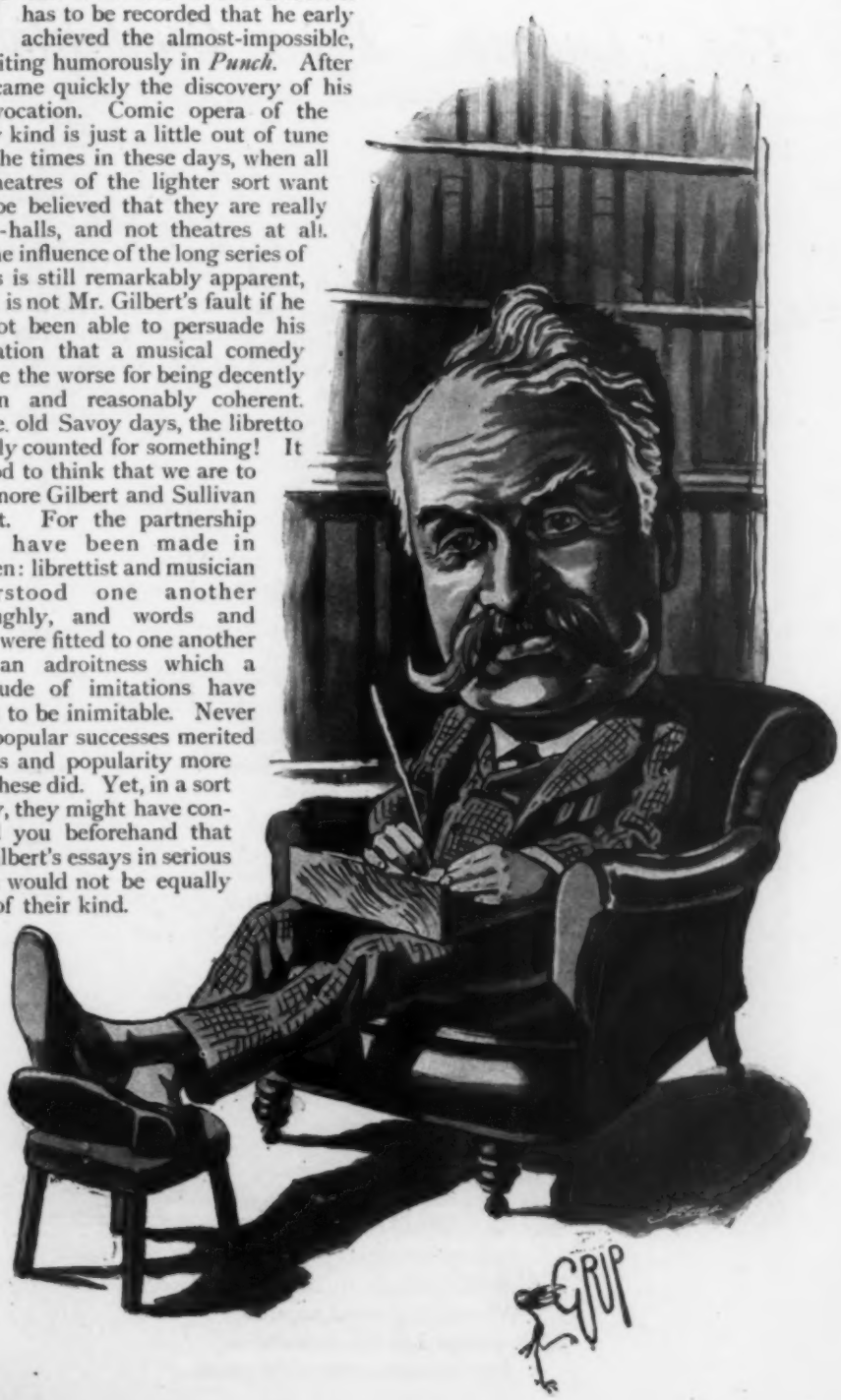
But when I got
To, "Cissy from——"
I made a blot
Instead of "Tom."
And big tears fell on every line,
And so I spoiled my valentine.

GABRIEL SETOUN.



Mr. W. S. Gilbert.

OF Mr. William Schwenk Gilbert it has to be recorded that he early achieved the almost-impossible, by writing humorously in *Punch*. After that came quickly the discovery of his real vocation. Comic opera of the Savoy kind is just a little out of tune with the times in these days, when all the theatres of the lighter sort want it to be believed that they are really music-halls, and not theatres at all. But the influence of the long series of operas is still remarkably apparent, and it is not Mr. Gilbert's fault if he has not been able to persuade his generation that a musical comedy is none the worse for being decently written and reasonably coherent. In the old Savoy days, the libretto actually counted for something! It is good to think that we are to have more Gilbert and Sullivan at last. For the partnership must have been made in Heaven: librettist and musician understood one another thoroughly, and words and music were fitted to one another with an adroitness which a multitude of imitations have shown to be inimitable. Never have popular successes merited success and popularity more than these did. Yet, in a sort of way, they might have convinced you beforehand that Mr. Gilbert's essays in serious drama would not be equally good of their kind.



The "Ludgate" Prize Competitions.

The readers of the "Ludgate" have for once displayed a singular reluctance to stoop to prose, and for the Competition which closed at the end of December but one short tale was submitted. Hence there was no competition. The verses, however, were more numerous than ever, and the medal was awarded to Mr. W. J. M. Combe for his "Fantasy." A decorative page, by Mr. G. F. M. Hopkins, was adjudged the best of the drawings, and received the award. The photographs, as usual, were numerous, and, in many cases, excellent. The medal is awarded to Mr. Henry W. Bennett for "A Strong Breeze," a picture which gives you an admirable impression of wind that blows over open sea. Photographs of child life for the next Competition should reach the office of the "Ludgate" not later than February 25th, and the result will be announced in the April number.

THE BEST SET OF VERSES.

FANTASY.

By WILLIAM J. M. COMBE, 22, *Frederick Terrace, Posnett Street, Belfast.*

THRO' morning's mist that hides the hills,
O'er meadows blossom-bright,
By slopes ashine with daffodils
That make the Spring's delight,
She floats along, a mountain fay,
As if by magic drawn,—
A fair forerunner of the day,
A spirit of the Dawn.

Each leaf is as a courtier
That bows to see her pass;
And meadow-minstrels sing for her
Amid the springing grass;
Her hair, with dewy lustre crowned,
Like rippled sunlight lies;
And twin forget-me-nots have found
A mirror in her eyes.

O earth has dreams in sleeping days:
The splendour of the spring
Stirs into life the orchard ways,
And makes the copses ring.
But happier dreams are mine—are mine,
Wherein my sweet appears,
With wakened beauty half-divine,
And love that crowns the years.

The Best Drawing.



By G. F. M. Hopkins, 10, *Holywell, Oxford*

The Best Photograph.



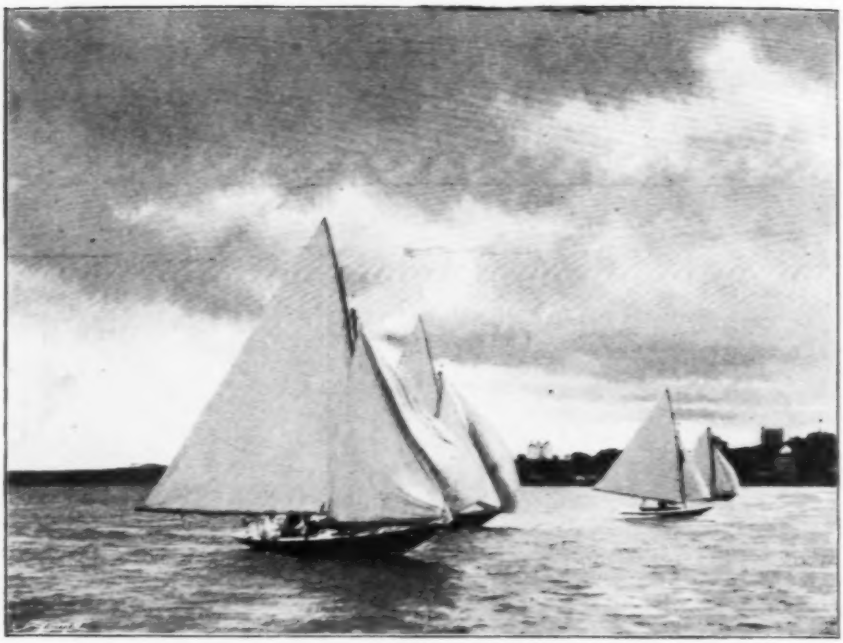
A STRONG BREEZE: MEDAL

By Henry W. Bennett



IN PORT: COMMENDED

By W. SMEDLEY ASTON, 7, *Newhall Street, Birmingham*



BEFORE THE START: COMMENDED

By JAMES MCCLEERY, 63, *Royal Avenue, Belfast*



THE SWISH OF THE RISING TIDE: COMMENDED

By CAPTAIN JAMIESON, *Drumgarth, Cults, Aberdeenshire*



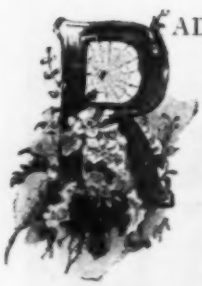
ON THE BACKWATER: COMMENDED
By W. TAYLOR, 268, *Ladbroke Grove, Notting Hill*



MOONLIGHT EFFECT: COMMENDED
By B. KARLUSE, 202, *Albert Road, Handsworth, Staffs.*

The Land of the Lily and the Rose.

BY ROLAND BELFORT.



ADIANT in the eternal sunshine of the Southern Atlantic lie the Bermudas, those picturesque islands discovered by Juan Bermudez in 1515, colonized by the English a century later, and celebrated in song by Shakespeare, Marvel, Moore, and other poets. For Britain Bermuda is a western Gibraltar — a stronghold on which millions have been spent for fortifications. Its geographical position renders its maintenance in defensive efficiency an Imperial necessity. Naval rendezvous, coaling station, and fortress, it occupies a central position in our trio of Atlantic naval stations — Halifax, Bermuda, and Jamaica. Our American cousins regard these islands as a delightful sanatorium. "Stolen America," as they often term them, is a favourite resort of many wealthy invalids and pleasure-seekers, who fly to these "summer isles" at the approach of winter.

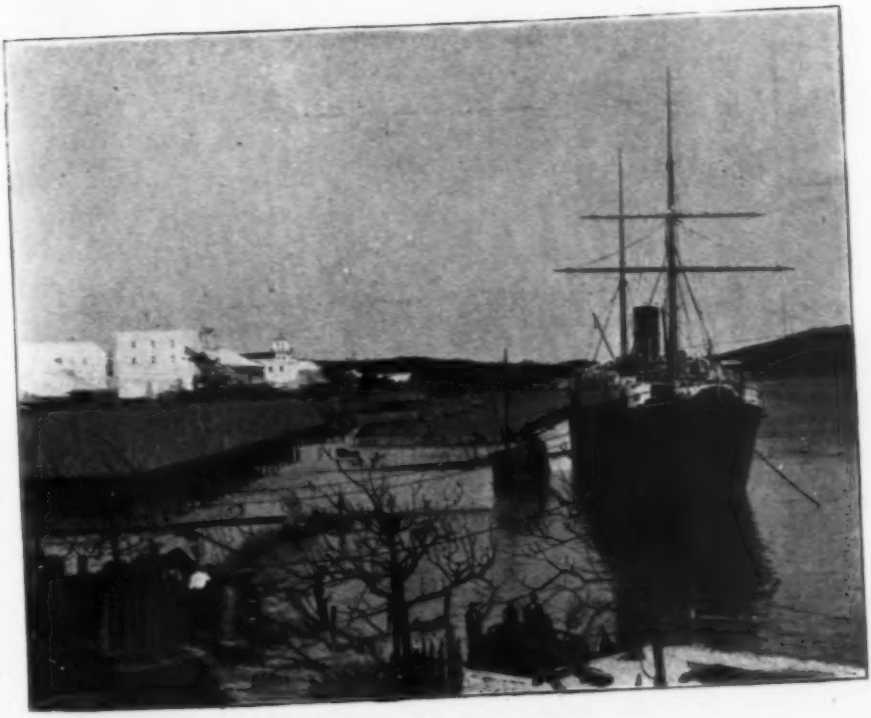
Situated about two thousand miles south-west of England, seven hundred from New York, and about seven hundred and fifty from Halifax, N.S., Bermuda comprises three hundred and sixty-five islets, built on the peak of a submarine mountain covering an area of twenty square miles, and rising over two hundred and thirty feet above the sea. They extend in an irregular course, in shape something like a fish-hook, the curved end lying to the westward, and forming the deep, commodious, land-locked harbour of "Great Sound." Shakespeare, with poetical license, describes these islands as being of coral formation, but modern science proves they have been formed by the perpetual drifting up of sand, which time and pressure have hardened into the famous Bermuda stone. There are six principal islands—the Mainland (on which Hamilton is situated), St. George's, St. David's, Somerset, Boaz, and Ireland. Connecting bridges and causeways facilitate inter-communication. The other islets are scattered about in picturesque irregularity, each possessing some particular charm due to its conformation, position, or scenery. Pretty lakes, miniature bays, rising hills crowned with powerful forts, flower-decked valleys, a wealth of luxuriant vegetation, and numerous white and glistening cottages, impart a diversified aspect to the landscape. Several miles out to sea a cordon of sunken reefs encircles the islands. The channel ways through this natural rampart—reared, in the course of countless centuries, by the drifting and hardening of the sand, and its subsequent subsidence—are extremely narrow and tortuous, so that these reefs constitute a protection that renders Bermuda practically impregnable.

The first view is particularly enchanting. A tiny speck in the ocean emerges above the horizon, increasing in size until one sees, floating on the bosom of the waters, a lovely island—a symphony in green, white, and gold. At the north-eastern extremity, nestling in a grove of cedars, stands St. David's, with its lofty white lighthouse, which flashes out a nightly welcome—and warning—to approaching ships. Our ship then reaches a narrow channel leading into the interior. Here vessels may often be seen performing what appears to be a journey across the land—their upper spars being seen slowly moving amongst the numerous islands. To the left is St. George's, with its long range of white barracks, which served as quarters for the Grenadier Guards during their temporary exile.

No sea-port in the world has such a curious approach as Hamilton. The town, buried in the interior, is not visible from Grassy Bay — a commodious harbour lying midway between Hamilton and Ireland Island—and it is impossible



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE BERMUDAS



HAMILTON

for any stranger to divine its direction. The ship is carefully steered through mazy channels, past flowery islets, through passages no wider than the Strand. (These channels are now being superseded by wide and deep passages, at a cost of £40,000.) For some time not a glimpse of the town is obtained; then the ship suddenly emerges into a broader channel, rounds yet another point, steams into a harbour, and arrives in sight of Hamilton, a city entirely composed of white houses built on a slope



A FIELD OF LILIES

running down to the water's edge. On the opposite side of the narrow harbour is a range of cedar-covered hills. Hamilton is a bright little city, intersected by the whitest of streets, the white-roofed houses being half hidden by cedars, palms, pride of India, and a variety of brilliant flowers. Everything glistens in the sunlight; the waters sparkle, the yachts and other craft dance at their moorings, steam pinnaces manned by white-jacketed tars puff their way across the harbour, pleasure boats dart hither and thither, while the restless rattle of steam gear is heard from the New York steamer discharging cargo. Not far from the water-side, at Par-la-Ville, Queen Street, is an immense india-rubber tree, which, shooting out its huge limbs from very near the earth, extends across the street, affording delightful shade. Mark Twain is said to have picked from this tree various india-rubber articles for domestic use. As no one has done this since, it must be inferred that the genial humorist arrived at a very favourable season.

Hamilton being the seat of government, the centre from which everything radiates, it is there we find the Parliament House, Government offices, public library and the like. The administration of Bermuda, with its population of fifteen thousand—six thousand whites and nine thousand coloured—is vested in a Governor, who is also Commander of the Forces. The present titulary is General T. C. Lyons, C.B., a distinguished officer with a brilliant record. He is advised by an Executive Council of six members, and there is a Legislative Council of nine members selected from amongst the principal judicial and execu-

tive officers. The House of Assembly, elected by popular vote on a register of one thousand one hundred and sixty-one, consists of thirty-six members. Its proceedings would not appear exciting to an outsider, but they are, notwithstanding, remarkable for the sensible and practical manner in which all subjects under discussion are dealt with. The various branches of the public service as organised in England all exist here—in miniature. Bermuda claims one distinction—it has escaped the visitation of the Salvation Army. But the existence of public spirit and religious enthusiasm is attested by the handsome cathedral recently erected. English names are common—Warwick, Southampton, Somerset and Devonshire all remind one of home. So does the British coinage, which alone passes current here. Most of the shops are like country stores. Confectionery may often be bought in a shoe shop, postage stamps and vegetables at a grocer's, jewellery in a furniture store. There is one edifice which serves as a walking-stick maker's store, Mechanics' Institute and Methodist chapel.



A GROUP OF NATIVES

Bermuda has an aristocracy, composed of the descendants of the pioneers and of certain colonists who made their money by blockade-running during the American war. Captious critics assert that these enterprising old-timers also indulged in a little wrecking—and even piracy—when the occasion was very tempting! But this is probably the idle gossip of envious tongues. Many names on old records, Darrell, Tucker, Outerbridge, are still in evidence today. Naturally, the presence of the military and naval forces and the execution of many public works tend to stimulate business. The Bermudians carry on a considerable export trade — principally with the United States. The chief products are onions, potatoes, lily bulbs, arrowroot and tomatoes. About £80,000 worth of potatoes and onions are shipped to America every year. Their crops, being first in season, fetch high prices. The leading fruits are the banana, melon, grape and peach. Great attention is now being paid to the cultivation of flowers, vegetables, silkworms and tobacco. Some of the lily fields are forty acres in extent, and when in bloom present a strikingly beautiful sight. The buds are so carefully packed for shipment that they blossom—often remaining fresh for a fortnight after their arrival in America. The coloured labourers earn good wages, and most of them have a cottage, a patch of ground which is a flowery paradise, and a goodly collection of children. They make loyal



ROAD CUT THROUGH STONE



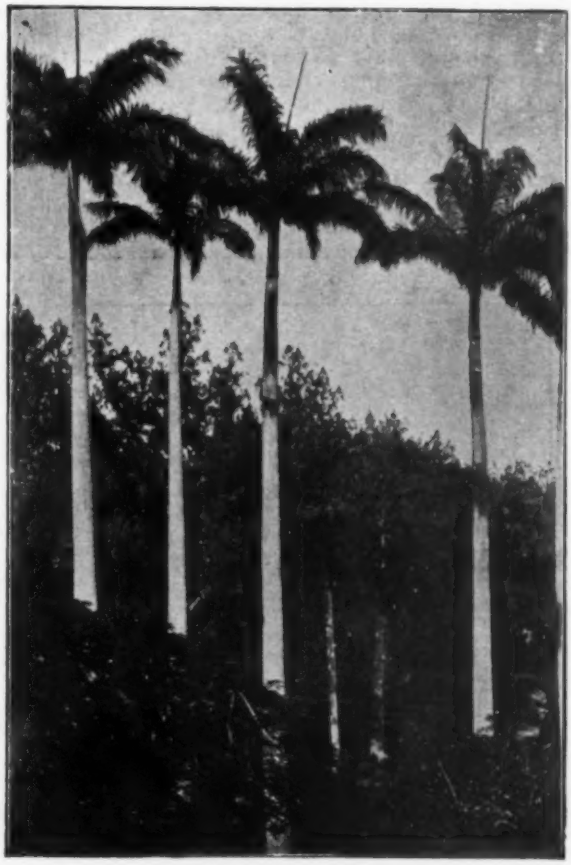
MOUNT LANGTON: THE GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE

citizens and are gradually increasing the general welfare of the island by purchasing and cultivating small plots of land. The educational system is good, religious and social work is well maintained; taxes are nominal, and serious crimes are practically unknown. The men are comfortably dressed, whilst the attire of the women is often gorgeous. On Sundays and holidays they appear in flaming yellows, bright pinks, rutilant scarlets—their favourite tonalities. Patent leather boots, immense feathers and dainty parasols are not rare. Men, women and children look pictures of beaming health and contentment.

Every visitor is struck by the excellence of the roads—marvels of durability and good workmanship. They are made from the solid sandstone, sawn out, planed down to a level, or formed of débris of the same material, which the sun rapidly hardens. There are over a hundred miles of these highways, which render walking, driving and cycling a positive pleasure. Three trunk roads, broad, white and smooth, running north, south and through the centre, together with good cross roads, intersect the main island. The walls and roofs of Bermudan houses are made of this sandstone. In excavating for a cellar, enough material will be removed to build and roof the dwelling. It is easily cut into any shape direct from the quarry by means of saws. As the people depend on rain water for drinking purposes, every house is provided with an underground cistern, and every roof is kept well whitewashed, so that the water caught is pure and clean.

The climate, especially in winter, is simply charming. Many distinguished visitors, including Thomas Moore, Princess Louise, the Duke of York and Mr. W. S. Gilbert have praised its beauties. The daily range of temperature from December to May is between 65 and 75° Fahr. There are, however, days when a fire is a welcome luxury.

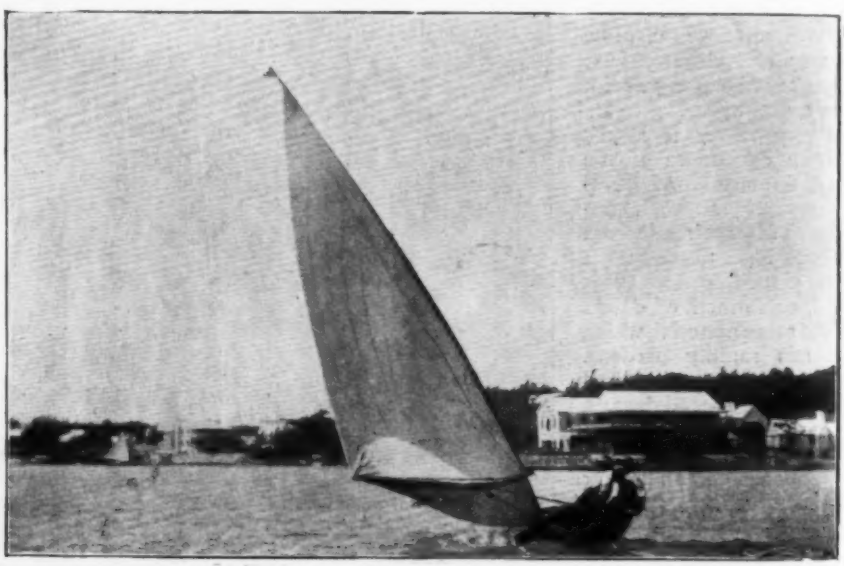
The wind is somewhat erratic. It occasionally blows during August with cyclonic force from every point of the compass in the space of two hours. With surprising suddenness it veers round from some mysterious corner, big rain clouds gather, Boreas sounds a thunderous alarm and a drenching rain storm bursts over the islands. The lighthouse on Gibb's Hill trembles and quivers, the waves are angry on the reefs, and the ships in the bay can scarcely keep to their anchors. But the tempest as suddenly ceases, the rain is quickly absorbed, the sun pierces through the wind-driven clouds, and the verdant isles, refreshed by this natural shower-bath, shine forth with greater brilliancy than ever. There are no wild animals,



THE ROYAL PALMS

snakes or noxious insects in Bermuda. But the tiresome mosquitoes and the harmless and pretty lizards are very plentiful, especially during the summer.

In December the Quebec Steamship Company organises a weekly service between New York and Bermuda. The voyage, performed in 48 hours, is really a fairy transformation scene. The ship steals out of New York harbour with its blizzards, fogs and generally arctic aspect. But after the first day the Gulf Stream works a beneficial change. Wraps and winter clothing are thrown aside, balmy breezes begin to blow, a genial sun tempts even the most timid invalids on the rooms and on every balcony, and other essentially American accessories, without which it is doubtful whether the Yankees would appreciate even the beauties of Bermuda. There are many charming villas belonging to prominent Bermudans. They nestle amongst palms, cedars, and lilies, literally covered by a profusion of flowers. Prominent amongst them is Mount Langton, a commodious residence recently built for the Governor on a slope facing the sea. Beautiful birds formerly frequented the islands, birds whose delicacy of hue and originality of form were a continual source of astonishment and delight. But



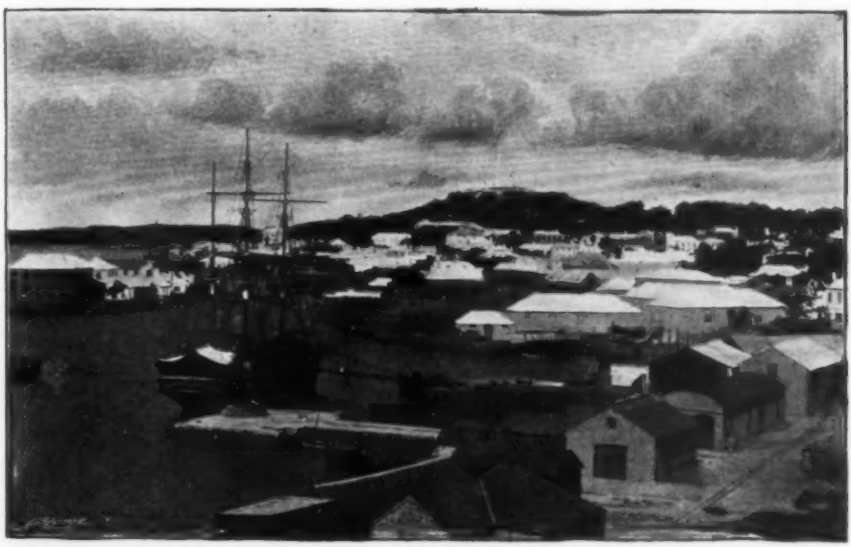
RACING DINGHY

deck. The following morning the delighted passengers catch their first view of the "summer isles." The principal hotels are the Princess, named after Princess Louise, and the Hamilton: two immense and luxuriously appointed establishments. The Princess is built on a bold elevation near the harbour, its southern front reaching to the water's edge. The Hamilton, belonging to the Corporation, occupies a prominent position, and stands in its own grounds. From its balconies extensive views of the city, harbour, and surrounding country are obtained. Both houses are worked on the American plan—long drinks at the bars, a multitude of funny little dishes on the tables, rocking-chairs in all

only the Red Cardinal and the Blue Jay now remain. Myriads of crickets keep up a continual buzzing. At Warwick are four magnificent palms, known as the Royal Palms, whose smooth and shining trunks and delicate foliage produce a truly tropical effect. The most delicious ferns peep from every hollow and crevice; the hedges are covered with roses, oleanders, bougainvilles, and a thousand other brilliant-hued flowers.

Frequently wealthy Americans yachting in the summer seas pay a flying visit to Bermuda, where they are sure of a warm welcome from the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club—a prosperous institution, with a membership of a hundred and twenty and a fine club house. Many

of the yachts are as trim and graceful in their lines as any to be seen at Cowes. Bermuda has always been celebrated for fast-sailing yachts and dinghies. During the season, regattas are organised in which their sailing qualities and the seamanship of their owners are fully developed. Very diversified are the attractions offered to the invalid and the tourist. Near the Hamilton is Victoria Park, with its Jubilee Pavilion and wealth of tropical plants, palms, cacti, &c. Military bands give weekly concerts here. During the season it is the rendezvous of a gay and fashionable throng of American visitors, officers, and wealthy residents, who meet to enjoy the pleasures of an open-air promenade concert. Here also is the beautiful Avenue of Cedars. Their thick foliage, meeting and mingling overhead, renders it a deliciously cool promenade and cycling track. Ireland Island is an extremely popular excursion, combining the pleasures of a yachting trip with a visit to a big arsenal. Once a day the *Moondyne* runs across from Hamilton. The principal object of interest is the floating dock. This enormous basin was built on the Thames, and towed to Bermuda by two men-of-war. It resembles a huge undecked ship with its extremities cut sharp off. It is 381ft. long, 123ft. broad, 75ft. deep, and weighs 8,340 tons. Three million rivets keep it together. When full it holds 37,000 tons of water. The powerful dock machinery lifts a ship of 10,000 tons—making, with the weight of the dock, 18,340 tons. Then there are the warships, the armouries, and the fitting-shops to be visited. The dockyard looks dingy, scorched, and somewhat antiquated. There are a few rusty torpedoes lying about, looking like so many gigantic land crabs. England's proud claim to be "mistress of the seas" is recalled by the presence of the old line-of-battle ship *Irresistible*, which was with Nelson at the Nile and Trafalgar. This hoary veteran is used as a lodging-place and mess-room for the dockyard labourers.



ST. GEORGE'S

The military head-quarters are at Prospect Hill, a commanding eminence from which beautiful panoramic views are obtained. A portion of the troops occupy St. George's Barracks, whilst at Warwick there is also another camp. Towering above everything else on the islands stands Gibb's Hill Lighthouse, which is a hundred and thirty-three feet high, three hundred and sixty-two feet above the sea-level, and visible about thirty miles out to sea. Lloyd's Signal Station is close by, and is placed in direct communication with Hamilton Telegraph Office, whence shipping news is promptly cabled to London. Panoramic views of

the entire group are obtained from this much-frequented coign of vantage. Between Hamilton and St. George's is Flatt's Village, situated near Harrington Sound, a pretty inland lake having an extremely narrow outlet to the sea. Near here is the "Devil's Hole," a pellucid pool thirty feet deep, containing a marvellous collection of fish. Amongst other varieties are hamlets, groupers, snappers and angel fish. Angel fish in the Devil's Hole! This last species is peculiar in shape, and its colour is of a deep marine blue. Some of the fish are said to be a hundred years old. The voracity of the groupers is astonishing.



THE DEVIL'S HOLE

They literally tear into shreds the small fish thrown in to them, making the pool boil in their frantic efforts to get their share of the prey. Some of the stronger ones keep their heads clear out of the water, their huge, ugly mouths wide open, ready to catch any stray morsel. There is a tradition about an unfortunate baby which, being dropped in by a careless nursemaid, came to a pitiful and untimely end. But this horrible legend has never been confirmed.

Not far from here is Walsingham House, where Thomas Moore dwelt during his stay in Bermuda. Here is the famous calabash tree under which he composed some of his poems. In the vicinity is one of the Walsingham caves. To reach this lovely grotto visitors clamber over and down an irregular pathway. Inside the grotto the limpidity of the water is truly marvellous, and when a light is struck the scene is like a glimpse of fairyland. In the Museum at Edinburgh is a splendid stalagmite cut from this cave by Admiral Milne—an act of vandalism which will, it is hoped, never again be perpetrated. It has been calculated that this stalagmite had grown by increasing about an inch every ten years, and that a period of six hundred thousand years must have been required to form it! The glory of Walsingham House has long since vanished, and an air of desolation pervades the place, now deserted save by spiders, ants, lizards and other insects.

St. George's was the capital of Bermuda until dethroned by Hamilton—thus creating a feud which is happily dying out. It is an antiquated old town, sun-scorched, forlorn, as if mourning its ancient grandeur. But its fortunes may revive when the channels leading to its fine land-locked harbour are deepened. Besides the barracks, there are forts at St. George's. But civilians are not allowed to visit fortifications here or elsewhere. They can, however, wander in the public gardens, through the cool

and flowery cemetery, and sit in the shade of the date palms that abound at various points. They can also admire the monument to that brave old sailor, Sir George Somers, after whom the town is named. There is another unfailing source of enjoyment—that of exploring the reefs at the North Rock. The Duke of York, during his cruise on the *Bacchante*, spent a full day there, and has recorded his delight with everything he saw. Visitors scan the ocean bed beneath the crystal waters with water-glasses—long boxes with a piece of plate glass at the lower end. These, dipped into the water, afford a capital view of the bottom. The reefs are broken into cells and grottoes of fantastic shape, each one decorated with tropical vegetation, seaweed of all colours and shapes, lilac-coloured wavy fans, lumps of coral with pearl oysters amongst them, flowers and leaves in a thousand surprising forms, sea urchins, starfish, and a hundred other curious objects. Owing to the limpidity of the water, the slightest movement of the fishes may be observed. Amongst many varieties of beautiful fish one sees the "yellowtail," which is pale azure on the back, pearly white below, with broad bands of yellow along each side. Then there is the "spotted snapper," which also carries three yellow bands, but his body is white, his fins pink, whilst each flank is adorned with an oval patch of jet black. The presence of the visitors and the squadron, the bustle attending the shipment of the crops to New York, the increased number of passenger steamers, all lend an animation to the winter scene which is wanting in summer. The Americans stay until about April, when the advent of spring tempts them home again. The big hotels are then closed, and business becomes dull. The Bermudans, counting up the season's gains, project summer tours to cooler climes. The islands, having lost their gayest elements, relapse into comparative torpor until the following season.

It would not be surprising if this charming spot should attract many travellers in search of fresh fields of observation and pleasure—especially if some line of West Indian steamers should decide to call there. Indeed, direct communication by fast steamers between England and Bermuda is mentioned as one of the possibilities of the future—at least during the winter season. This would probably prove advantageous to many delicate persons to whom the English winter is injurious, and to some for whom the Bermudian climate might prove more beneficial than that of Madeira.

From Generation to Generation.

THE BERESFORD FAMILY.



MARSHAL BERESFORD



HENRY, MARQUIS OF WATERFORD



HENRY, MARQUIS OF WATERFORD, AND LORD JOHN BERESFORD

SKETCHES FROM LADY WATERFORD'S NOTE BOOK



THE RT. HON. AND MOST REV. MARCUS GERVAIS BERESFORD
ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH



JOHN, MARQUIS OF WATERFORD



LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD — BROTHER OF JOHN



CHRISTINA, DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD



LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD



HENRY, MARQUIS OF WATERFORD

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO



BLANCHE, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD



LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, C.B.



LADY CHARLES BERESFORD

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE CAMERON STUDIOS



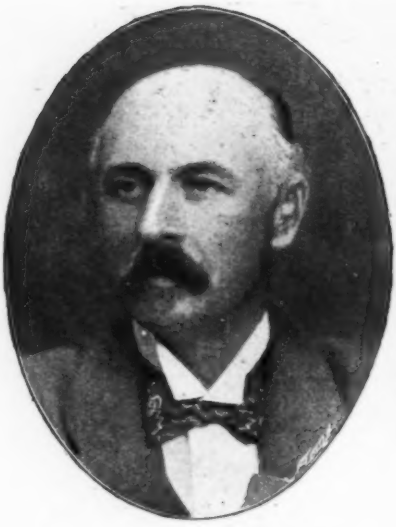
LORD CHARLES BERESFORD AND HIS CHILDREN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY



LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD, V.C.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAULL AND FOX



LORD MARCUS BERESFORD



LORD DELAVAL BERESFORD





ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

THOROGOOD'S WILL.

IN TWO PARTS: FIRST PART.

"IT rather surprises me," I said one evening to Smurthwaite, "that you have never yet told me the story of a stolen will. I thought that sort of thing was always happening in the experience of you lawyers."

"It is well not to take the novelist as your guide concerning the facts of every-day life," rejoined the lawyer. "Still, I have heard of such a thing as the stealing of a will by someone who was not pleased by its contents. Let me see: did I ever tell you the story of Mr. Thorogood?"

"You never did," I said, "but you may as well do so now. May I venture to hope that it is a story with an end to it?"

"My dear fellow," said Smurthwaite, "I am like the man who tells fishing stories in the smoking-room after dinner: I 'tell you the thing as it happened.' All the same, I fancy this little history ends. Can you imagine me in the character of a . . . But—to use the language of the two-penny half-penny novelist you seem to want me to become——I anticipate. Fill your glass to the brim (for the story is not a brief one) and I will attempt to satisfy you. Right? Then I will begin.

"When I was still a very young man I made the acquaintance of a prosperous City man, who lived, as City men will, in Balham, where he occupied a large and extremely comfortable house. He had married a woman of great charm. She was not altogether pretty, perhaps, but it never occurred to you to think of that fact: you merely knew that she was delightful. They had two daughters and the youngest child was a son, Reginald.

"Perhaps Mrs. Thorogood was too charming, and too much accustomed to being so, to deal with a high-spirited child in the wisest manner. Reggie was certainly highly-spirited, and had a good deal of strength of character, but strength undisciplined is the worst and most deadly kind of weakness, and the boy was terribly spoiled. His temper, even when he was only about ten years of age, was vile and uncontrollable: his sisters suffered much from his fits of passion, and he was no great comfort to his parents.

"About this time his father began to need comfort more than a little, for his wife died suddenly and under very painful circumstances, and he felt his solitude terribly. He went on with his

business, but it had lost all interest for him, and he was merely piling up money without getting any pleasure out of it. Another man might have devoted himself to his children, but Thorogood had been wrapped up in his wife, and it would be difficult to conceive of a life more utterly without a purpose than his was when she was gone.



"HE QUICKLY DISSIPATED THE MONEY"

"Moreover, his children occasioned him a great deal of trouble. The younger daughter, Constance, was a charming girl and had many offers of marriage. She refused them all, deeming it her duty to stay with her father, for her elder sister had married a man named Gordon, who belonged to a type with which we lawyers are only too familiar. He was a charming person, lived soberly and decently, was apparently full of energy, and held an excellent situation. He had hardly been married a couple of years when the firm who had employed him failed and he had to come on Thorogood for means to support his wife and a family which from this time forward grew rapidly. After that neither his energy —which was gigantic—nor his personal

charm seemed to avail him anything. He lived on his wife's father, and his wife became a soured and disappointed woman.

"Meantime, the son, Reggie, had gone from bad to worse. He was sent to school after school, and regularly expelled from each for offences which even a fond parent could not dream of asking a master to pardon. At sixteen he was a fine, tall, open-faced boy. At twenty he was a precocious debauchee, and his whole bearing showed the fact. He was sent out to Australia about this time, but he quickly dissipated the money with which he had been supplied and returned to a home where his violence and his intemperance had made him a most unwelcome guest. The company he kept was of the worst, and already his father went in dread every day of hearing on the morrow that his son had had a part in some disgraceful crime.

"When he was about two-and-twenty a crisis was arrived at. Mr. Thorogood was suffering from extreme ill-health. The son was keeping the same bad company and continually troubled his father with demands for fresh supplies of money, behaving most violently if there were any signs of an imminent refusal to grant his requests. The father therefore took up a decided position, and said that he would allow the young man some two pounds a week on the condition he would never come near the house at Balham.

"This state of things continued until Reggie was somewhere about thirty. From what I have told you you will easily understand that he did not by any means abide by the agreement into which he had entered. He frequently arrived at his father's house, stormed on the doorstep until he had got admission, and then refused to quit the premises until he had been supplied with money. Often enough he was drunk when he reached the house. Indeed, he seems to have lived in a chronic state of intoxication.

"Even now the worst is not told. The young man was—to say the least—an associate and accomplice of thieves. More than one scandal was hushed up, and what with this and the trouble in which he had been involved by the marriage of his elder daughter, Mr. Thorogood's health was utterly broken. I used to dine with him pretty frequently, and he would half weep over his port as he discoursed upon the misery of his life, in which the fidelity and tenderness of his daughter Constance was the only pleasant feature. Reggie had but one friend left in the household of his father: a very old woman, Mrs. Turbin, who had nursed his mother when she was a child, and was now kept as a pensioner by Mr. Thorogood. She had her quarters in the kitchen.

"Now, you will understand that, as a friend of the family, as well as legal adviser to Mr. Thorogood, I heard much of these domestic troubles. One cannot always pay prompt attention to the affairs of other people, and so, when I came into my chambers here one night and found a letter from Constance Thorogood, I admit that it did not strike me as being of immediate importance. Indeed, I did not see what I could do, for the letter only told me that what had happened many times in the past had happened once again: Reggie had come to the house in a drunken condition, had behaved in the violent fashion which was usual with him, and had not gone away without obtaining a fresh supply of money. In a final sentence Miss Thorogood told me that her father was confined to his bed, suffering from a bad bronchial attack.

"The next night I dropped in at the club, and, after dinner, found three men who really knew how whist should be played. They chanced to be, as I was, in the mood for a game, and so it was somewhat late when I got back to my chambers. On the table a telegram was awaiting me:

"'*Father very ill. Come at once.—Constance Thorogood.*'

"I knew without consulting my watch that I could not catch the last train. I therefore got into a cab as quickly as possible, and drove to Balham. I understood the importance of the matter now, for Thorogood was like only too many other men, and had always refused to make his will, saying, in reply to all suggestions: 'There is time enough yet.' I wondered whether there would be time enough after all, and I more than once urged the cabby to hasten.

"For this is how matters stood. Mr. Thorogood's estate mainly consisted of freeholds, the personalty being comparatively small. If he should die

intestate the whole of the freeholds would go to Reggie, the personalty alone remaining to be divided equally among the three children. The injustice of such a thing would have been considerable, as it seemed to me, even if Reginald had been the best son in the world. Under existing circumstances, such an event would be both bitterly unjust and altogether contrary to the wishes and intentions—which had often been more or less definitely expressed to me—of the father.

"With these reflections I drove to Balham. The house I had so often visited was all lighted up, and I realised that matters were desperate. Constance opened the door to me.

"'I am afraid that he is going,' she said. 'He wants you.' Then she led me straight to her father's room.

"He lay there under the care of a skilled nurse and one of the maid servants, who were keeping him alive with steaming kettles. At the moment of my entry he was hardly conscious, being in the midst of a terrible fit of coughing. I waited at the bedside, realising as I looked at him that he had not long to live, and when the fit had passed over he recognised me.

"'I'm dying,' he said. 'I want you to make my will. Be quick.'

"I dashed downstairs to the dining-room and found a sheet of foolscap. Returning, I took his instructions for the will. It was a very simple document: he bequeathed all that he possessed to me, trusting that, as an old friend who had had opportunities of gathering his opinions and intentions, I would use it as he would have done had he had time to consider the question. It struck me at the time that he was putting off a good deal of responsibility upon me, but I little guessed how great it was to be.

"The will was quickly written, and when it had been completed the nurse, with the air of one who has done a thing more than once before, and the maid-servant, clumsily and with much guidance, witnessed it. As soon as this business had been settled the old man was seized with a fresh attack of coughing, and suffered terribly. He needed



"I THEREFORE GOT INTO A CAB AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE."

all the care of his daughter and the two attendants, and, feeling that I was a little out of place, I left the room.

"I went down to the dining-room where he had so often confided to me the miseries of the life which was to end before the morning. After all, I could not help feeling a certain amount of satisfaction, which was not wholly professional. Every death is sad in some degree, and perhaps the death of the

man whose life has not been very sweet to him is saddest of all, because of the consciousness one has of the opportunities of joy and happiness which he has failed to receive, or failed to use to their best advantage.

"But, in this case, there was at least one reason for rejoicing. Old Thorogood had played a dangerous game, matching his own poor prescience against the cunning of Death, who loves to come at the unexpected moment. If he had been worsted, other deserving people would have suffered, and one whose deserts were little would have profited. But he had had time to repair his long error, and those others were not to pay the penalty of his folly.

"I took the completed will from my pocket and read it through again, my satisfaction that it existed now outweighing my sense of the unpleasant responsibility it entailed. Then I sat down, folded the foolscap, and chose a pen. 'THE WILL OF——' I had endorsed, when Miss Thorogood entered the room, in a state of the utmost agitation.

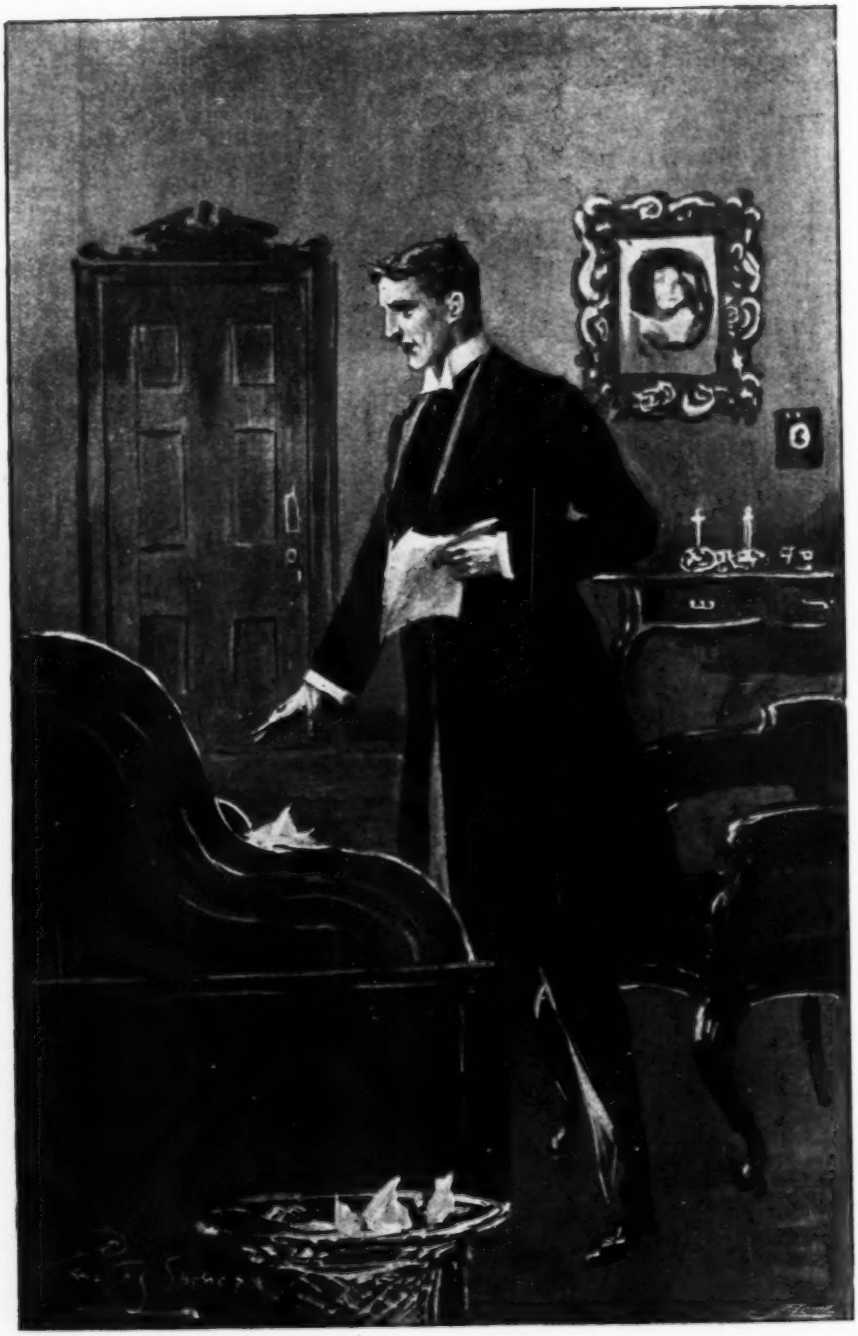
"'Will you come upstairs at once?' she said. 'I am afraid that the end has come at last. He has had another terrible attack.'

"I followed her without another word, and upon entering her father's room I saw that her anticipations were only too well founded. The old man's strength was ebbing rapidly away, and he was apparently unconscious of us. We stood by the bedside watching and waiting, and gradually he sank nearer and nearer to death. At last Constance gave a cry, and bent over him. A moment later John Thorogood was dead. I looked at my watch, and congratulated myself again: even now it was only about three o'clock, and it had been considerably after midnight when I found that telegram awaiting me at my chambers. You know that I am not easily satisfied when there is really good whist going. It had been a near shave, but Thorogood had made his will, and I would see to it that his wishes were carried out. I had had more than enough trouble with Reggie at one time and another, and I was not ill-pleased to feel that I had got the whip-hand of him at last.



"AT LAST CONSTANCE GAVE A CRY, AND BENT OVER HIM"

"There was no need for hurry now, and I knew that before I could leave the house I must have a conference with the dead man's daughter, to take her instructions and give her advice as to her proceedings in the immediate future. So I waited while she closed her father's eyes, and then withdrew, asking her to come to me in the dining-room as soon as possible, inasmuch as some conversation was absolutely necessary. I promised to keep her no longer than was essential, said a few words in praise of the father she had lost, and went down to the dining-room.



"IT WAS GONE"

"Somehow the memory of the old man lying dead in his room upstairs was very much with me as I descended. The house seemed very big and very empty. There was no sound at all, save for a subdued and distant sound of voices which came from the servants' quarters. I supposed that the maids were telling old Mrs. Turbin of the death of her master, and, passing on, entered the big, dark dining-room.

"It suddenly occurred to me that I ought not to have left a document of such enormous importance as the will lying there for anyone to see. Still, the house had no one in it who was not somehow occupied with the master's illness. I saw, too, as I stepped across the room, that everything was as I had left it.

"There was but one exception. Only some half-a-dozen papers lay upon the writing-desk, and these I examined separately. The floor was clean swept, and nothing lay upon it. Search where I would I could find no trace of the will which had lain there only a few minutes before. It was gone."





ILLUSTRATED BY HUGH THOMSON AND CHARLES ROBINSON



WE have the sad misfortune to live in an age of disregarded anniversaries: we are all so greatly occupied that we have rarely the time to make holiday as our fathers did. Imagine, if you can, what would have been their surprise had some dreamer told them that in the coming ages English lads and lasses would have to have their days of leisure imposed upon them by Act of Parliament: to be driven forth from shops and offices on stated days to make holiday regardless of the weather; and that they never would allow the mere beauty of the world to serve as an excuse for impromptu excursions into the fields. May-day observances are over: at most the occasion serves as an excuse to children for begging in the city streets without the fear of being arrested.

All this is very sad. We hold the opinion that if only we could go back to the leisurely old world of our fathers we too could become Arcadians, and frolic as they did, for sheer joy in life. It may be we are right, but, on the other hand, the scientific text-books with which we are so lamentably well-acquainted—and, for the matter of that, the novels with which we beguile our weary leisure—have taught us that a faculty which is long unused has a way of becoming atrophied for want of exercise. We should be as much out place, probably, in a world where anniversaries were regarded as was that learned gentleman who was once induced to go down to the river at Oxford, and who returned to his studies inexpressibly puzzled by the ability of the young men whom he had been watching to row backwards.

In proof of this, take the undeniable fact that St. Valentine's Day is a day of usages almost wholly neglected. "In the Spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," and the fourteenth of February is the day when Spring begins. It is then (as is laid down in the incontestable records of Chaucer and Shakespeare) that the little birds of the wild wood choose their mates for the ensuing summer. Obviously, then, the day is one for right poetical love-making betwixt man and



WRITING THE VALENTINE



READING THE VALENTINE



ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

maid: as seems to be hinted at in the verses which follow:

Hark, the tinkle and the clatter
Of the stream that's thawed at last;
Hark, the twitter and the chatter
Of the birds now winter's past!

Now the winter is gone over,
And the moorland stream's in spate,
Each becomes an ardent lover,
Chooses now another mate.

Only one (I dream) is grieving
In the woods along the hill,
Though the honeysuckle's leafing,
Flowering now the daffodil.

He might choose, as do his brothers,
Still a new love every spring;
And forget with her the others
That the earlier years did bring.

He hath chos'n (poor bird!) for ever
His eternal Valentine;
Still, each Spring, she answers Never!
Still his suit she doth decline.

So far as one understands the antique system it was in some sort of way an anticipation—a pretty, poetical anticipation—of the "leasehold" methods which Mr. Grant Allen advocates in his screams from a hill-top. There were two who attracted one another, and or



A LATTER DAY VALENTINE
Drawn by Charles Robinson

this day made "without prejudice" a confession of the fact. This confession was not binding upon either, and the contract terminated of its own accord at the end of a year. But it was renewable at the option of the parties concerned, and the man who had been thus lightly attached to a lady for a whole twelvemonth must have felt that he was doing a very serious thing indeed if he made up his mind to ask her to be his Valentine again at the expiry of the period. It certainly would be taken to be not less serious than a declaration in any Court of Love.

We have changed all that. We do not (to go back to the beginning) live in a world which is nothing more nor less than a dainty idyll illustrated by Mr. Hugh Thomson. We are, perhaps, a little less grossly inartistic than our immediate predecessors: we do not send, if we be men, or expect and rejoice to receive, if we be women, the tender productions in white satin, ground glass, and pictures off the outsides of the crackers of forgotten Christmases, which used to sell so well about five-and-twenty years ago. They are as dead as the white linen stockings our mothers wore when they were young, and the few samples that may still be seen in the windows of provincial booksellers and fancy-goods

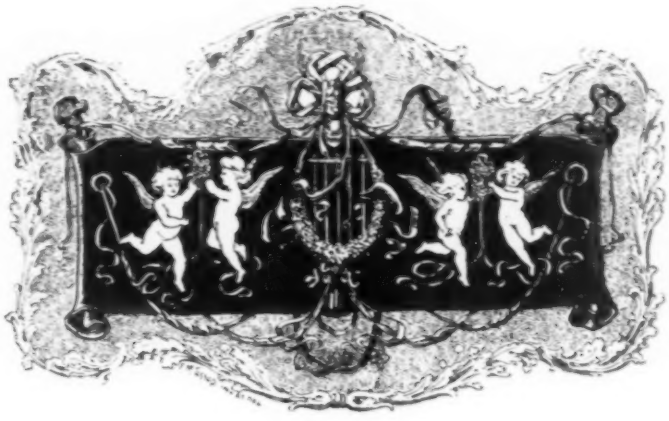
dealers are but the sad exceptions that prove the rule.

We have no use for such things as these, inasmuch as our epoch is utilitarian and has no need for what is symbolical and nothing more. St. Valentine's Day may occur to the modern youth as a proper occasion for a present to the lady he adores, but he has at least the sense to make the present useful, and perhaps he is assisted in the choice of a suitable object by some chance remark which has dropped from her as to the size she takes in gloves, her preference in perfumes, her ideas as to what a fan ought to be. However much he may yearn to get away from hard fact, and be gracefully symbolical, you cannot imagine him choosing a gift less vulgarly useful than a box of sweets from Fuller's, with an adaptation of the dear old tag:—

The rose is red, the violet's blue:
Honey is sweet, and so are you;
And so am I who send you this;
And when we meet we'll have a kiss.

The outspokenness of the last two lines is hardly suited to the indirect and subtle methods of the latter day lover, but it is nothing to the brutal frankness of the other version of the tag, designed for the adornment of those abominations known to the trade as "comic" valentines. They mostly depict pot-boys, drunken policemen, drunken women, to describe whom there is really no other word than the objectionable one "slavey," and fast young clerks who ape on insufficient incomes the man about town. They need not be further referred to.

But they are one more sign of the degradation of the valentine. One of our pictures seems to show the whole of the youth of a town making holiday on this day, and literally mobbing the postman on his approach. The modern maid would wonder what strange fantasy had overtaken her lover if he sent her a valentine of the old kind, with cupids, and pierced hearts, and lovers' knots. For her delight the design by Mr. Charles Robinson, which adorns these pages is excellently well-adapted.





AN EX-PUBLISHER OF VALENTINES.

FEBRUARY suggests valentines; and valentines suggest investigation. For St. Valentine seems to have fallen upon evil days, and there are none in this year of gracelessness so sentimental as to do him reverence. Indeed, I had quite forgotten him until my grocer sent me with the New Year a combined price-list and almanack. And looking down the lengthening days I saw that February 14 was the Feast of St. Valentine. Whereupon I recalled that once—when my coats were shorter and my future was longer—I bought and sent a valentine. It was in a cardboard box, it cost a shilling, and it was embowered in a sort of frill which you could pull out. Then you saw at the end of a vista—Love. I sent it—I don't remember to whom I sent it. But when I saw my grocer's almanack it struck me that I hadn't seen a valentine for many, many years. Why? The question was enough to set Paul Pry agog.

I jumped into the first 'bus that passed, alighted at the Bank, plunged into Coleman Street, rushed into the office of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Co., and sat down.

"Now—about valentines," I said.

Mr. Tuck looked up from his desk.

"Practically speaking, there are no such things," he said. "For the last five years we haven't put a single valentine on the market, though some years ago we were issuing thousands upon thousands annually. But what do you want to know about them?"

"All there is to be known," I replied.

"Well," said Mr. Tuck, "for my own part I believe that the original valentine was of the ugly and insulting variety. For the first thing that I can remember about them is being taken to see an old fellow—at Newcastle-on-Tyne—who had four printing-presses in a loft over some stables. These presses were going all the year round, printing off reams and reams of valentines—hideous men holding squalling babies, touzle-haired slatterns and so on: you can still see them in the smaller stationers' windows. The old fellow paid no attention to design—he held that anything would do so long as it was highly coloured and spiced with doggerel. But he did an enormous business all over the North of England. He may be doing it still for all I know."

"Then did your firm invent the sentimental variety?"

"Not exactly. When we took up this branch of business, something over thirty years ago, there was a simple kind of valentine in use which young people sent one another—just a card with a bunch of violets or forget-me-nots painted in the corner, and a tender sentiment in verse. Well, we decided to raise the whole thing to a higher level. We got all manner of new designs from artists——"

"What kind of artists?" I asked.

"Oh, some very well-known artists were designers of valentines," replied Mr. Tuck. "For instance, W. F. Yeames—the R.A., you know—and lots of other first-rate men. But somehow they never managed to hit the popular taste quite so well as the lesser men, whom we kept pretty regularly employed."

"And who wrote the verses—'The rose is red, the violet blue,' and so forth? Did you keep poets on the premises?"

"Oh, there was never any difficulty about getting verses. All kinds of people sent them in, some of them quite well-known writers. Clifton Bingham wrote

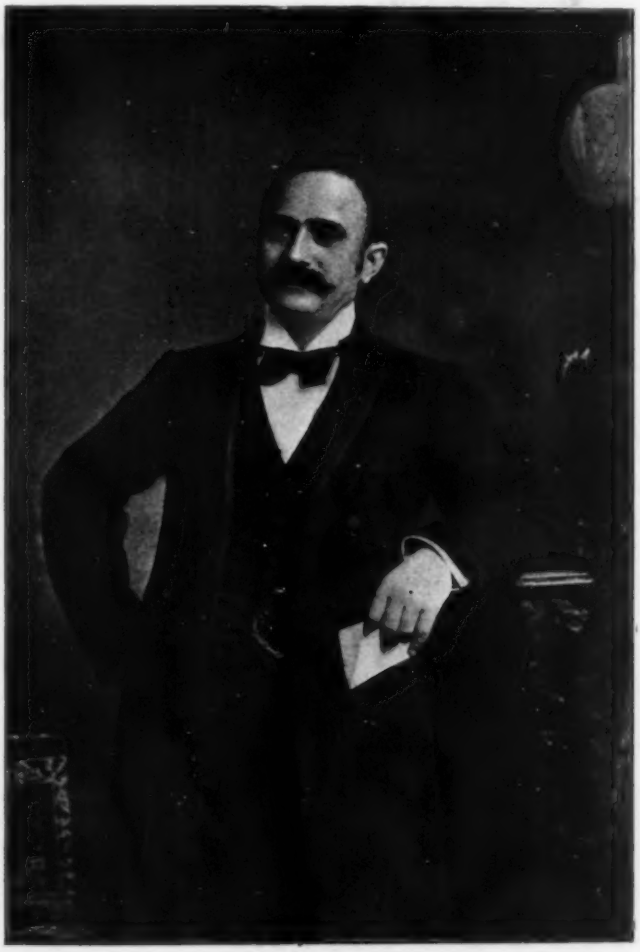
us a lot. We have whole volumes of valentine verses standing over that we can use up for Christmas cards. Some of the poetry we considered so good that we collected it and republished it under the title 'Love-knots and Bridal Bands.'"

"When do you think that the popularity of the valentine reached its highest point?"

"About twenty-five years ago. At that time the business had reached enormous proportions. By the end of January every stationer's shop in the country was crammed with valentines of all shapes and sizes and prices, and a large proportion of them were made by our firm. We sent out many that were priced at one and two guineas; and now and then a very ardent lover would order a special design for himself, and that, of course, cost more."

"And what is the reason of the collapse of the valentine? It didn't come suddenly, I suppose?"

"That," said Mr. Tuck, "is rather a difficult question. The manufacturer can never be quite sure whether he is leading or following the taste of the public. Personally I think that in this case it was the supply which influenced the demand. It came about like this. Twenty years ago or thereabouts we got a hint from the public—only just a hint—that they had more valentines than they wanted. Now a business man must



MR. ADOLPH TUCK
From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

act at once upon a hint of that kind, or he finds himself left in the lurch. So we began shifting our attention from the valentine to the Christmas-card and gradually pushing the latter before the public. You know how the Christmas card caught on about twenty years ago, and how popular it has been ever since. Now, it stands to reason that when people have been buying cards in



"HE USED TO KEEP A SHOP IN A SMALL COUNTRY TOWN"

December they won't want to buy a lot more six weeks later. They are tired of them. Besides, the shopman is tired of them. No sooner has he cleared his window of Christmas cards than he would have to begin filling it with valentines. His enthusiasm for that sort of thing has evaporated. I myself, when I have got all my Christmas card designs ready, should have no heart to start again on valentines. Yes," continued Mr. Tuck, "I think it is pretty certain that the Christmas card killed the valentine; and as we practically invented the Christmas card, why——"

"You are responsible for the collapse of the valentine?"

"Precisely. Only as I said, the public gave us the hint."

"Then you consider the valentine really dead?"

"Absolutely—at least so far as this country is concerned. We stopped the output five years ago, as I told you. We still get out a few designs for our New York house, for there is a certain sale for them on the other side. But to prove to you how utterly beyond hope of resurrection we consider the valentine I may tell you that we have not shown a single design in England."

"That's rather sad, isn't it?" I said. "It was a pretty custom—brought the young people together, you know."

"I don't think it makes much difference," said Mr. Tuck. "No doubt young men find some means of declaring the state of their affections. Possibly they send presents. Any way, I have not noticed any decline in the marriage rate."

A Seller of Valentines.

Then, having found and spoken with the man who made valentines and killed them, I looked round for someone who had helped to distribute them. And my memory, slipping backward, alighted presently upon the very man who had sold me that shillingsworth of frilled sentimentality to which I have already alluded. He used to keep a shop in a small country town. On the left, as you went in, was a counter containing packets of note-paper, pencils, sticks of sealing-wax, and such-like commodities. On the right was the Post-office. The shop is there no longer; the Post-office has swallowed it up, and expanded itself to a handsome building, and the man who kept them then keeps them now no longer, but spends an old age of reflection in a detached villa. To him, as he sat with his pipe and his paper before the fire, I entered.

"You remember something about valentines, don't you?" I asked.

"Ah!" said the old man, "they *were* a nuisance—worse than Christmas cards, by a long way."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because they make the Christmas cards a sensible shape; they will go into an ordinary envelope, and you can stamp them and deal with them like ordinary letters. But those valentines!—there was no doing anything with them. Card-

board boxes of all shapes and sizes littered all over the office for two days. You couldn't stamp them without smashing them, or make them up into a handy bundle; the postman couldn't carry more than forty or fifty at a time, and had to keep coming back again for a fresh lot when he had only just started on his round. Oh, they were a plague!"

"And you used to sell them too, didn't you?"

"Yes, and that made it worse. Because valentines were such awkward things to sell. People didn't like to be seen buying them by any one they knew—especially the girls—and everybody knows everybody else in a town like this. You see, if a young man had come into the Post-office and seen a girl buying a valentine and then received that very valentine himself, he would know who sent it. And that would never do. Girls and boys used to run into my shop as soon as the shutters were down in the morning or just at closing time, and if anyone else came in sight I would have to put them behind the counter where they couldn't be seen. You see, it all made work."

"You were glad when the 14th was over then?"

"I was. But it wasn't over when it *was* over—in a way. Because you know it was the rule to send a valentine without any clue to the sender's name. Now every girl in the town knew that I had a pretty good idea as to who had sent her valentines, for they were nearly all bought at my shop, and if they weren't, the young men had to hand them to me over the post office counter, because they were generally too big to go into the slit. So, of course, I saw the address, though they always *did* hand them in upside down. So when the 14th was over the young people used to come in—accidentally like—with their valentines to find out from me who sent them."

"And you told them?"

"That depended. Of course, I couldn't tell them who *sent* them. That was Government business, and a secret. But I might tell them who *bought* them. That was my own private business. And if I thought they were nice young people, and they were really fond of one another, and their parents would approve, and all that—why perhaps I would give them a hint. And I've seen things come of it, too."

The old man knocked his pipe out, reflectively.

"Then really you acted once a year as a sort of beneficent matrimonial agent. Did you find that anything took the place of valentines when they died out? Did young men begin sending presents to young women?"

"I don't think so. But perhaps the Christmas card was a sort of substitute. When I sold Christmas cards I generally had a few in stock with sentimental words—besides the religious ones. But they never really took the place of this valentine. Yes—I *was* glad when valentines went out of fashion. However, it doesn't matter to me now."

And the old man filled up his pipe again.

A RECIPIENT OF VALENTINES.

I have just been to the Post-office of my suburb to express the above investigations. The young person behind the counter was engaged in tracking Bouverie Street through various maps and books of reference in order to find out what I had to pay.



"I HAVE JUST BEEN TO THE POST-OFFICE OF MY SUBURB"

"That's all about valentines in that envelope," I said, for I find silence oppressive.

"'Bout what?" she said abstractedly,

running an inky forefinger down a column of streets.

"Valentines."

"Oh—nasty things! That'll be one and three."

"Did you ever receive one?"

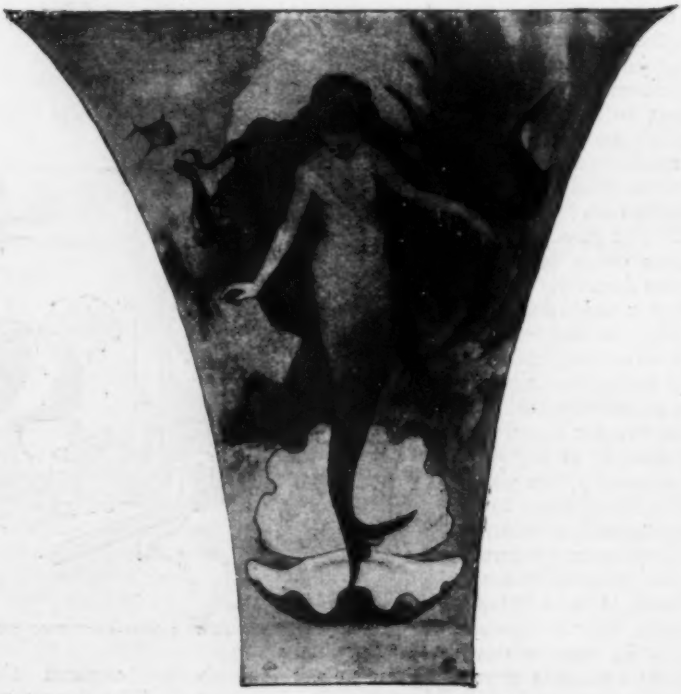
"Oh—us girls often get them: they say we're stuck up, and keep people waiting. Such nonsense! Last year the other young lady got one a yard long—with poytry—'No doubt you think you're rather smart' it began, and went on—oh horrid! If them that sent it knew what they're thought about why—well, they'd know something."

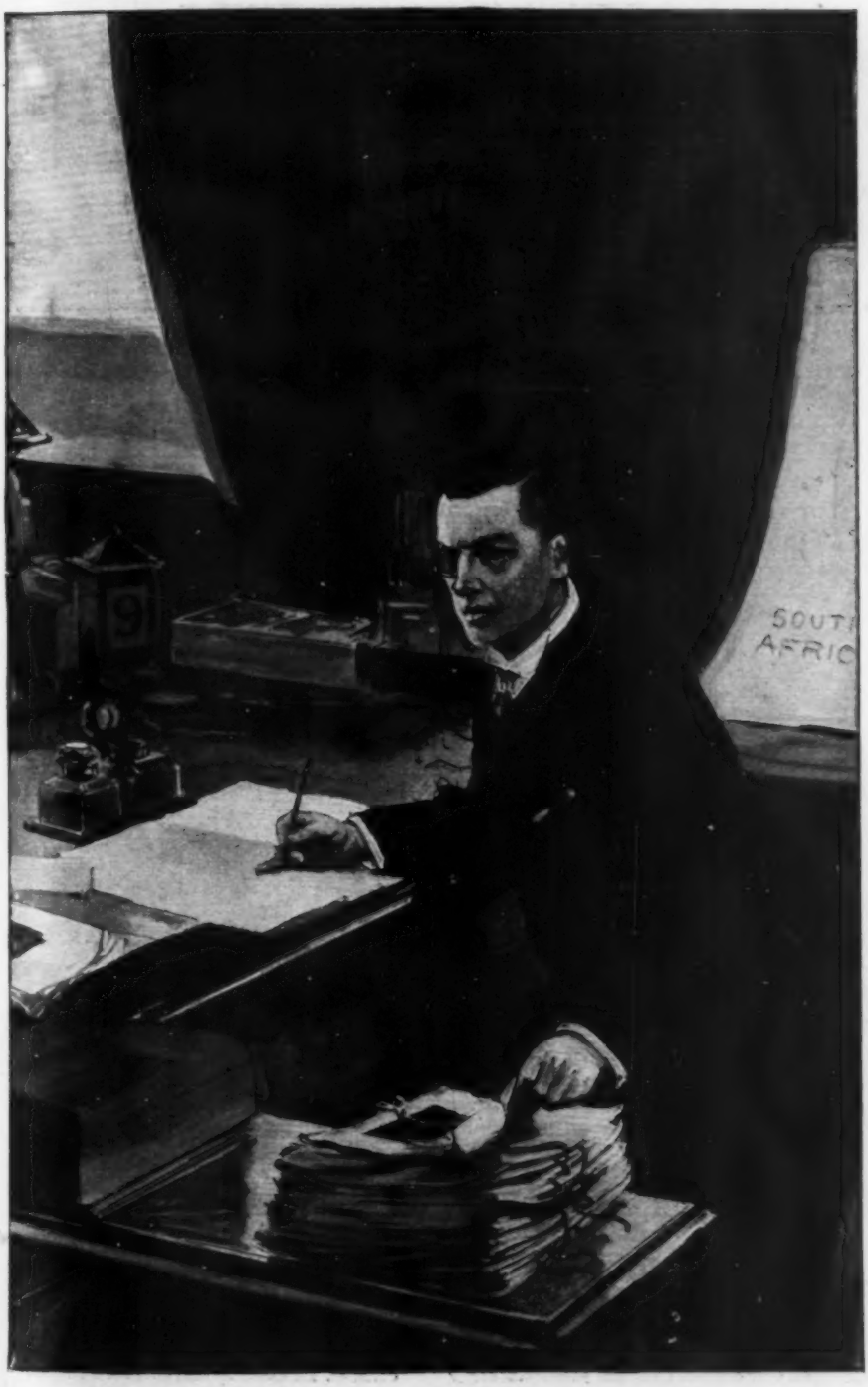
"Then you don't like valentines?"

She slapped the express label on to my packet.

"Like 'em! I call them—*hinsulks*. There's no other word.—Messenger!"

That closed the interview. But I had learned that the valentine is not absolutely dead. Rather it has reverted to an original type.

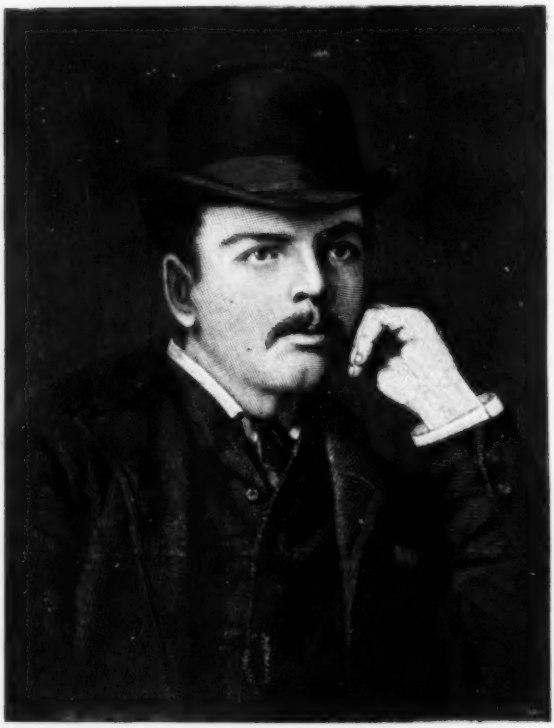




THE MAN OF THE HOUR

MR. CHAMBERLAIN IN HIS ROOM AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE

DRAWN BY J. FINNEMORE



DR. JAMESON
From his latest portrait, reproduced by permission of "The African Review"



SIR JOHN WILLOUGHBY: ON DR. JAMESON'S STAFF
From a photograph by Dickinson and Foster



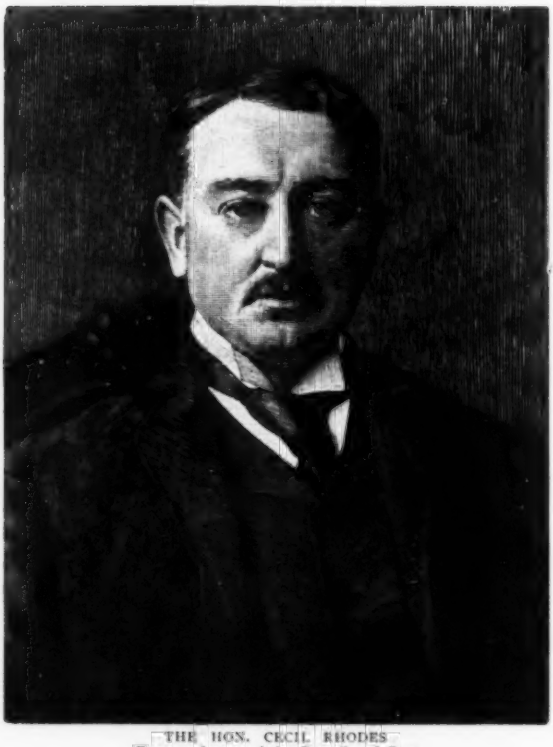
COLONEL RHODES: ARRESTED BY THE BOERS
From a photograph by Robinson, Dublin

THE TRANSVAAL DISASTER



DR. JAMESON'S LAST STAND
Drawn by W. Frank Calderon

THE TRANSVAAL DISASTER



THE HON. CECIL RHODES
From a photograph by Russell and Sons



MR. CECIL RHODES'S NEW HOUSE

THE TRANSVAAL DISASTER



GENERAL JOUBERT
WHO COMMANDED THE BOER TROOPS



DR. LEYDT
THE TRANSVAAL STATE SECRETARY

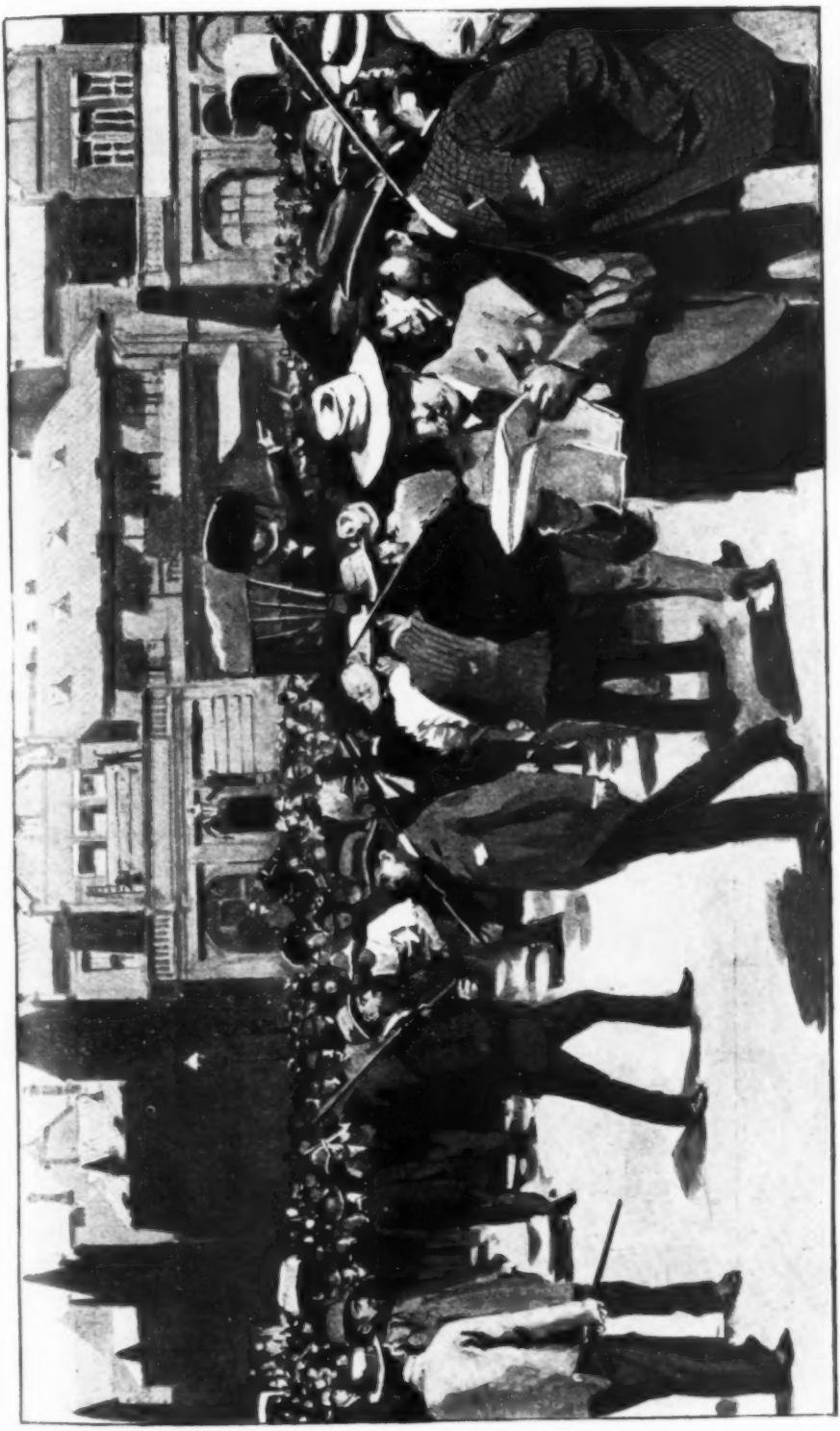


THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT KRUGER
Photographed at the door of his house

THE TRANSVAAL DISASTER

THE CRISIS OF THE BOER
Drawn by Percy F. S. Spence

THE TRANSVAAL DISASTER



EXCITEMENT IN JOHANNESBURG
Drawn by Enoch Ward

THE TRANSVAAL DISASTER



SIR HERCULES ROBINSON
THE HIGH COMMISSIONER
From a photograph by Elliott and Fry

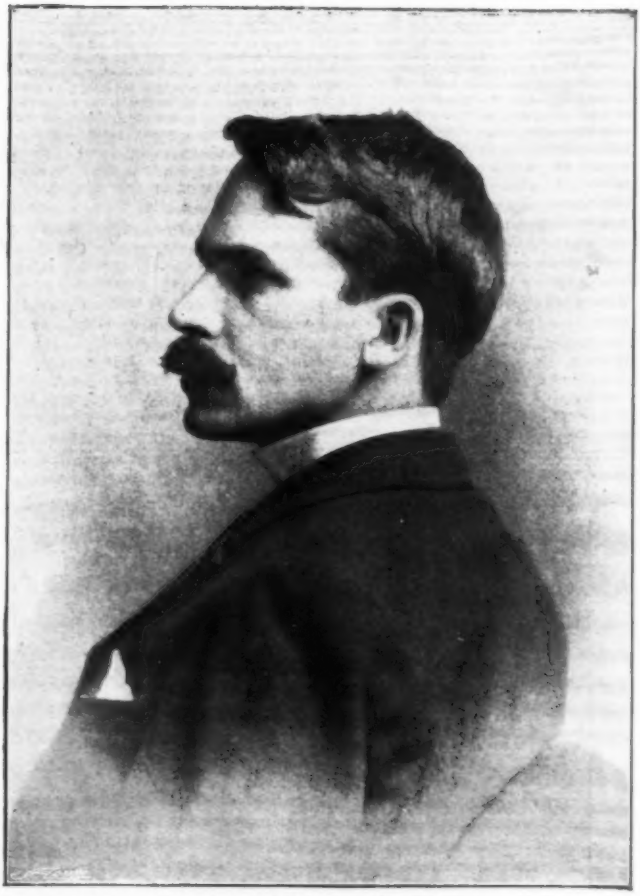


SIR J. GORDON SPRIGG
THE NEW PREMIER
From a photograph by Elliott and Fry

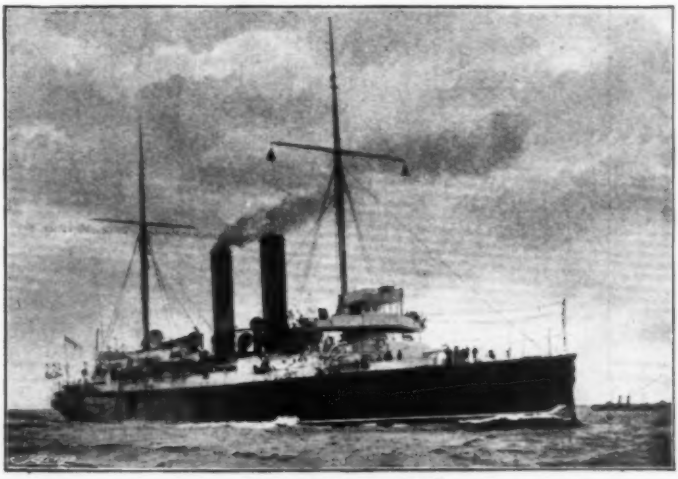


CAPTAIN THE HON. C. J. COVENTRY: WOUNDED AT KRUGERSDORP
From a photograph lent by Mr. C. Norman Springthorpe

THE TRANSVAAL DISASTER

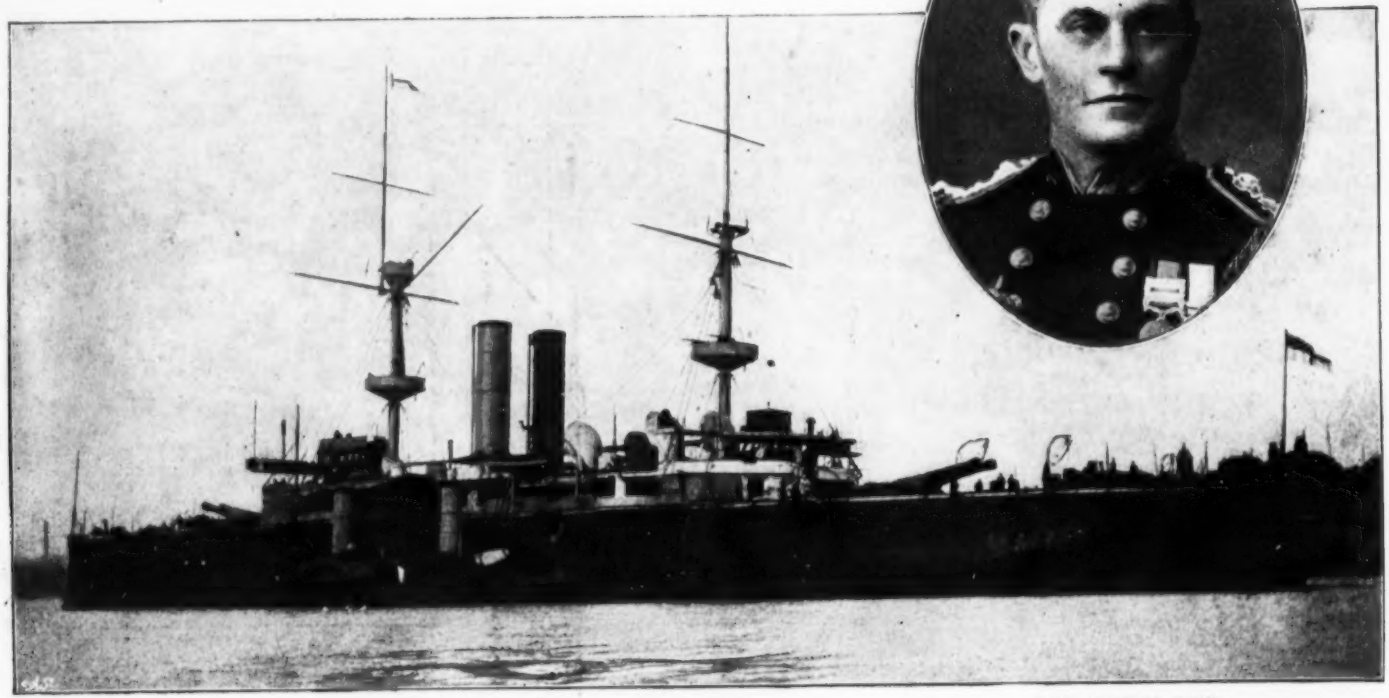


MR. CHARLES M. SHELDON
SPECIAL ARTIST OF "BLACK AND WHITE" FOR THE TRANSVAAL
From a photograph by Van der Weyde



H.M.S. "ST. GEORGE"
FLAGSHIP OF THE BRITISH FLEET AVAILABLE AT THE CAPE

THE TRANSVAAL DISASTER



H.M.S. "ROYAL OAK": FIRST-CLASS BATTLESHIP
From a photograph by Cribb, Portsmouth

REAR-ADMIRAL DALE
COMMANDER OF THE FLYING SQUADRON
From a photo by Debenham, Southsea

THE BRITISH FLYING SQUADRON



CHIEF JUSTICE ALVEY



MR. D. C. GILMAN



MR. A. D. WHITE

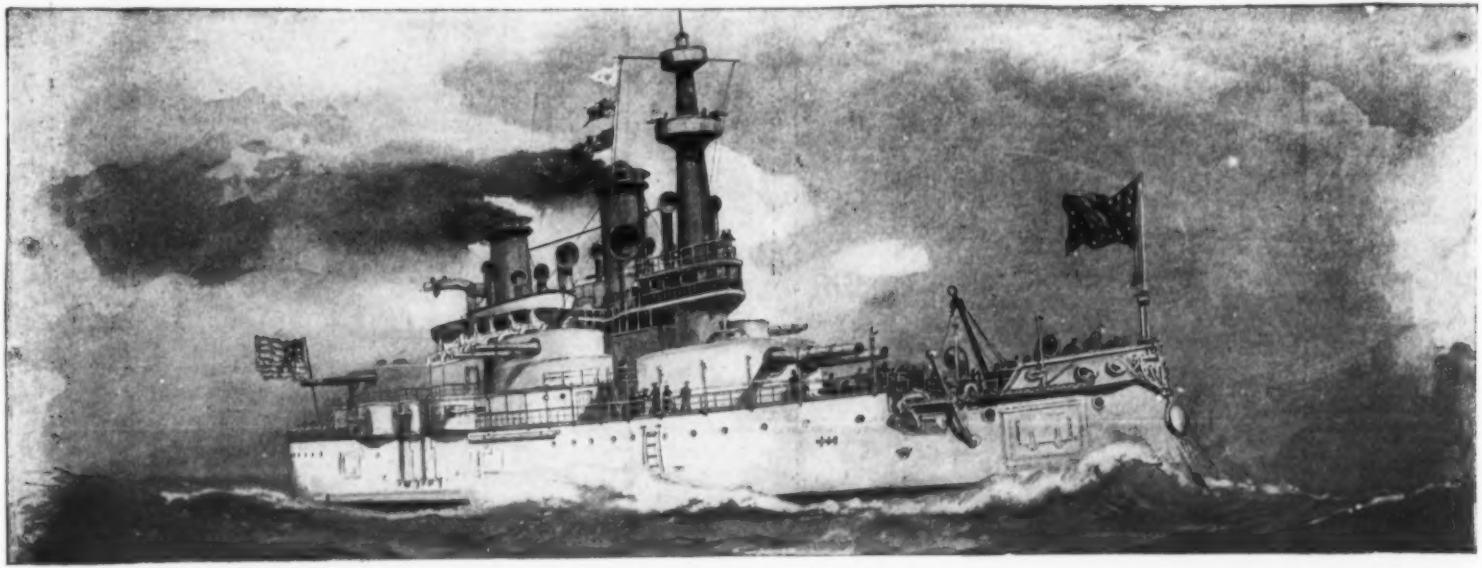


JUSTICE BREWER



MR. F. R. CONDERT

THE MEMBERS OF THE VENEZUELAN COMMISSION



THE AMERICAN BATTLE-SHIP "INDIANA"

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN DIFFICULTY



LANDING SOLDIERS AT CAPE COAST



CARRYING OFFICERS ASHORE

THE ASHANTEE CAMPAIGN

From photographs supplied by "Black and White's" Special Correspondent



CAPT. DONALD STEWART
PROSPECTIVE BRITISH RESIDENT AT COOMASSIE



ALLOTTING CARRIERS BURDENS

THE ASHANTEE CAMPAIGN

From photographs supplied by "Black and White's" Special Correspondent

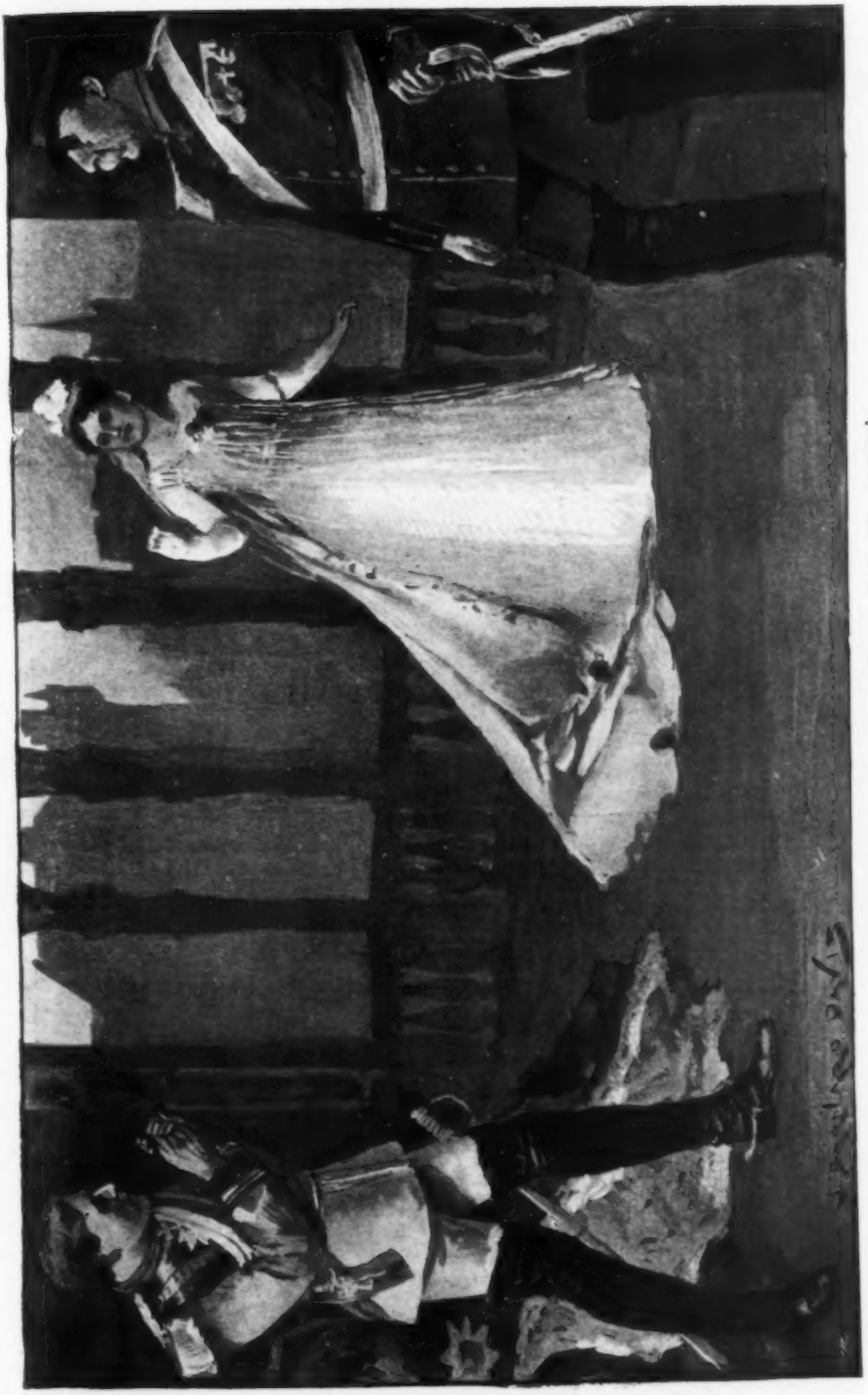


THE LATE M. MAX LEBAUDY



MDLLE. MARSY

THE LATEST FRENCH SCANDAL



"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA" AT THE ST. JAMES'S

DRAWN BY J. BERNARD DAVIS



MR. WILSON BARRETT IN "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS" AT THE LYRIC
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY



AUNT TABITHA and I made a little pilgrimage recently to the Carlyles' home, No. 24, Cheyne Row, Chelsea: it was No. 5, in the summer of 1834, when they entered into possession of the dwelling whence death alone permanently removed them. The atmosphere as we crossed the threshold impressed upon us the fact that not in number alone had the house changed; and we lingered not on the dining-room floor. It recalled all-too strongly the tastes of a later tenant, to be agreeable to the olfactory sense. As we ascended the apparently interminable flights of steep stairs, rendered picturesque by their quaint old balustrades, I marvelled how Mrs. Carlyle could have managed a house of that great size and inconvenient height with but one servant. Think of it, modern housekeeper, five floors, and the only water supply a pump in the basement kitchen! That, too, in the dark ages when the merciful gas fire was unknown.

At last we reached the noise-proof chamber, right under the sky, built by the sage to shut out the "London Babel." It is an interesting piece of construction, with its double walls and queer secret exits. But the glass cases filled with relics were obtrusively suggestive of the museum, and defrauded us of the intimate personal feeling that even an empty study might have afforded. Descending, therefore, we entered a bedroom which, to my gratification, was fully furnished. "Now!" I exclaimed, "we



can really feel that they lived here." It contained a sewing machine, and, presuming it to be a primitive one, I mentally pictured Mrs. Carlyle thriftily using it. The patch-work quilt on the bed seemed, to my mind's eye, to grow under her clever fingers. Then the books in the little hanging book-case! How human it made Mr. Carlyle appear to think his boyish heart had once rejoiced in that well-thumbed *Sandford and Merton*, or to imagine what noble resolutions might have inspired his youth, as, on some wet Scottish Sabbath, he plunged headlong into *No Cross, No Crown*. *The Royal Reader, No. 4* brought visions of his school days at Ecclefechan. And what could more clearly bespeak the relaxations of his declining years than that fascinating romance, *Like and Unlike*, by the author of *Lady Audley's Secret*. At this stage Aunt Tabitha, whose well-balanced mind is never influenced by mere supposition, directed my attention to a card affixed to the door. It curtly stated: "This room is at present occupied by the caretaker."

Well! Sadly crestfallen, I went down more stairs, but my interest was freshened by the sight of Mrs. Carlyle's "own red bed;" and by the discovery in the kitchen of some of the identical willow-pattern plates whereoff her husband was wont to eat his "quarter of a boiled fowl."

Reading and hearing of Jane Welsh Carlyle merely as she became when the worst of health, and the unceasing irritation of a dyspeptic husband had shattered her originally vivacious temperament, you get the idea that she was a disagreeable, unhappy woman. Yet she had many attractive qualitjes when young. She was a born coquette, and this may be deemed a good point, in that it induces a woman to strive to render herself beloved. Her witty personality and ready welcome, drew to the Chelsea home many guests, who would never have gone there had Thomas Carlyle lived alone. She had also an exceeding pretty taste in dress, an excellent thing in woman. Dear, sincere Harriet Martineau had an intense respect for Carlyle, whose "wild, abrupt speech and ferocity," she leniently ascribed, of all causes, to shyness! but she really loved his wife. In her *Autobiography*, Miss Martineau refers in glowing terms to Mrs. Carlyle's dress on two occasions when she visited her; and it is curious to note that throughout her book she mentions the wear of no other person.

On the first visit, paid in September, 1837, she writes: "Walked to Chelsea to dine with the Carlyles. Found her looking pretty in a high, black velvet dress, with a blond collar." Then she adds a touch of effeminacy which comes oddly from a thinker so deep: "She and I had a nice feminine gossip for two hours before dinner, about divers domestic doings of literary people, which really seems almost to justify the scandal with which literary life is assailed." It needs no astute mind to fit this cap upon the heads of the poor Leigh Hunts, who were living next door, struggling to bring up a giant family upon a dwarf income. A few months later Miss Martineau records another visit, when "Mrs. Carlyle looked like a lady abbess: black velvet, cap with lappets, white scarf and rosary," exclaiming, with a little burst of genuine enthusiasm, "Very elegant creature." It is pleasant to find Mrs. Carlyle, who was inclined to be carping in criticising her friends, writing thus kindly of Miss Martineau: "She is distinctly good-looking: warm-hearted even to a tinge of romance, and *very fond of* ME."

It endears Mrs. Carlyle to you to know, that, while she loved pretty things, her mind was not above contriving and planning; and, that when still a poor man's wife, she gloried in petty economies, and could triumph in a successful "made-over" garment. While residing at Craigenputtock, in the autumn of 1833, she wrote to her confidential friend regarding "a pellerine of old lavender popelin, which you must have seen officiating, not on me, but on several members of our family, something like twenty years ago. The gowns of that period being ineligible to make more than a sleeve of the present, I realised out of it at the beginning of summer a singularly elegant bonnet; and the residue is now combining itself into a pellerine, which, lined with wadding and part of the old (villainously bad) crimson Persian (lining) of my old cloak, will in the gracefullest manner protect my shoulders through the approaching inclemencies of the season." And some time after she deplores a violent attack of neuralgia, brought on, as she naïvely confesses, by travelling all the way from

the Solway to London, by steamboat, in "a straw bonnet that cost two shillings!"

* * * *

Carlyle, writing of Burns somewhere about sixty-eight years ago, declared that his "work is broken off in the middle, almost in the beginning; and rises among us, beautiful and sad, at once unfinished and a ruin! If charitable judgment was necessary in estimating his poems, and justice required that the aim and the manifest power to fulfil it must often be accepted for the fulfilment; much more is this the case in regard to his life, the sum and result of all his endeavours, where his difficulties came upon him not in detail only, but in mass; and so much has been left unaccomplished, nay was mistaken, and altogether marred." It is well, I think, to recall these sagacious words now the initial volume of the "Centenary Burns" has appeared. The four volumes, which are like to fix the definitive form of the poet's works, are edited by Mr. W. E. Henley and Mr. T. F. Henderson—no better collaboration for the purpose can be imagined—printed by Messrs. T. and A. Constable and published by Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack. It has been decided to issue the volumes in two forms, constituting a library and a popular edition. Mr. William Hole, R.S.A., whose fame as an etcher is world-wide, has done some two dozen plates for the latter set; and through the kindness of Messrs. Jack I am able to reproduce a couple of these illustrations.



* * * *

I chanced this morning on an old volume of *Fun*—*Fun* in the sixties, when Tom Hood was editor, and Gilbert was contributing the "Bab Ballads," which contained in embryo the germ of so many of his later successes—and was amused to find therein an illustration entitled "The Rotten Row of the Coming Period," that depicted the Row filled with men, women, and children perched upon the insecure-looking velocipede of that day, to the entire exclusion of the horse. The ladies, by way of compromise, wear habits and riding-hats, sit on side-saddles, and carry whips. By-the-way, it would be interesting to trace the degeneration of the high-sounding "velocipede" into the flippant "bike."

* * * *

Congratulate me! I have actually achieved a new idea, and one I deem

distinctly valuable. Know, then, that my social relations have long been a burden to me, by reason of my intellect refusing to master the intricacies of the "At Home" days of my friends. Had I had naught else to think of, I might have constituted it my life-work, and, by devoting my entire energies thereto, might have succeeded in satisfactorily accomplishing it. But my time is filled with many engrossing interests and pleasant duties; consequently, I am constantly becoming aware that, without wilful intent, I have neglected Mrs. Somebody's "second Tuesday," or Mrs. Anybody's "first and fourth Thursdays," or Mrs. Nobody's "last Fridays."

Now, the brilliant notion is this: While there is nothing to remind you that a certain day is the "third Saturday" or the "fourth Monday," you have the day of the month ever in your memory. Suppose a woman intimated that she purposed receiving on the fifth of each month, or the fourteenth, or the twenty-third, her friends could scarce fail to remember. Each letter they dated, every journal they scanned, would conspire to bring the fact to their memory, and she would no longer have folks excusing long absences on the plea that they did not recollect it was her "third Friday" till it had passed. I think I deserve gratitude for revealing a way to make plain one of the hard things of this world.

Personally, I am inclined to revile those inhospitable folks who are "At Home" but one afternoon a month. Why, it really means this intimation to their circle of acquaintances: "If you wish to call, there are twelve days in the year on which I am willing to receive you." Fewer than twelve, indeed, if you deduct absences from town, and August and September, when few calls are paid. All honour to the kindly dames who devote one day a week to the service of their friends. But my plan would work an improvement for them also. By remaining indoors always on, say, Wednesdays, they deny themselves the privilege of visiting friends who receive on that day. Could they not arrange to be "at home" on the ninth, the nineteenth, and the twenty-ninth? These, or any similar combination of dates, are easily remembered, and would be less binding than giving up a special weekday all the year round.

MURIEL BABBINGTON BRIGHT.



Fashions of the Month.



EARLY SPRING GOWN

THIS early spring gown consists of a sleeveless coat and skirt of serge, &c., with chiné silk blouse. The coat is edged with black satin ribbon, buttons, and cords on lapels. There is a drapery of lace from the neck.

*** *Patterns of the Costumes which appear in these pages will be forwarded by post direct from the Office of* "THE LUDGATE," *34, Bouverie Street, on the following terms: Cape or Skirt, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Jacket or Bodice, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Whole Costume, 2s.; Do. (cut to measure), 2s. 6d. Full particulars for self-measurement and form of application will usually be found at end of book.*



EVENING GOWN

THIS high evening gown has sleeves and skirt of chiné silk; the coat is entirely composed of sequins; the bodice is of chiffon.

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NEW COAT

THIS drawing represents a new sac-backed coat, hanging in pleats from a shaped yoke, adorned with four buttons, and finished at the neck with a collar of sable.

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Ladies' Spun Silk Hose, Lace Open-work Fronts, in Black and every Colour, **2/10** per pair.
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BLACK SATIN GOWN

OUR artist in this drawing shows a gown of black satin, with a bodice of white lace set over pink chiffon, the lace fastened across with diamond buttons and small gold chains, while the décolletage shows an accordion-pleated frill of the pink chiffon surmounted by a frill of cherry hue.

BRONCHITIS. BRONCHITIS. BRONCHITIS.

This distressingly painful malady can be immediately relieved, and the complaint greatly alleviated, by the use of **HALL'S COCA WINE.**

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DURING the Influenza Epidemic last year the medical profession generally prescribed **HALL'S COCA WINE.** The unexpected and increased demand we were unable to meet, and we were obliged to publicly apologise for non-delivery of orders. We are now in a position to meet any demand that can arise. Unfortunately the demand, which we were unable to meet, induced a number of individuals to offer the public, under the name of Coca Wine, unpalatable and utterly useless preparations, which have disappointed and disgusted those who have been misled. With a view to removing the bad impression created, we are sending to all who are desirous of testing the beneficial qualities of **HALL'S** COCA WINE, free tasting samples; we only ask that you will send us a post-card and judge for yourselves. It is absolutely proved by the Medical Press and Profession that—

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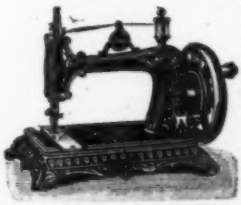
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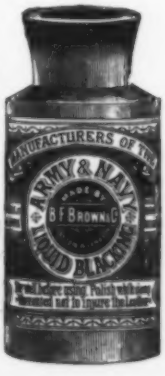


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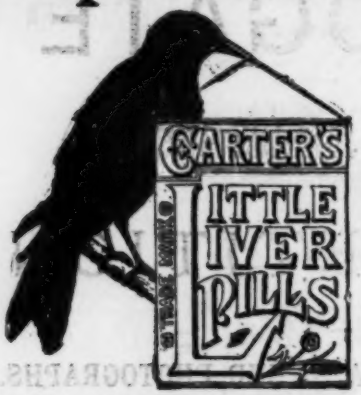
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Contributions, marked "Prize Competitions," and bearing the name and address of the sender, must reach the Ludgate Offices, 34, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C., by the 25th of February; and the prize-winners will be announced in the April Number.

The Editor reserves the right to publish any of the Contributions, though, as a rule, only those that take prizes, or are commended, will be given. He also reserves the right to withhold the medal in any section where none of the contributions is worthy of publication. Every effort will be made to return unsuccessful MSS, Drawings, and Photographs, where stamps are sent for the purpose, though no guarantee can be given on the subject.

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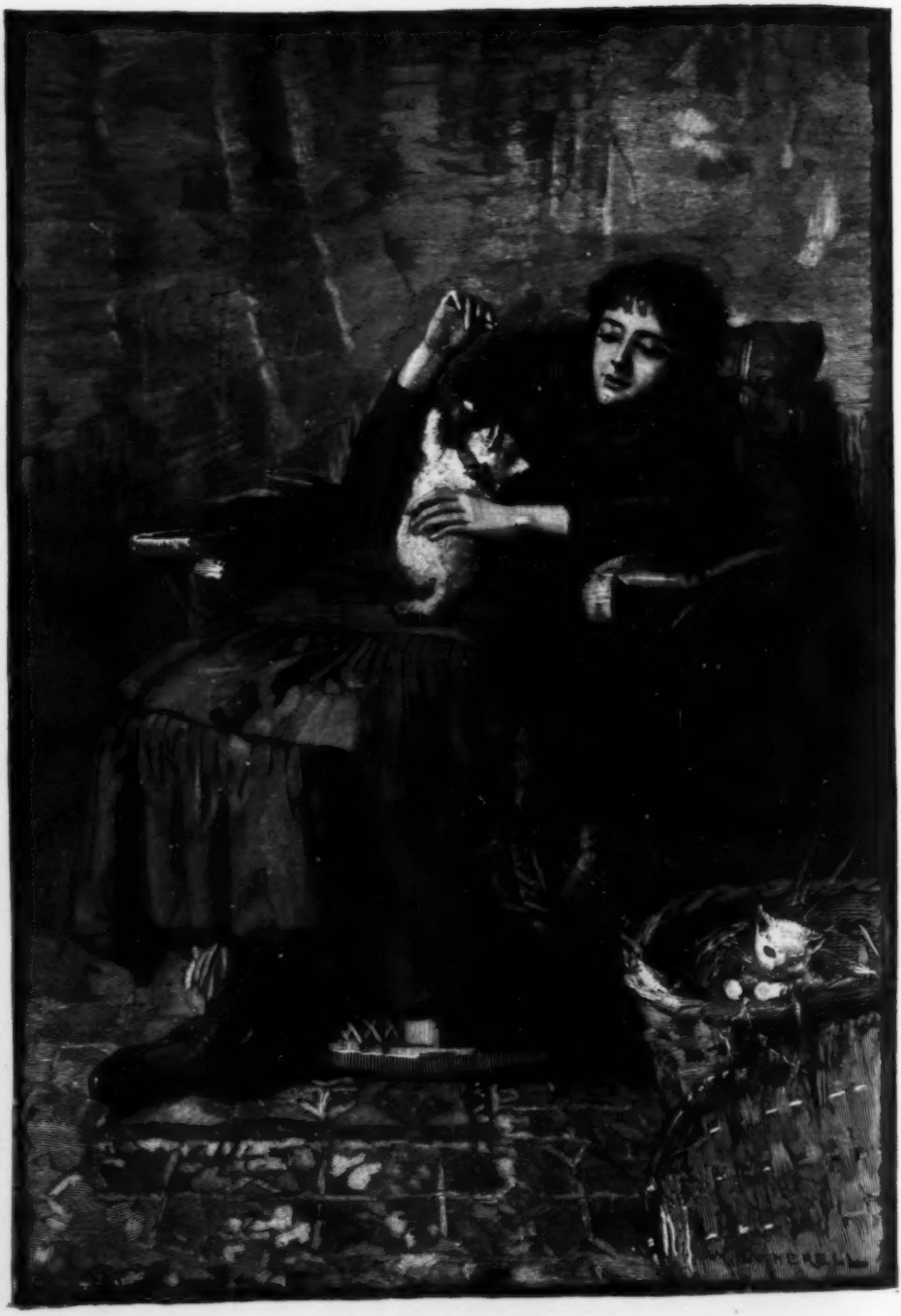


PEREMPTORY ADDRESS TO AN UNCLE.

Who's afraid of winds that blow,
Hail that falleth down,
Beating rain, or driving snow?
Take us to the town.

There are shops where you may buy
Chocolates and candy:
Sweet girl-dolls that "Mamma" cry,
Dear boy-dolls so dandy.

Come, sir: never did you see
Sweeter band of misses.
Take us: you shall get for fee
Half a peck of kisses.



KITTENS

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL ENGRAVED BY L. DAVIEL

CAPTAIN JACOBUS.

Certain passages from the Memoirs of ANTHONY LANGFORD *Gentleman: containing a particular account of his Adventures with* CAPTAIN JACOBUS *the Notorious Cavalier Highwayman: of his connection with the* PENRUDDOCK *Plot in the time of the* COMMONWEALTH *and of the surprising Adventures and singular turns of* FORTUNE *that befell him in the course of these relations. Written by* HIMSELF *and now newly set forth By* L. COPE CORNFORD.



ILLUSTRATED BY ENOCH WARD

SUMMARY.

Anthony Langford, being compelled to flee his home near Salisbury by the machinations of an unsuccessful rival in love, joins Captain Jacobus, a Royalist conspirator, who has warned him. They ride to Wilton, where it is arranged that Jacobus shall proceed immediately to tell the Earl of Rochester what force the Royalists of Wiltshire have ready. Anthony Langford rides with him and meets one Mul-Sack, chief of a gang of thieves who act as spies for the Royalists. Nick Armorer, lieutenant of Jacobus, lies a prisoner in London for stealing the mails. The two companions set out to rescue him the next morning. In Winchester they come on Cromwell and Jacobus makes a mad and unsuccessful attempt to stop his coach and rob him. Then at Farnham they meet two brothers, one having a business in London and the other in Winchester. Each has received a letter bidding him come to see his brother, Jacobus having arranged that each shop shall be robbed while the master is away. Jacobus and Langford capture one of the twain, and leave him bound and gagged in a barn. Then they go back to the inn, and fall in with two beautiful ladies who bid them to supper and entreat them very kindly, for the King's sake. The next day they ride on to Guildford, rescuing the two ladies, who have preceded them, from the hands of a highwayman. They sleep that night at the Globe Tavern, in Fleet Street. Nick Armorer lies in Newgate, and is to die at once. Jacobus, however, manages to drug the Bellman of St. Sepulchre's—an official who goes beneath the condemned cell on the last night of a prisoner's life and warns him to repent—personates him, and so hands to Armorer the means of making his escape. He also arranges for the procuring of £1,000 from the Commonwealth by means of a forged draft.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. AND MRS. CUTPURSE.

LOTH as I was to enter the bagnio I feared to loiter in the street: and finding the privy door upon the latch, I mounted the dark stairs to the room we had but lately left. Mrs. Moll was sitting at ease by the fire, pipe in mouth, a glass of schnapps at her elbow: and greeted me with her customary offensive complaisance.

"I am glad, indeed, to see you safe

and sound, Mr. Langford. And how have you sped, sir? And what will you drink while you tell me? Canary, Rhenish, Xeres, burnt claret, sack, Rosa-Solis—what you will?"

"Nothing, I thank you," I said, for although I was mighty dry, the remembrance of Mrs. Cutpurse's hospitality to the Bell-Man stuck in my throat.

"Well, indeed, y'are a queer cove of a young gentleman as ever I saw in the world. Ye will not drink, nor wench, nor, I dare swear, would ye dice. Pray, sir, how do you live? Nay, never look black. Take no note of an old woman's quirks, but sit ye down, and tell me, an ye will, how go matters."

In a few words I related the night's adventures so far as I knew them. Mrs. Cutpurse heard me with infinite glee.

"Mr. Armorer will 'scape the gallows yet,'" she cried. "Jacobus is a clever rogue. He maketh an ill enemy. I would never cross him by my will. And why? Because I am honest? No, for I am not honest—'tis a dull commodity, honesty, and one I could never find any use for. But I am afraid of him, Mr. Langford: and fear is a stout bond for square dealing."

I muttered a civil word in reply: this trifling encouragement was enough for Mrs. Cutpurse, who, being perhaps a little disguised in liquor, began a manner of talk the like of which I had never heard. A kind of poisonous magic dwelt in her tongue: so that as this brazen schoolmistress of sin with the cunning eye held discourse, life and the world as she conceived of them passed before me like scenes in a playhouse: gross, tragical, outrageous and farcical by turns: always blindly base: yet intertwisting throughout this monstrous web of passion, avarice and misdoing, a thread of natural, human kindliness and shrewd good-humour. I could see that Mrs. Moll was one of your born praters; set a piece of listening intelligence in front of her, and she asked no more: the woman was sublimely happy, and would talk until her head was clean empty. The matter of her discourse cannot be put down here: but it fascinated me, so that I did not hear the latch lift: and only a sense of someone looking at me caused me to turn my head, to catch a glimpse of a man just disappearing out of the door. Swift as he was, I had time to recognise the burly figure and white locks of Mul-Sack.

"What is it?" demanded Mrs. Cutpurse, whose back was towards the door, turning quickly as she spoke.

"'Tis nothing," I said. "I but fancied I heard the door open;" for the stealthy demeanour of the King of the Beggars aroused my suspicions.

"I heard nothing," Mary said. "What could it have been?" and rising, she went to the door, opened it, put her head into the passage, then closed it again, returned to the hearth, and stood looking keenly down at me.

"There is no one there," said she. "Perhaps your fancy plays you tricks at times, Mr. Langford?"

"Why, often," I replied, sleepily, and yawned. At this moment a distant rumble of wheels broke upon our ears, grew rapidly louder, and was presently mingled with a clatter of galloping hoofs. "The Captain at last," cried Mrs. Cutpurse, and ran down the stairs, where I could hear her unbarring the door. The sounds ceased abruptly, a hasty foot pounded on the stair, and the Captain, red with hurry, burst into the room, a bulky sack upon his shoulder.

"The Bell-Man," he cried, dumping his burden on the table. "Quick man, out with him, neck and heels. The Watch are upon us hot-foot."

Snatching a candle, I flung open the door of the inner room, while the Captain tore off the blue camlet cloak. The Bell-Man was still slugging in a dog-sleep, just as we had left him. I took his shoulders, Jacobus took his heels, and we bundled him downstairs, hove him into the cart, and flung his cloak upon him in a breathless hurry. Mrs. Moll, who had been standing at the mule's head, whipped into the house: and as the Captain dealt the beast a sounding kick which started it at a gallop, I heard the door slam and the clank of iron bars falling into their sockets.

We turned to find ourselves locked out. At the bottom of the street a clump of lanterns and glinting weapons was advancing at a round pace. There was small time for consideration: in three minutes, or less, a dozen of the Watch armed with six-foot bills would be upon us.

"Bilked, are we!" cried Jacobus, with an oath. "Round to the back!"

"Did you know that Mul-Sack was in the house," I asked him, as we ran.

"Who?" exclaimed the Captain.

"Mul-Sack. I saw him."

We gained the dark archway leading to the network of alleys that gave upon the back door of the bagnio. Peering out, we had the pleasure of beholding the whole body of Watchmen tilt past the end of the street, and heard them go clumping into the distance.

"That's serious," said Jacobus. "I can check and bridle the man, or his villanous wife. But the two together—no, I don't like it, Anthony."

"His wife?"

"Ay, Mr. and Mrs. Cutpurse, or Mr. and Mrs. Mul-Sack, which you will, and plenty of choice beside. But now to try the other door. There's a thousand pounds' worth of spoils in their clutches, and I doubt me of treasons and stratagems."

Upon trying the latch, we found it fast. A casement clinked open above our heads, and looking up, the Captain had but just time to clutch my arm and step swiftly aside, before a bucketful of scalding water descended upon the spot where we had been standing. With an oath, Jacobus drew a pistol and snapped it: and although the spark fell upon damp powder, the window shut sharply.

"We will get in, by God," whispered Jacobus, as he reprimed his weapons. "Fire at the lock with both your pistols, then charge the door."

I looked hastily to my priming; then, standing close against the door, presented my weapons. Jacobus did the same with one of his, holding the other in reserve. He gave the word: there was a flash and a shattering explosion: the door went down before our united weight; and we were inside. At the same moment a dark figure appeared upon the stair-head above. Jacobus fired on the instant, and the man tumbled forward with a scream, his pistol exploding in his hand. As we dashed up the stair, the door of Mrs. Cutpurse's room shut-to, and we heard the bolts click.

"Down with it!" cried Jacobus.

I ran at the door, which burst inwards, tripping over the fallen man in my hurry, so that I tumbled headlong into the room amid a ruin of woodwork. Jacobus trampled right over me, and I picked myself up to find him strenuously engaged with Mrs. Moll, who was wielding a long rapier with the utmost fury and a great deal of dexterity.

"Disarm her with a cloak," cried Jacobus. Flinging my mantle across the blades, I pinioned the lady from behind, and it was all I could do to restrain her passionate struggles without maiming her. But Jacobus slipped off his belt and we tied her wrists with a garter and buckled her into a chair, where she began to vociferate curses with diabolical fluency. Victory was ours, but there was scant leisure for contemplation. The other inmates of the house would raise a hue-and-cry in another moment; already we heard a bustle and the noise of opening doors above stairs. The Captain caught up his sack from the table and ran out of the house: and seeing a stout leathern valise beside it, upon a sudden impulse I tucked it under my arm and followed. Mul-Sack lay where he had fallen, and the stairs were slippery with his blood.

"The black, arrant, filthy scoundrels!" said the Captain, as we twisted and turned through by-ways. "They would 'a robbed his Majesty of my hardly-earned gains without so much as a God-a-mercy. What have you there, boy?"

"I don't know—'tis cursedly heavy."

"Well, we must lug our burdens yet awhile. God send we meet not with the rascals of the Watch."

So soon as the Captain judged us out of danger of pursuit, we slackened pace to a brisk walk, setting our course to arrive at the back premises of the Globe Tavern. I told Jacobus of my adventure.

"Well, I would not tell that story too often," said he. "You might not always receive credence. Truth is a fantastical divinity. But y'are an admirable scare-fire! The street cleared in a twinkling, just as I reached the benediction. I could see Nick's face plain behind the bars of a window ten or twelve feet up, cheek by jowl with a scab of a gaoler. 'In case the prisoner hath any doubts on his sinful soul of which I may resolve him,' I cried, 'I will come within convenient earshot;' and with that drove the pulpit right under the cill. Quick as lightning Nick stretched his hands through the bars, manacled as they were, as low as he could reach: and standing a' tip-toe I gave him a naked girdle-knife. Listening, I heard certain graveyard sounds within; and forth looks



"I PINIONED THE LADY FROM BEHIND"

Nick again. 'I've killed him,' says he. 'Where are the Flanders despatches?' I asked. 'Gone to the four winds,' he answered.

"Whereupon I gave him pistols and a file and sundry articles, and left him with my blessing to work his way out of the Checquers as best he might, and drove softly away to Paul's Churchyard. I spare your feelings, my young friend. I will not tell you what I did under the shadow of Paul's. The business ('twas King's business) I carried thorough-stitch without a let, until the Watch came loitering round the corner of Paternoster Row just as the Bell-Man was filling his pulpit. There would have been no cause to alarm had not that devil of a mule refused to budge. For all I could do he stood immovable as a statua, till I drew sword and goaded him like an ox: and then he shot off like a culverin, and near tore the heart out of me with pulling. I thought we should have gone to hell without a stop: but the fiend halted himself of his own accord at Mrs. Moll's. I suppose the drouthy Bell-Man had taught him the habit. And after all, lifelekins! we were woundy near losing the whole pack. I would I had known King Mul-Sack was on the night-sneak. Well, set the scars against the booty and cry quits!" concluded Jacobus.

"And is he then Mrs. Moll's husband?" I asked.

"Ay," returned the Captain. "They were married over the broom. I was at the wedding and gave the bride away, while the Patrico joined their hands across a headless fowl, and the groomsman poured a gage of rum-booze over the bridegroom's head. And this evening the pair would have robbed and murdered me! Save a thief from the gallows and he'll cut your throat, Anthony," quoted Jacobus, irrelevantly.

By this time we had reached the gates of the Globe stable-yard: as we had settled the score over-night, we had nothing to do but to rouse the ostler and get our nags saddled. In a few moments we found ourselves once more horsed and on the road, with the plunder gained by the night's adventures securely strapped upon the crupper. We were to proceed straightway, said the Captain, to the Earl of Rochester, who had his lodging very private near Whitehall. As we paced slowly and cautiously along back streets, I turned to reflection upon the events of that turbulent night: the remembrance of old Mul-Sack prone upon his face stuck mightily in my head: and like a sword-prick out of the dark, it flashed upon me that yet a third time I had been art and part in an outrageous robbery. And again, I could not for the life of me see how I could have done other than I did. There seemed a perverse fate in it: and I resolved to clear my mind of incipient repentance: and transferred the sin, in my accompt with Heaven, to the close-written debit of Cromwell.

Moreover, I had come to sojourn in places, and to taste of experiences, extremely foreign to the principles of my father's son. I had made acquaintance with the reverse of the coin—the other side of the image God has stamped upon the mixed metal of humanity: and observed, with some surprise, and some reservations, the stirring within me of new and catholic sympathies.

CHAPTER IX.

I BECOME KING'S MESSENGER.

It must have been near three of the clock in the morning when we drew rein at the door of a mansion that stood midway down a narrow street giving upon the river, as I could discern by the tremulous reflections of the stars upon a moving gray bank between the black cliffs of building. Dismounting, we secured our horses to the wrought iron-work that supported the extinguisher-cap for links. The Captain knocked upon the panel, at first softly, then with more insistence. A window opened overhead, and stepping back, we perceived the head and shoulders of a man in a night-cap, who was covering us with a petronel.

"Who be you?" he demanded, with a broad south-country accent, "disturbing decent folk in their beds."

"Let me in, George Penderel," said the Captain.

"There be no one of that name here," returned the other, hastily. "Who be you, I arx again before I fires."

"You have met with a Mr. William Jones, I believe, George," said the Captain. "Well, I bear a message for him.

Open, in the name of Mr. William Jones!"

I learned afterwards that this George Penderel was a Royalist trooper, one of those who were art and part at the King's escape after Worcester fight: his Majesty travelling at that juncture under the name of William Jones. The Captain's conjuration was singularly effectual. Mr. Penderel retired instantly from the window: and within a minute we heard him unbarring the door. It was presently opened; and a little, broad man with a big nose, a military cloak wrapt about his naked body, appeared on the threshold, holding a rushlight above his head.

"Give ye good-den, Captain," said he, saluting.

"I have to speak with his lordship, George," said Jacobus. "You had best announce me, while we bring in the horses."

Saluting once more, the trooper turned to obey, leaving the rushlight on the floor. By the time we had brought the horses into the square stone hall (where the noise of their tramplings was enough to rouse the parish) Penderel returned, saying that the Earl would see us on the instant: and, carrying our booty with us, we followed the retainer up a broad staircase to a huge shadowy apartment hung with dark tapestry, which seemed to suck up the light of the many candles. The embers of a wood-fire flickered in the chimney, by the side whereof stood a great bed with gold-embroidered hangings; and herein lay my Lord of Rochester, his jolly, red face aglow among the white napery.

"What, Jacobus, my night-hawk, and with a King's ransom on's back, as I live by bread! Nought less shall indemnify for the breakage of my beauty-sleep, I promise ye," said the Earl, in a lazy, drawling fashion of his own.

"Y'are too curious of yourself, my Lord Wilmot," returned the Captain, depositing his burden on the table before the fire, and signing me to do the same. "But let that pass: and suffer me to present to you my very worthy copesmate, Mr. Anthony Langford, of Langford."

The Earl shook me heartily by the hand, with a courteous rejoinder: "Y'are heartily welcome, gentlemen," quoth he. "'Tis a poor place to receive you in, I fear, but the best a landless lord and a man proscribed may offer at this time. Draw to the fire—prithee, Jack, put on another log—there is liquor on the table. Fill your glass, Mr. Langford—I thank you, yes, if you will be so good. The King, Mr. Langford!" and the Earl and I clinked glasses.

"And now to business, my Lord," began Jacobus.

"Ay," returned Rochester, "certainly... But I must tell you, Captain—walking adown Giltspur Street yesternoon, I met as pretty a nymph as ever I saw in the world. She hath meeting eyebrows and a sloe-black eye—you know the kind of quean, Jack. I shall walk there to-morrow, and the day after, and every day until I meet with her again. Come with me in the morning, my bold free-booter."

"Y'are but a mad lord," answered the Captain. "Do you take me for Chef-finch?* A pox on ye! Here is a kingdom set upon the the hazard, and you think of nought but springing a hen o' the game. Come! I have not been hunting and waiting like a dog for weary weeks, to be toying with your wanton humours. I tell you, every minute I sit here as good as turns a new thread upon my halter."

"That is because y'are so partial to blood and wounds, Jack," drawled Rochester, with unruffled composure. "Stand-and-deliver, is your notion of entertainment: mine is another-guess theory. Body-o'-me! a man must do something to disperse the vapours in this hag-rid city, he would die of sheer psalmody else. Why, the place reeks of Nonconformity: it drones like a vast conventicle. Well, to business then, curse ye. What news from the West?"

Whereupon the Captain put him briefly into possession of affairs, telling him, however, no more of our adventures than he was necessitated. Meanwhile, I had leisure to observe his lordship, who was a full-faced, handsome man, with the look of a born amorist. He it was (so I have heard), who, during his flight with the King after Worcester, would never put on any habit of disguise, saying "he should look so frightfully in it."

"And what hast got in the bag there?" enquired the Earl, when the tale was ended. "Ye may rest easy," he added, as the Captain rose, and going to the door, shot the bolt: "the house is

* A creature of the King's.

empty, save for George the faithful." So Jacobus unloosed the sack, and displayed upon the table a treasure of gold and silver plate, and jewelled gew-gaws, enough to ransom a city.

"'Sblood!" quoth the Earl, sitting up in bed. "And where did that pretty treasure come from?"

The Captain maintained a discreet silence: and, having turned the sack bottom up, he began to unstrap my valise. I looked on with a keen curiosity, but saying nothing. Throwing back the lid, Jacobus took out, one by one, ten full-stuffed leather bags, and set them heavily down a-row: the figures £100 were branded upon each: and, untying one, he took out a handful of his yellow namesakes. "A thousand pound in coin of the realm," said he. So we had not only ransacked Brother Emanuel's shop in Paul's, but plundered the coffers of the Commonwealth and stripped Mrs. Moll of her profits, at a blow.

"Odso! and where from, once more?" asked the delighted Rochester.

"Well, my lord, the history, in brief, is as follows," answered Jacobus, sitting down and filling his glass. "I happened to have a small matter of family plate to sell—the gear, in fact, you see before you. 'Tis the old story: what



"THE DOOR WAS OPENED"

cavalier but has flung his plate-chest, spoons and tankards, into the deeps of Neptune after the rest of his goods, for the love of his Gracious Majesty? But no more of that. Therefore, I say, I sought out a gripe of my acquaintance and bade him give me the price in gold. This he agreed to do: but as it came about, the villain sought to play booty—and failed. Whereupon I took a hand—and succeeded."

Jacobus lay back in his chair, pressing the tips of his stretched fingers lightly together, and gravely regarded the Earl. Their eyes met. Both men smiled.

"I make you my compliments, Jack," said Rochester. "Y'are as arrant a thief and as bold a liar as any in the three kingdoms. 'Oons, but we will dine to-morrow, Jack. I know an ordinary——"

"So do I, my lord," interrupted the Captain. "And the night the King dines in Whitehall you and I will drink drunk hand to fist, an his Majesty invite us not, and unless my head be garnishing Temple Bar."

"Y'are perfectly right, Jack," answered Rochester, no jot abashed. "Shall I give you full acquittal for value received, on behalf of my Lord Treasurer, who is at this time taking the air of the Low Countries for the good of his health?"

"So please you, before we part," returned Jacobus, gravely. "And now, who is to carry mails to the King, my lord? The matter is urgent."

"Whomsoever you please, Captain," replied the easy Earl.

"Mr. Langford, will you?" said Jacobus. So it was settled; and I doubt not that the Captain had this errand in his eye for me from the first.

"The *Silver Spray* sails from New Key to Flushing with the morning tide," said Rochester. "The master, Captain Powel Revel, who is a trusty rascal, was with me yesterday."

"That will do excellent well," said the Captain. Thereupon the Earl, bidding us to excuse him, rose and dressed himself, and sat down with Jacobus to write despatches to the King. By the time they had finished, the sun was shooting golden shafts through the crevices of the shutters: and we descended to a room beneath, where was spread an ample collation flanked with toasts and tankards; of which the Earl partook full as heartily as we. Then I was given an hundred broad pieces for my peculiar expenses, and entrusted with two hundred for the King, and the mail, which was enclosed in silk and sealed. My instructions were, upon landing at Flushing to repair at once to the sign of the City of Rouen, where I should find Sir John Mennes and Mr. John Nicholas, who would introduce me to his Majesty: when I was to answer any questions the King might be pleased to ask me: to receive his instructions, particularly as to the date of the Penruddock rising: and to return without delay to the port of Lyme Regis in Dorsetshire, where I should meet Captain Jacobus at a place appointed. Taking leave of the buxom Earl, upon whose shoulders, methought, the cares of state sat extraordinary lightly, I set out on foot, carrying Mrs. Cutpurse's valise and accompanied by the Captain.

The streets sparkled in the sunshine, and a brisk wind ruffled the awnings over the shops, where the noisy 'prentices were busied setting forth their wares. After purchasing a few clothes and necessaries—for I had ridden all this time with no more than I stood in—we proceeded by devious ways to the New Key hard by London Bridge. The river bubbled and swirled under the arches, reaching away like a magical arm into enticing distance, between clumps of shipping whose tall masts and webs of rigging rose above the houses. Wherries manned by watermen in gay-coloured jerkins plied swiftly to and fro across the shining stream, and my heart rose blithely to the adventure. The *Silver Spray*, a bluff-bowed, two-masted craft, was moored against the wharf: the most of her crew were climbing and clinging aloft, engaged upon some business which appeared to me extremely perilous, to which they were directed by a small, stout man with a fringe of black whisker encircling a face like a walnut, who stood shouting on deck. We went aboard at once: and Jacobus, going up to the officer, whispered a word or two in his ear, whereupon he led us down into a tiny cabin. Jacobus made me known to Captain Powel Revel, and a bargain for shipping me as passenger to Flushing was speedily struck. Captain Revel was in his Majesty's pay: and although his ship passed for a merchant bottom he did little but carry the King's servants to and from the Low Countries; a traffic which the Parliament winked

at, Thurloe trusting wholly to his secret service for discovery of treason. The business over, Captain Revel warned Jacobus that he must set sail forthwith to save the tide: and we all three went upon deck.

"Give you good-den, Anthony," said Captain Jacobus, grasping my hand. "We meet again at Lyme." He turned away, leaped ashore, and with a wave of his hand vanished into the press. The moorings were cast off, the ship swung into the current and began to travel, the ship fairly under way ere there arose a shouting and a bustling on the wharf: and a skiff manned by a couple of watermen, and carrying two passengers, a man and a woman, put off after us in a mighty hurry. Captain Revel thereupon lay-to, and the skiff drawing rapidly alongside, the strangers were haled aboard. Both were masked and muffled in cloaks. The man, stepping forward, caught the wrathful Captain by the arm and spoke privily to him. It was none of my business, and I walked forward to



"MY VERY WORTHY COPESMATE"

water rippling under her fore-foot. I leaned upon the bulwarks, looking after Jacobus, oppressed with a sudden sense of loss. Labour and peril shared forge stronger ties than those of kindred, and although I had known the Captain for less than a week I was parting from a friend: a friend, moreover, whose life was forfeit on a hundred counts: for whom a very trifling misadventure meant the rope and the triple tree: so that the chance of seeing him once more appeared pitifully slender.

But my dolorous meditations were speedily interrupted. Scarce was the be out of earshot: and presently the three disappeared below. When the Captain returned alone upon deck, he vouchsafed me no explanation: nor, although I was curious in the matter, did I question him, reflecting that I was certain to meet the unknown at the next repast. But when dinner-time came the Captain, his mate, and myself were the only persons assembled in the poop cabin. Scarce a word was uttered during the collation: indeed, Captain Revel was one of the silentest men I have ever known. He manifested a positive distaste for conversation. There was a

tincture of barbarism, too, in the tarpaulin way of living and being. More than once I observed the Captain to clean his knife upon the hair of his mate, who sat beside him: an outrage of which the man took no sort of notice, while it put me in a fever lest the Captain, in a moment of forgetfulness, should raise his whittle upon his passenger. I was glad to find myself once more upon deck, where I took great delight in the quiet, sinuous motion of the ship and the continual alluring change of the landscape on either strand. A shipman's life was a brave business indeed, methought. Soon the sun and the wind and the talking water wrought a drowsiness upon me: I recollected that I had a night's rest to make up: and settling myself against a coil of rope, fell speedily dead asleep.

Before I awoke I was aware of an horrible queasy sensation in my inner parts: and opened my eyes upon a darkening steel-blue sky, pricked here and there with a star. The ship was heaving and rolling under me, and a cold wind searched my very marrow. Sitting up with a deadly shudder, my eyes encountered the fierce gaze of a little gentleman reclining miserably against the bulwarks a few feet from me. His face, in spite of its green pallor, I seemed to recollect, as in a dream: and when he spoke it came back to me.

"Ay, Master Scarefire, would you follow me?" he said, in weak, angry accents. "So soon as we land, I challenge you to fight me, sir."

I would have laughed, were I not far past mirth: for here was my eloping gallant from Giltspur Street again.

"Put an end to me now," I said. "Run me through and I will thank you."

My gentleman groaned and swore. "I cannot lift a hand," he said, and turned over on his face.

Thereafter followed a night of horror: and it was not until noon next day that we began to get the better of our disorder. By that time we had come in sight of land: a long ridge of yellow sand-bank, beyond a plain of dancing sea shot with flying colours and dashed with foam, against a sky of pearl. We had both eaten something, and drunk a tass of aqua vitæ, and had come again upon deck. It seemed a senseless thing to quarrel: and at the risk of a serious tumble, I crossed to where my angry gallant leaned sulking over the weather taffrail, and laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"Come," I said. "I am sorry I struck you t'other night. Are you for Cæsar? I can see that you are. Well, I was employed on King's business, although I own it did not look like it. Will you shake hands?"

The boy looked at me a moment, then held out his hand.

"Sir," said he, "I accept your apology. We will say no more."

"And how is the young lady?" I enquired. "I trust she is not greatly indisposed."

"But she is, she is," he said very ruefully. "I do not know what I shall do with her."

I consoled the disconsolate lover so well as I might. "And when are you to be married?" I asked, hoping to distract his thoughts from anxiety.

"'Tis scarce your business, is it? But doubtless you mean kindly," said the boy, with his chin in his hands. "Perhaps we shall not marry. Think of the risk."

"You should have thought on it before," I said, coldly.

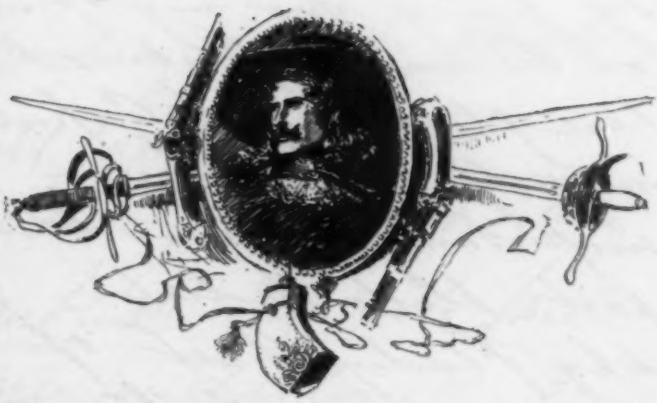
He looked at me sidelong. "After all, you know," he said lazily, "what is the ceremony? A form of words, and a guinea for the parson. I have often thought its quality over-rated."

I was shocked at such sentiments from the mouth of a pretty, smooth-faced boy, and took occasion to read him an homily upon the subject. I talked for a good while, having nothing else to do: but before I had said all that was in my mind, my companion glanced round, and I saw a new expression flit into his face.

"It may relieve your benevolent, but pragmatical conscience, dear sir, to know that we were fast married in Saint Sepulchre's Church yestermorn," said he. "Let me present you to my wife."

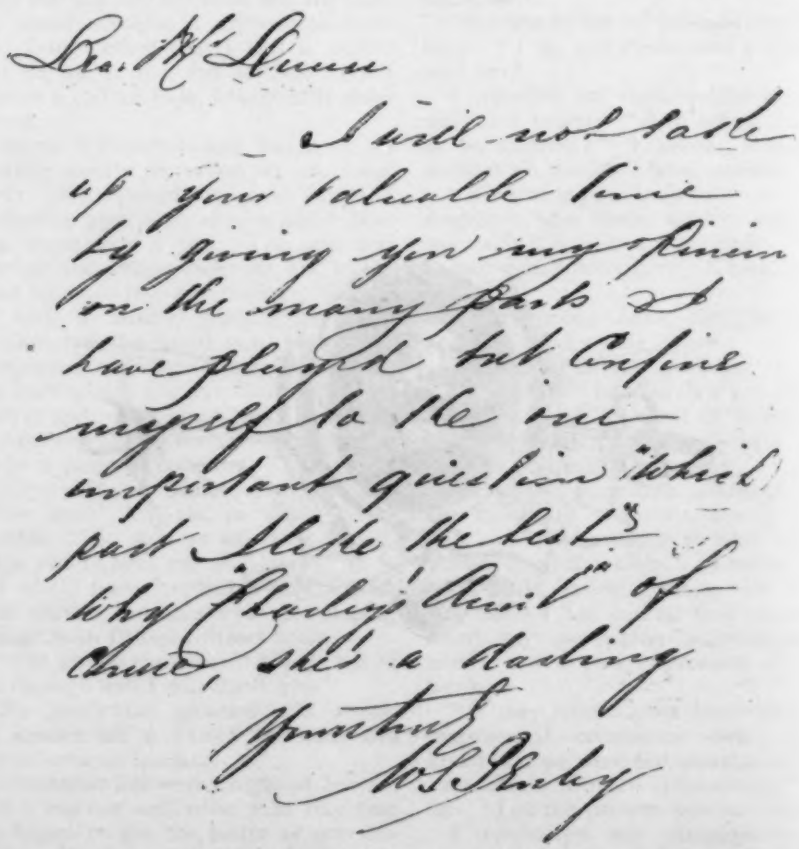
I swallowed my discomfiture, and turned to behold—"the wench with the meeting eyebrows and the sloe-black eyes!" The Earl's words ran through my head as a mighty pretty figure of a maiden came balancing delicately towards us. She greeted me very kindly, and we grew mighty friendly. They told me much of their story: how that the bridegroom, Mr. Richard Humphreyville by name, was a Cavalier gentleman and

a Roman Catholic, to whom the bride's puritan parents had refused consent of marriage: and how they determined to cheat the devil, and to seek their fortune at the Court in exile at Cologne, whither they were immediately bound. In return (with the unthinking confidence of youth) I related something of my own misfortunes, my quarrel with Manning, and the subsequent confiscation of my estates. My introduction to the pair had been something of the strangest: but when we drew into Flushing Harbour, we parted on the kindliest terms imaginable. Should he discover an opportunity of advancing my fortunes at the Court, said the gentleman who the day before had sought my blood, he would do all a man might to serve me. Darkly he hinted at the great personages with whom he had influential relations: and with the most cordial salutations this pleasing and singular couple went their ways, and I saw them no more.



Actors on Their Parts.

HAVING cross-examined authors and artists as to their favourites among their own works, *The Ludgate* turned to actors and actresses and asked them which of the parts they had played they found most to their taste, and which of the parts in dramatic literature they had not yet fulfilled they would like to be cast for. You have in facsimile replies from Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. John Hare, Mr. George Alexander and Madame de Navarro. The extreme discretion of Mr. Tree may be tempered by a quotation from a recent *Black and White* interview: "'You have a favourite part, of course?'—'I have many. But Hamlet is my chief favourite. What a play that is! I almost think that when Wolfe said he would rather have written Gray's *Elegy* than taken Quebec, he must have meant *Hamlet*. A spell falls upon you as soon as you hear the sentry's voice sounding weirdly through the night on the battlements of Elsinore—a spell that is not lost until the curtain finally falls upon the dying Hamlet.'" Other answers follow.



Dear Mr Stuart

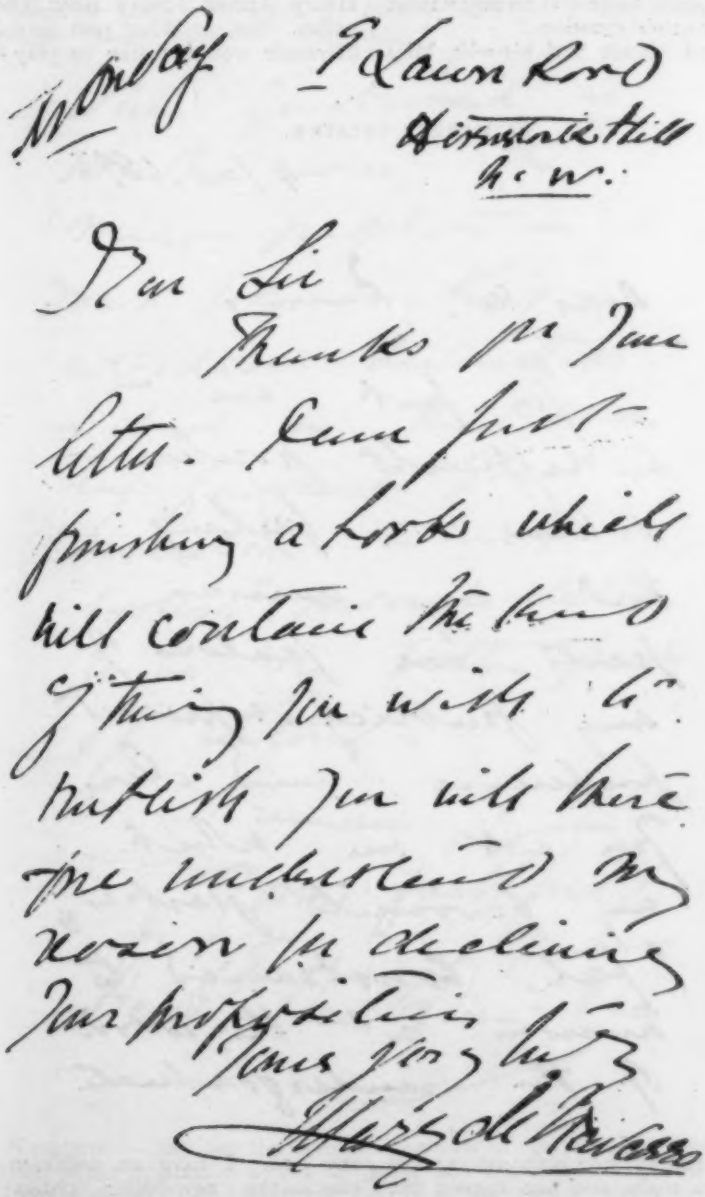
I will not taste of your valuable time by giving you my opinion on the many parts I have played but confine myself to the one important question which part I like the best & why "Hardy's Trial" of Arundel, she's a darling

Yours truly
Wm S Hardy

As to the refusals to reply, Mrs. John Wood found it impossible to infringe, for *The Ludgate's* sake, what has been a rule of her professional career. Mr. Arthur

Roberts is, fortunately, able to write that "he has played in so many parts with equal success that at the moment he cannot say with any certainty as to which part (if any) he has any preference for. The bad parts are best forgotten."

Miss Fanny Brough writes: "In reply to your request, I have no favourite part, because I hope I like all those that I have created and been successful in, for instance, 'Mrs. Hoston' in *Dr. Bill*; 'Mirah Fitzgerald' in *Harvest*; 'Mrs. Bompas' in *The Times*; 'Petsella' in *Woman and the Law*; 'Mrs. Othello' in *Mrs. Dexter*; 'Mrs. Ben Dixon' in *The Prude's Progress*; and last—but by no means least—my present rôle 'Lady Hilyard' in *Cheer, Boys, Cheer!* Apropos



of your last query—I would have liked to play 'Beatrice,' 'Viola,' 'Rosalind' and 'Lady Teazle,' but know, that whatever talents I may have had, I lacked the essential appearance so obviously necessary for a *really* successful representation of these beautiful creations."

Mr. Cyril Maude and his wife, Miss Winifred Emery, are both among the artists who reply, and one cannot but think that the latter of the twain has over-estimated the importance of the critics. At any rate, they are sufficiently punished if what she says as to her ambitions is to be everlastingly true: "I have much pleasure in answering your questions. No. 1: Which part do I prefer of all I have played? 'Mrs. Fraser' in *The Benefit of the Doubt*, far away beyond all others. Next in preference 'Cynthia Greenslade' in Henry Arthur Jones's play *The Crusaders*. No. 2: What part in dramatic literature would I like to play? Not any part. I have no ambition whatever — the newspaper critics have killed it."

Here is Mr. Cyril Maude's reply: "Mr. Cyril Maude presents his compliments to the Editor of *The Ludgate* and begs to say that his favourite part (out of those he has played) is, perhaps, 'Sir

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

4/Jan. 1896.

Dear W. Dunn,

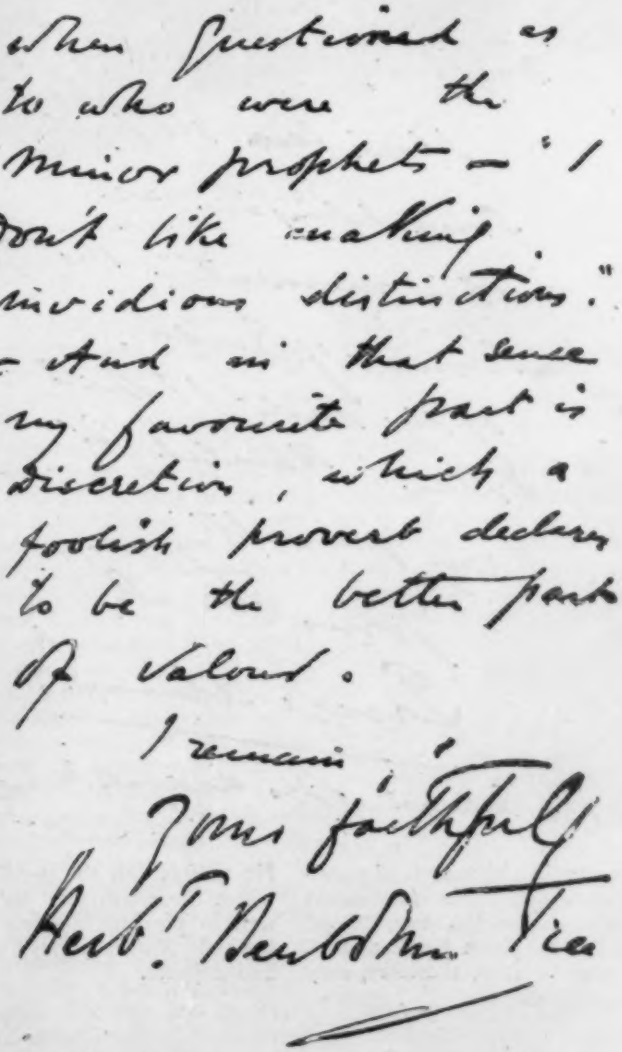
You put me in
a difficult position -
I have a feeling
that my various
parts are jealous of
any publicly expressed
preference, and when
you ask me what
my favourite part is,
I feel constrained to
answer in the words
of the undergraduate

Peter Teazle.' As regards the future he would like (if he could) to play a succession of good character parts by Mr. Pinero."

Miss Geneviève Ward writes: "'Stephanie de Mohrivart' in *Forget-Me-Not* was my favourite part—with which I must bracket 'Lady Macbeth' and 'Queen Katherine'—they are the ones I should still prefer to play."

Miss Lena Ashwell writes: "I think, though I only played it for one night, 'Frou Frou' is my favourite part; but 'Rosamund' in *Sowing the Wind* gave me the greatest opportunity I have ever enjoyed."

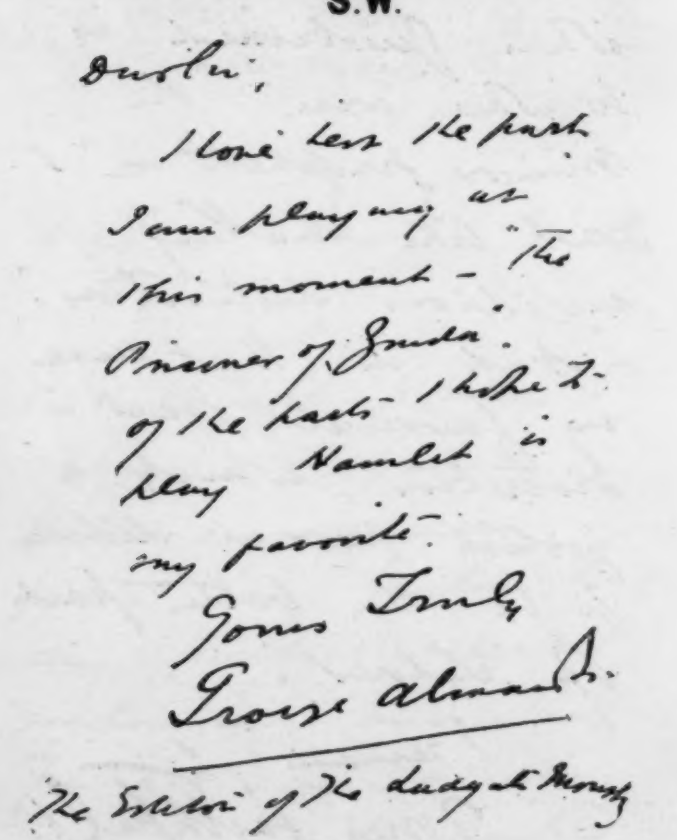
Mr. Arthur Bourchier says: "It is almost impossible to make up my mind which is my favourite part, but one of them is certainly 'Mercutio.' You ask me why? I always prefer a cap that fits comfortably. When my friends say that it suits me, I like it ten times more."


When questioned as
to who were the
"minor prophets—" I
don't like making
invidious distinctions."
—And in that sense
my favourite part is
Discretion, which a
foolish proverb declares
to be the better part
of Valour.

I remain,
Yours faithfully
Herb. Beerbohm Tree

Another of the younger actor-managers, Mr. Frederick Kerr, says: "In reply to your letter, 'Stringsby' in *The Dancing Girl* is the most grateful part I ever played. With regard to the second question it would be easier to give a list of the parts I should not like to play!"

Finally, let Mr. James Doel speak. Tis to be supposed that he is the oldest actor alive, for he was born in 1803, and made his first appearance at a little private theatre in Plymouth six-and-seventy years ago. He remembers Kean, Vestris, Charles Mathews, Phelps, Macready, Liston, Maria Foote and all the older actors. It is, therefore, only to be expected that he should be, despite the everlasting youthfulness which keeps him alive and hearty, in some degree a *laudator temporis acti*. He prefers "all the good old comedies where there was food for the mind as well as pleasure, and all the good old farces." Naturally, also, he swears by Shakespeare.





ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. BACON

THE MISSING HAMLET.

"I AM tired of my life!"

"Don't be a fool. What signifies a single hostile criticism?"

"A single criticism! A hundred criticisms! I tell you that man Wilfred Haughton persecutes me. If I ignore his suggestions, I am incorrigible; if I follow his advice, I am only imitative—a fairly good mimic, but an actor never. I said I was tired of my life; so I am. If he carries the thing much further, I may become tired of his life."

"I think, if I were you, I would do any talking of that sort in a less public place than the dining-room of the Kit-Kat. That Russian over there at the table by the window must have heard every word you said. Of course, such wild nonsense is merely ridiculous, but it might get you into trouble. Don't scowl at me. Last night, in the billiard-room, several men said Haughton ought to apply for police protection. They were, of course, laughing at your threats, of which they told me you had been extremely liberal. Disgusting!"

The two speakers were seated at a supper-table in the Kit-Kat Club, a little after midnight. The man who grumbled was young, good-looking, fashionably dressed, and in unaffected despair. The other, who remonstrated, was elderly, and of large circumference. He ate his supper with very good appetite, and appeared to be respectable in the sense wherein the word was used before it was sneered to death by the degenerates.

"It is not pleasant," the elder man resumed, "to hear a fellow like you—perfectly sensible in many respects—talk like a fool; it vexes me. Do me a favour. Don't worry yourself into hysterics. Go straight home when you leave the club, and let the critic go—elsewhere."

"I'll take your advice," the younger man said, rising from his chair. "I will go straight home."

He kept his promise; but, unhappily, he did the journey by instalments. They parted on the steps of the Club, and the elder man turned back to write a letter. It read thus:—

"DEAR HAUGHTON,—

"*As a friend of yourself and young Coulson, might I ask you to modify the extreme rigour of your critiques on the contemporary representative of the Prince of Denmark. The truth is, a lady's name is freely mentioned in this matter, and gossip stoutly maintains that the new Ophelia is the cause of your sudden change of opinion regarding Coulson's ability. This is surely undesirable. Meet me here to-morrow at twelve. I want to talk to you for a minute or two.—Yours faithfully,*

THOMAS GASTEEN."

Having written his letter, Mr. Gasteen handed it to a waiter, and went to bed with a good conscience, and a digestion which had never once failed in its arduous labours.

Henry Coulson, a young and rising actor, walked some distance irresolutely after he left the Club. His state of mind was not compatible with domestic regularity—even the plastic regularity of

bachelor's quarters. He had been furiously rated in the *Fleet* for his conception of Hamlet. It is true he had been many times praised by the same organ for his successful presentation of less exacting rôles. The praise he had accepted lightly, as a tribute to his manifest ability. But the dispraise wounded him, as it was necessarily owing to the spleen of the critic who condemned him. He made several calls on his way home, in the hope of mitigating his unhappiness.

Wilfred Haughton, dramatic critic and leader-writer, had meantime dropped into the Kit-Kat, and found Gasteen's letter. It annoyed him extremely, the reference to the lady being, he considered, pointedly impertinent. He had written simply what he conceived to be his duty to his paper. This miserable gossip was intolerable. Count Tzerkof, the Russian, was still sitting at the window. Haughton knew him very well, and took a seat at his table.



"TAKE ONE OF THOSE"

"Pity the sorrows of a poor critic, Count," Haughton said lugubriously.

"A poor critic, Mr. Haughton? Surely not a poor critic!"

"Then say a miserable critic, who is heartily sick of the complaints of people whose fortunes he has helped to make. When I praise, I am a Daniel come to judgment; when I hint at a fault, I am the Prince of Darkness."

"How easy, then, for you to stand well with them when their gratitude and enmity alike depend upon yourself," the Russian said, with a smile.

"Their gratitude and enmity are very much alike in one respect—they are both more or less sham."

Count Tzerkof ordered a fresh bottle of a special vintage, and said: "Try this wine. A glass of it will make you my debtor, and half a bottle my friend."

When Haughton had given his opinion on the wine, the Russian leant forward, and said in a low voice: "Those articles of yours on the Nihilists were highly thought of at our Embassy, and have been sent to the Czar himself. They will do much to show the British people what a pestilent crew we in Russia have to rule." This was flattering news to the leader-writer. Under its influence and that of the Count's excellent wine, he soon felt at peace with all men, including Henry Coulson. By the time the half-bottle he had been promised was finished, Haughton and Count Tzerkof had arranged for a fresh series of articles to appear in a London daily. These were to carry further Haughton's previous exposure of the frauds and crimes of Nihilism. The material was to be supplied by the Count himself.

As Haughton was leaving, the Count handed him his cigar-case, saying: "Take one of those. They are my favourites."

"If they are as good as your wine I shall not complain." Haughton selected a cigar, lit it, bade the Count good-night, saying: "I'll see you to-morrow."

"Perhaps," the Count answered.

* * *

"Better have a candle, sir," the night porter said to Coulson, who reached the building in which he had a flat very late that night, or early in the next morning. "Something went wrong with the electric light an hour ago, and we are in darkness." Coulson took the candle and went upstairs. As he turned into the corridor which led to his rooms, a draught from an open window blew out the light. The familiar door was easily found, however, and the actor entered his room, which was in darkness save for a faint glimmer from the fire. Mechanically he tried the electric switch; but the fuse was blown, as in all the other rooms. He groped his way cautiously to a sofa, and lay down. He was tired out, and although he only meant to rest a few moments, he fell fast asleep, and did not awake for two hours. He was very cold when he awoke, and so endeavoured to restore the fire, which had almost burnt out. He succeeded in coaxing up a little flickering flame; and when he found the fire was likely to improve, he went to his favourite arm-chair, and sat down, but not on the chair. Something else was sitting on it. For a second Coulson's heart stopped beating. He put up his left hand and clutched at the thing he felt hanging over his right shoulder. It was a man's face.

Henry Coulson sprang to his feet. As he did so, the figure which he had disturbed in the chair sank slowly off it, and fell with a thud on the floor, where it lay in a heap, partly visible in the glimmer of the firelight. With desperate haste Coulson ran his hands through his pockets, searching for his matchbox. When he found it, his hands were trembling so much that he opened the lid with a jerk which spilled most of the contents on the floor. After that he struck several matches so violently that the heads were knocked off without igniting the stems. At last he got one to burn, and then he went over to the heap on the hearthrug. The man was lying face downward. Coulson turned him over and looked at his face. It was Wilfred Haughton. He must have been dead some time, for the body was cold.

For some minutes Coulson could neither think nor speak, much less act. He stood staring at the body and striking match after match, quite forgetful of his candle, till the last was burnt out. Then he was alone in the darkness with his enemy; but his enemy was dead.

The full horror of his situation came speedily upon Coulson. From Haughton's lips a strong smell could be detected. The actor was well read, and had been a medical student for a couple of terms, by way of pastime. His slight knowledge was not enough to enable him to diagnose the case, but it was

more than sufficient to point to poison as the cause of death. He now thought rapidly. Gasteen's warning flashed upon him. He had been heard threatening Haughton; the body would be found in his rooms; it had been there at least two hours; it could not possibly be got rid of. He could form no plan for its disposal, and so acted by blind, unforeseeing instinct—that of immediate escape.



"HE PUT UP HIS HAND AND CLUTCHED AT THE THING"

A train left Charing Cross at 5.30 a.m. for Sandmouth. By eight in the morning he could be on Charlie Despard's yacht, which was lying in the harbour. He knew it was there, because the previous morning he had received a telegram asking him to run down on the following Sunday. Despard would believe his story, help him, hide him; sail him round the world, if necessary, and land him in some heathenish country where no extradition warrant could reach him. To leave England by any ordinary route would only mean his arrest as soon as the vessel in which he sailed reached its destination.

Henry Coulson dragged the dead body into his bedroom, and laid it on the bed. He composed the limbs decently, and covered the face with a cloak. Then he threw a few necessary articles of clothing into a bag, and, having left a note on the table of his sitting-room saying that he was hastily called away for a couple of days, and that his rooms must on no account be disturbed in his absence, he stole down the main staircase, and let himself out into the street.

* * *

The sixty-ton cutter yacht *Vanduara* lay becalmed in the English Channel. Her owner, Charles Despard, fretted, whistled for wind, and swore with great deliberation and emphasis. Coulson had come on board the previous morning and told his story. When it was finished, Despard said, shortly:

"You have made a terrible mess of it by bolting. You must get back at once."

"Get back! If you won't save me—that is, if you are afraid to save me—I'll drop overboard. Better that than——" he paused abruptly.

Despard thought the story over calmly and carefully, and came to the conclusion that he must stand by his friend in peril, however foolishly that friend had acted.

"Very well," he said suddenly; "if you take the risk I cannot do less." He went to the head of the companion, and bawled out:

"Forward there! Up anchor and get sail on boat at once."

When they were some miles from Sandmouth the wind fell, and the yacht drifted with the tide all night. At noon on the second morning out there was still not the faintest breath of a breeze; not a ripple on the sea. The great sails flapped lazily as the yacht rose and fell over a smooth-surfaced swell, which at long intervals moved inward from the open. Coulson tramped the deck feverishly. His mental anguish was great.

A good supply of stores were on board, and the yacht was really provisioned for a long cruise. This was good, and at last the wind came, which was better, although it was a head wind. But there also came a tug-boat steaming unmistakably for the *Vanduara*, and this was very bad—the worst possible.

The tug was happily four miles astern, and as the yacht's great wings were quickly set to catch the breeze, she was travelling fast, racing into the wind, before the four miles had been reduced to three.

"What is that astern?" Despard asked his skipper carelessly, pointing to the tremendous smoke cloud which the tug was sending up.

"Old Sandmouth Harbour tug, sir, *Sampson*," the skipper answered, looking through his glasses. "Regular tub. They can't get more than seven knots out of her."

"What are we making now? Six?"

"Hardly that, sir. Better'n five. Y'see we're close hauled, and that ain't our best point of sailing, as you know, sir."

"If we let her go off anything we'll not weather the head on this tack?"

"I would go about, sir, and stand off a bit. The *Sampson* will go straight for the point, and wait for us there. That is, if you think they're after us—no offence, sir."

"Not at all," Despard said quietly. "I think they are after us, and they shall continue after us."

"I'm your man, sir," said the skipper, swallowing his quid in his enthusiasm.

The *Vanduara* stood well out to sea before she went about. Then her head was laid to windward of the point where the tug was waiting as the skipper had foreseen. The breeze was freshening fast. Once past the point they could ease off the sheets and let her travel. It would then require something liker a torpedo-catcher than the *Sampson* to overhaul them.

"Hand up the balloon-jib there, forward! Lively now! We'll get it on her once we are clear."

The balloon jib was got on deck, but kept out of sight of those on board the tug, and the yacht with increasing speed swept toward the headland, for the wind was still rising. As the *Vanduara* neared the rocky point over which the waves were boiling the tug ran from under the lee of the head, and stood across her bows.

Despard made a motion with his hand. The *Vanduara* stood up closer into the wind. On that the tug went ahead a turn or two, with the object of forcing the yacht right into the wind's eye. This was what Despard wanted. The crafts neared each other rapidly.

"Heave to in the Queen's name!" The hail came from the tug.

"Ay! ay! What do you want?" This to gain time. The yacht was still forging ahead. The dangerous point was now weathered.

"We want Henry Coulson on a charge of murder."

"Keep her away." Despard ordered.

"Ay! ay! sir. Away it is."

"Ease off the sheets there forward. Ease off the main sheet. Handsomely now."

As the yacht's head paid off quickly the master of the tug saw that he had been out-manœuvred. He went full speed astern, but before he could get way on his boat the *Vanduara* shot between the *Sampson* and the breakers, and dashed for the open sea under every stitch of canvas the spars would stand.

"Lie down every man!" Despard shouted, taking the helm himself. A couple of rifle bullets sung harmlessly through the rigging. The owner kept the helm until the yacht was out of range. Then the *Sampson* steamed back to port, seeing that pursuit was hopeless.

While this race was being prepared for, and run in the English Channel, London was deeply stirred. The commotion began in the Imperial, on the first evening of Henry Coulson's flight. The house was packed from floor to ceiling, a fact partly owing to the excellence of the performance, but largly contributed by the persistent dispraise of

the leading actor in a section of the Press. Certain paragraphs in the society papers bracketing the names of the leading actor, the leading actress, and a well-known dramatic critic, were also useful in swelling the receipts, and, in consequence, the hilarity of the managerial heart. Several members of the Russian Embassy, including Count Tzerkof were present. Mr. Thomas Gasteen and Miss Mary Hamilton were in the stage box. Mary's sister Ethel was playing Ophelia. She had gone on the stage a year after her father's death, and was fast making a name.

There was a long wait. The overture was partially played a second time. Signs of impatience were emphatically shown by the gods. The pit chimed in timorously. At last, amid some uproar, the manager appeared before the curtain and, when order was temporarily restored, he tried to make the best of a bad situation. *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark could hardly be presented as a stage play. Mr. Henry Coulson was indisposed, and his understudy had that morning met with an accident in the street. Money would be returned at the doors, and the house would be open as usual next evening.

The gods and pitmen hissed energetically, broke up some of the furniture to mark their sense of the unfitness of the occasion, and withdrew riotously, but without forgetting to obtain their money at the doors.

Outside, newsboys were crying extra special editions of the evening paper.

"Horrible murder of a dramatic critic. Flight of the alleged murderer." These lines were on all the bills in large type.

Gasteen hurried Mary Hamilton round to the stage door, obtained admission readily, and found her sister Ethel, still dressed as Ophelia, holding the evening paper before her in dismay.

"Oh, Mr. Gasteen, and Mary, I am so thankful you have come! Something must be done at once. There can be no doubt as to who the 'alleged murderer' is. But he's no murderer. He's an honourable gentleman, I know that. You will help me, Mr. Gasteen. Telegraph to Colonel Hedford of Salchester. He is very clever and very kind. It is only an hour's journey by rail. He will come if you telegraph in my name."

"I have no doubt," Mr. Gasteen said, so emphatically that Ophelia was rather embarrassed. She directed the old gentleman to the nearest telegraph office and hurried him out.

Mr. Gasteen, notwithstanding his great circumference, got through a good deal of physical exercise that evening. The first result of which was that Surgeon-Colonel Hedford met the doctor sent from Scotland Yard at Henry Coulson's rooms the same night. The police surgeon was pleased to act with so distinguished a specialist and soon put Hedford in possession of the rather meagre facts which the case so far presented. Nothing had been disturbed from the time that Coulson's bedroom had been broken into by the proprietor of the chambers on receipt of a telegram from the theatre.

Hedford knelt over the body and said immediately, "Prussic acid."

Campbell, the police doctor, nodded, on which Hedford, who was making rapid progress in the detective part of his duties, began a careful examination of the bedroom. In this the police had anticipated him.

"Needn't trouble," Campbell said. "That has been done already."

"Then I'll try the other room."

"Our men have not left much," Campbell added when Hedford crawled from under the table, where he had been sprawling on all fours.

"Not very much," Hedford said aloud, "but something is better than nothing," he said to himself as he picked up that something from under one of the claw feet of the table and put it in his pocket. "What has been done so far?"

"Warrant for Coulson's arrest. He has been traced. Probably taken by this time. Post mortem at ten to-night. Care to assist."

"No, thanks. The post mortem can only prove that death has been caused by prussic acid. Oh! Here's Trowbrigg!"

The two left the house together, and three days later Henry Coulson surrendered himself. He changed his mind when the sea breezes had braced his mental and physical condition—both suffering from over-work—into better health. His unfortunate flight had produced its natural result. His case was prejudged. The public unanimously believed him guilty, but pitied both himself and his victim. For Ethel Hamilton there was no mercy in contemporary

comment. Two men had quarrelled about her and one had killed the other. It was all the fault of the woman—who, indeed, had shown no special regard for either. This convenient theory simplifies many complex issues, and is serviceable in helping the weakest to the wall.

At the police-court examination which followed the inquest, Dr. Campbell proved that Wilfred Haughton had been poisoned by prussic acid. He detailed the usual symptoms in the usual way—skin dusky red in hue, deepening to dark purple; *dura mater* and sinuses much congested, also lungs and brain; had used the sulphur test, &c. The waiter in the Kit-Kat who had served Haughton on the night of his death proved that he left the Club apparently in his usual health. Count Tzerkof, who had been summoned, corroborated. The night porter at Abercorn Mansions, who let the dramatic critic in, deposed that he seemed in good health and in excellent spirits. He told the porter that he would wait until Mr. Coulson came in, and went upstairs. He was smoking a cigar. The rest of the evidence was immaterial.

Henry Coulson was returned for trial, and Surgeon-Colonel Hedford took up his case in earnest, partly under the impression that the prisoner was not really guilty, and partly owing to Ethel Hamilton's supplications. The girl had acted with Coulson for some months, and found him to be really what she had already said—an honourable gentleman. She implored the specialist to put forth his best efforts, and closed an impassioned appeal very abruptly by saying breathlessly:

"But, you know, it isn't because I care for him in that way, but because I believe him to be innocent."

Hedford was relieved to hear that she did not care for the prisoner in "that way," but did not inquire into the meaning of the phrase.

Two weeks passed without result. The specialist had interrogated the waiter at the Kit-Kat closely, but merely discovered that Coulson and Haughton had been on bad terms, which he knew already. The Russian



"OPHELIA, HOLDING THE EVENING PAPER"

Count and the critic had always been very friendly.

"The Count stood 'im, the very night of 'is death, a bottle of rare old wine, sir. It cost him a guinea. Nothin' could be more friendly."

"Did the Count stand cigars?"

"No, sir; at least, he did not buy any.

But 'is case is always full; he gives 'em away by the dozen. A perfect gentleman is what 'e is, sir. Gave me 'alf a sovereign—much obliged, sir. Didn't expect it. Sorry I could not tell you more."

On the Monday evening of the third week, Trowbrigg hurriedly entered Colonel Hedford's room in the small hotel at which he put up.

"The Count's going to-night. Has obtained leave on plea of urgent family affairs. Boat-train, 8 p.m."

"Very well," Hedford said; "we go by the boat-train, 8 p.m. There is no time to lose."

They arrived at the railway station just as the boat-train was on the moment of starting. Trowbrigg jumped into an empty second-class compartment, but Hedford leisurely walked down the platform, accompanied by two porters with his luggage. They had been paid in advance, and were promised more under one condition.

"Here you are, sir," said one of the porters, hastily unlocking the door of the only first-class compartment which was marked "engaged." Its occupant protested loudly, in a slightly foreign accent; but Hedford was in, the door re-locked, and the train in motion before the attention of the guard could be called.

Surgeon-Colonel Hedford tendered a courteous apology for an intrusion which he admitted was unwarrantable, but which he hoped the necessary haste attending his movements—the train being almost in motion at the time—would excuse. Count Tzerkof received the apology coldly but later thawed somewhat, and eventually the two men were conversing with an appearance of mutual interest. The Russian spoke English with idiomatic correctness. He had travelled much and observed much. His conversation was both educated and refined. Hedford's experience of the world had also been large and his knowledge of life was profound. The talk between the two became at times so interesting that Hedford forgot that he had serious business on hand. The express dashed on.

"As to Nihilism," Count Tzerkof said, in answer to an interpolated remark of Hedford's, "what can you British know about it? In my country there is no real liberty. There is therefore always rebellion, overt or covert. Desperate oppression produces desperate resistance. We are bullied, fined, flogged, exiled, in a way you British would not stand for a month. Make allowance for a people who for their sins—their ignorance I mean—have had to stand it for centuries. Don't expect the virtues of the civilised from the man who from his environment is perforce a savage. We do not what we wish; only what we can. We are not miserable from choice—Bah! If I talk like this you will say I am a Nihilist." The Russian leant back lazily and laughed.

"I am aware that you are a Nihilist, Count Tzerkof," Hedford said, in the indifferent tone of a man who has politely agreed to a weather forecast by a stranger.

Count Tzerkof was silent for about a minute. His eyes sparkled rather fiercely under the fur travelling cap he wore. But when he spoke his voice was steady and without a trace of either surprise or temper. "Your imagination, sir, runs too fast. It is not necessary to belong to the people in order to feel for them."

"But your recent expression of opinion," Hedford said, with studied politeness, "means——"

"Means that Count Paul Tzerkof is generous of sympathy when it costs him nothing."

"The Count Paul is also very careless about his papers. I mean his Nihilistic papers, such as this." Hedford's bolt was shot. He smoothed a badly printed leaflet on his knee with a hand which would have trembled if his will had permitted it.

"I keep my papers as I please," the Count said coldly, after one glance at the paper. "Meantime we need not argue the matter further. Will you smoke? Try one of these. They are my favourites."

"Thank you. Have you a match?"

Hedford struck the match awkwardly. It burnt his fingers and he dropped it on the floor of the carriage. He stooped and picked it up before the flame had gone out. He was able to light his cigar with what remained of it.

Soon after Hedford took the cigar from his lips and said, excitedly, "There is something wrong with this cigar—the flavour——"

"There is something wrong with you," the Russian interrupted. "In a few

seconds I shall place your dead body under the seat. It will be found by the railway servants. There will be an inquest, but I shall not give evidence. I shall be well on my way to Russia when they hold it." He spoke these words as it were to himself, as if he had no listener, and he kept his face turned away from Hedford. When he looked round again, which he did with an effort, and saw his companion looking at him calmly, his jaw dropped.

"You smoked my cigar?" he cried.

"No, no," Hedford answered. "I smoked my own. This is your cigar, and this is my revolver." He produced both the cigar and pistol simultaneously, one in either hand. And in this way the men sat until the train drew up on the pier. Trowbrigg was at the carriage door. He had two policemen with him. Colonel Hedford charged Count Tzerkof with the murder of Wilfred Haughton, and the constables took the Russian into custody.



"IN THIS WAY THE MEN SAT"

At the Count's trial it was proved by papers which Trowbrigg, in his clever if somewhat unscrupulous way, had an-

rexed at the Russian's residence, that he belonged to an advanced section of the Nihilists, and that he had been chosen as the executioner of Wilfred Haughton. The leader-writer's articles must be stopped. The most effective way to do this was to kill the writer. Count Tzerkof's high social and official position rendered him the safest instrument. Besides, the Count had already carried out several executions without fear, and with no shadow of reproach, But this was not known at the time, and never would have been known without Surgeon-Colonel Hedford's evidence.

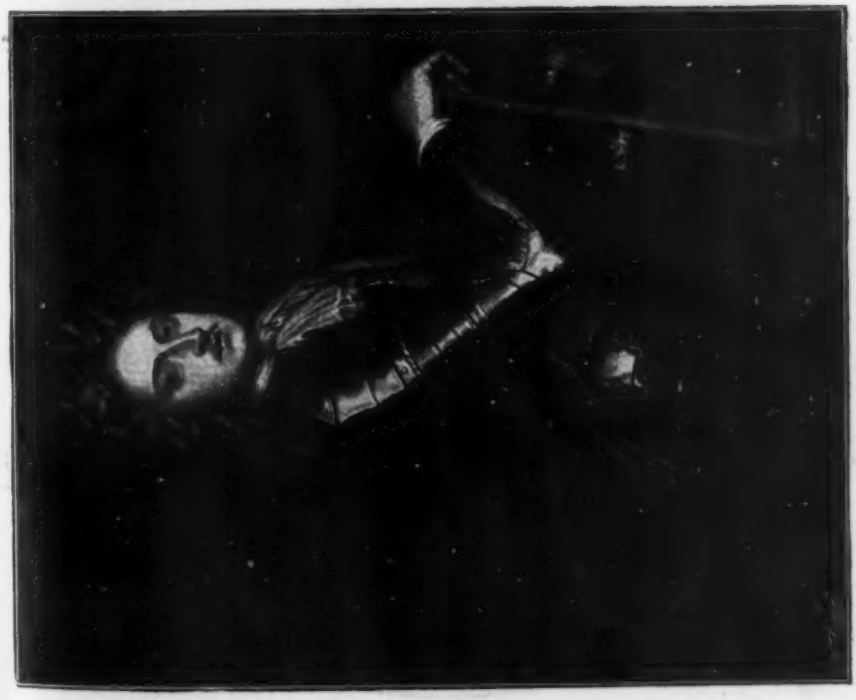
Hedford proved that the half-smoked cigar which he found in Henry Coulson's room contained a silver tube with two empty chambers, in one of which he had detected traces of prussic acid, and in the other of a fulminating chemical which, when the cigar had burned close enough, would by expansion expel the poison into the mouth of the smoker. The cigar was rolled in such a way that it drew perfectly, notwithstanding the tube; and the chamber for the chemical was protected, so that it was only when an inward breath was taken that the heat was great enough to expel the poison. The infernal machine would not therefore discharge itself while the cigar was momentarily withdrawn from the smoker's mouth. Further, the cigar which Count Paul Tzerkof had given Colonel Hedford in the railway carriage, and, indeed, all those in the case which had been found upon him by the police were similarly fitted. They all contained the prussic acid tube. This poison is deadly if admitted to the mouth even though it be not swallowed. Its vapour alone is fatal. The case was complete.

Count Paul Tzerkof was executed; Henry Coulson was lionised; and the Imperial doubled its receipts for the whole season.

THE DUKES AND DUCHESSES OF DEVONSHIRE.



MARY BUTLER, WIFE OF THE FIRST DUKE



WILLIAM CAVENDISH, FIRST DUKE



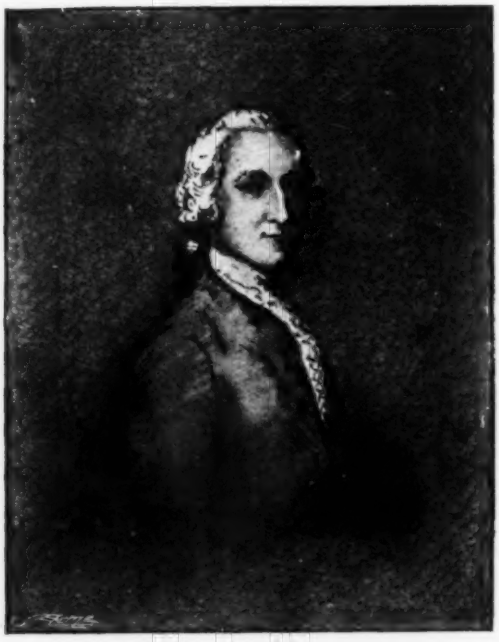
RACHEL RUSSELL, WIFE OF THE SECOND DUKE



WILLIAM, SECOND DUKE



WILLIAM, THIRD DUKE



WILLIAM, FOURTH DUKE



WILLIAM, FIFTH DUKE



"THE BEAUTIFUL DUCHESS," WIFE OF THE FIFTH DUKE

FROM THE PAINTING BY GAINSBOROUGH



WILLIAM, SIXTH DUKE



LADY BLANCHE HOWARD
WIFE OF THE SEVENTH DUKE



WILLIAM, SEVENTH DUKE
From a photograph by Barraud.



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE AS A CHILD



THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE
From a photograph by Van der Weyde



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE
From a photograph by Bassano



SHADOW OR SUBSTANCE?

ARE fees and costs the shadow or substance of law? I asked myself, as I pondered recent discussions on work done or not done by eminent counsel, and cash pocketed with severe impartiality in either case, and other knotty legal points of a like nature. An enquiry at headquarters I thought might be of interest to the public, so I gat me to

"Those bricky towers,
The which on Themmes brode aged back do ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers."

as Spencer called the Temple long ago.

Leading Queen's Counsel.

I visited first the chambers of Sir Boanerges Bowler, Q.C., M.P.: not that I ventured to tackle the great man himself; my turn would be better served by the great man's great man—in other words, his principal clerk. Him I found in affable and chatty mood.

"Hard times for the law, they say," I began, "but work seems all right here," as I glanced at the table, which literally groaned under its weight of briefs.

"I believe you, my boy," returned the great man, "and yet we don't go into court under a hundred guineas."

"But the public complain," I rejoined, "that you very often don't go into court even then; in fact, that having taken the money you don't do the work. Eh?"

"The public understands nothing about it," he replied, impatiently; "four or six cases are put down for hearing before a judge each day. Now, suppose we are in the fourth case on a Monday morning—well, that may be called on at once——"

"And what of the ones before it?" I interrupted.

"Oh, they may be settled, or may break down altogether, or for the day, from lack of a witness or what not, or again, the earlier cases may prove real stickers and we may not be reached till Friday; a nice income we should make if we stuck to one court and to one case till it was over." He fairly snorted with indignation at the public stupidity, and I allowed him time to cool down before I asked:

"Then how do you arrange your work?"

"As best we can. Of course, the most important cases come first. Sometimes the junior will do as well as the leader. We make some sort of calculation of when our affair is like to be reached and act accordingly, but the best laid schemes go wrong, and there is always some fool to write to the papers. If we know beforehand that we cannot possibly attend to a case—as when we go electioneering, for instance—we always return brief and fee."

I cannot say I was much impressed by this instance of magnanimity. But I did not think it necessary to say so.

"But when you retain the brief and don't attend, do you return the fee then?"

He shook his head dubiously. "No need for that when our side wins, and even when we lost, the old practice was never to return anything, nay," he went on with rising emotion, "it was against etiquette, it was highly improper, it was positively indecent, and no honourable minded gentleman would give back a brass farthing. Ah! those were golden days," he finished with a sudden drop in his voice, and for a space he seemed lost in reflection on the ancient glories.

"But things seem changed now?" I asked, after a decent interval.

"Partly, partly. The other day we had a fee of a hundred guineas, we were

not there and the case was lost. The solicitors wrote suggesting a return of the fee: we gave them back forty guineas. We had read the papers so we kept the sixty. They grumbled that our having read the papers was no good to them. Perhaps not, I said, but it was a great deal of trouble to us—Rather had them there, I fancy."

The Very Junior Bar.

Next I sought one of the more secluded courts of the Temple, where some picturesque—if highly uncomfortable—buildings still survive to show how the whole looked in great Eliza's reign. I climbed an interminable succession of creaking wooden stairs, and so attained the chambers of a gentleman whom, after the fashion of John Bunyan, I may term Mr. Almost Briefless. I knocked, and a shrill treble voice replied, "Come in." I opened and found in the passage a boy—very small, very dirty, but very impudent. I despaired of useful information, but his master, curious, I fancy, to know who the visitor was, peeped out from the inner room. He courteously dissembled his disappointment when he found I was no client, and professed himself ready to tell me what he could. I began by giving a summary of my former interview. He scoffed at the popular complaints. "Surely," he said, "the public or its solicitors have only themselves to thank. There is no lack of able counsel; if they choose like sheep to follow the same path to one man's chambers they must take the consequence. To adapt the old bull, Is a leader a bird that he can be in two or ten places at the same time?" He caught a slight smile on my face and went on, "No, I don't mean that they should brief poor beggars like myself, but next to the four or five popular favourites are a host of able Queen's Counsel whose leisure is fairly ample, and who will guarantee personal attendance for a fee much less than that required by men like Sir Boanerges Bowler. Brief them, and the difficulty vanishes."

"But doesn't the case suffer?" I asked.

"But rarely," he replied, "the success of very eminent counsel seems greater that it really is. For one thing they have the pick of the work, and they naturally choose the best. When they hold the wrong side of the stick they force a settlement: their position gives them such influence that their advice is practically a command. And then most cases are now tried by a judge without a jury, and before a strong judge, a fairly able man, (and all barristers in actual practice are fairly able), if conscientious and hard-working, will put the matter as well as it can be put."

"Does so little depend," I asked, "on the skill of the counsel employed?"

"In a perfect system, the facts of the case would be everything, and the skill of the advocate nothing, but here perfection is (fortunately for the prosperous barrister), impossible. You see, every case where there is a real matter at issue consists of a bundle of facts for and against. These facts may be presented in many ways, and the skill of the advocate consists in presenting the aspect most favourable to his clients. Now, juries are influenced by much which professional training teaches a judge to disregard, and before them the skill of a great advocate may find the fullest employment."

"Yes," said I, "and when great interests are involved, when success or failure means prosperity or ruin to the client, or even when passions are roused, no doubt an effort is made to get the man with the big name, though it is only a chance that he may do the case good, or even turn up at all."

"That is so," he went on, "and then, in big cases, the advocate's fees are a mere trifle in comparison to the interests involved, and they do not sum up to so much after all. The busiest men at the bar have to work very hard, no one denies that; a speculator on the Stock Exchange will often make more in a day than they do in three months."

"And what is your opinion," I perhaps cruelly asked, "as to the return of fees?"

A somewhat melancholy smile passed across his face, "That is not a practical question with me as yet."

"The problem with you," I ventured to hint, "is at an earlier stage."

"Precisely," he frankly responded. "You must get your fee before the propriety, or even possibility of returning it can be discussed."

"But put yourself in his place," I suggested.

My companion endeavoured to do so in imagination, and if I may judge from the pleased expression which brightened up his countenance not without success.

"No," he said, decidedly, "I don't think the fee should be returned in any case; solicitors and the public must take the risk when they brief an over-busy leader. Moreover, when a man starts at the bar solicitors do him out of his fees again and again, and it is only just that they should be treated somewhat after the same fashion."

"Possibly," I replied, "but it is not the same solicitors, who do and are done, nor is it the same counsel who are done, and who do."

"Ah no," was the answer, "but that is, I fear, an imperfection in the nature of things which it is impossible to remedy."

From the Solicitors Point of View.

From the Temple I crossed over to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and there had some words with a partner in a leading firm of solicitors.

"The present system is not satisfactory," he told me, "but how to amend it? Barristers, it is said, have no rights and no duties (legally, of course), but the big men protect themselves by getting their fees in advance, and they are not liable for negligence if they don't attend to a case. If they were, a new state of things would perforce result. The leaders could only accept a fraction of the briefs they do now, their fees, large as they are, would be considerably increased, and yet they would make a smaller income, whilst work would be more scattered."



HIS FIRST BRIEF
Drawn by H. Mark-Marks

"But surely a man's own sense of right and wrong——"

"Right and wrong," he interrupted,

"are not the words for this discussion, but if they were, I might apply some very harsh names to the action of some very great men. You know the story of the leading counsel who was cantering in the Park, when he ought to have been in one of half-a-dozen courts; he was doing, he said, equal justice to all his clients. In another sphere of activity this might be harshly called taking money by false pretences."

"It seems so," I agreed, "but surely it is a mere joke of the *ben trovato* tribe."

"No doubt, but it is one of a hundred tales which have some real basis; this, for instance, is told of an eminent judge of to-day. When at the bar, he was briefed in some case where he did not turn up. His clerk afterwards demanded the fee, saying it had not been sent round with the papers; the solicitor said it had, and together they sought out the brief, and untied its fastening of red tape. There was the cheque pinned on the first page. The deduction is obvious."

"But you have responsibility," I said.

"True," he replied, "and juries make us feel it whenever they can." He winced, as at some disagreeable reflection, but went on, "however, by briefing or taking the advice of counsel, we can in many cases transfer this responsibility ——"

"To people who haven't any," I interrupted, "an ingenious arrangement in truth, but might not the difficulty of non-attendance be met by employing men a little less known?"

"Well, the public has its fancies here as elsewhere. It runs after great names, it prefers apparently to take its chance, and we must do as we are directed."

"So that you can suggest no effectual remedy?"

"Oh yes, there is one effectual remedy for that and every other evil of litigation. Don't go to law."

"I am afraid you can scarcely teach that lesson to the public?" I answered. not a little amazed at his frankness.

"If the state of business before the Courts is to count for anything, I fear the public has already learnt that lesson for itself."

The "Ludgate" Prize Competitions.

The Editors of the "Ludgate" have had some difficulty in deciding how to award the prize for a short story, but have finally judged the story sent by Miss Annie Gertrude Matthews, Lower Slaughter, Bourton on the Water, Gloucester, to be the best among those submitted to him. The best poem was sent by Mr. F. C. Randall, Lime Avenue, Wynn Street, Birmingham. The photographs were, as usual, very numerous, and they maintained a high average of excellence. But for a fault in composition the medal would have gone to a photograph sent by Mr. W. Daines, 26, Heavitree Road, Plumstead: it is commended, but is not reproduced, inasmuch as it would not "process" well. The prize is awarded to Mr. George A. Carruthers, Liscard, Cheshire, for his "So Sleepy." Photographs for the next competition should reach the offices of the "Ludgate" not later than March 25th, and the result will be announced in the May number. There is no restriction as to subject.

THE BEST SET OF VERSES.

THE MAGICIAN OF LIFE.

By F. C. RANDALL, *Lime Avenue, Wynn Street, Birmingham.*

I.

Now I have found thee, glory of my heart,
Mine eyes behold the mysteries of life,
No more I dwell self-centred and apart,
An atom torn by elemental strife.
Thy touch of fire thrilled through this soul of mine,
Magician! God! Revealer of the Truth!
And dross was gold, and water living wine,
And I a man rejoicing in my youth!

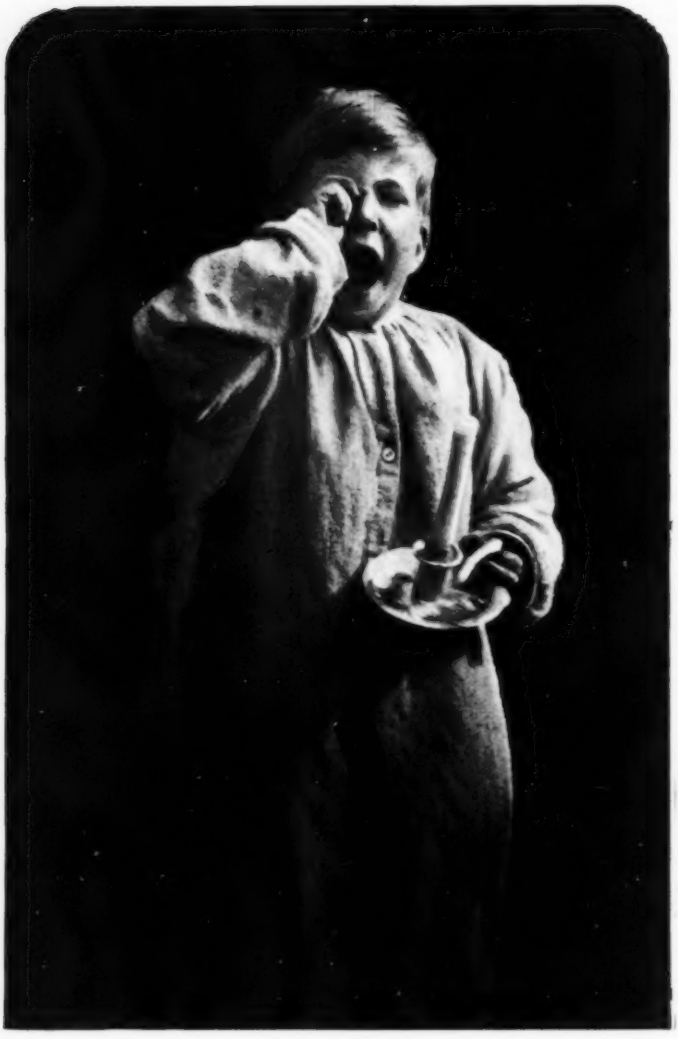
II.

I know that toil and pain perforce must come;
Now, let them come, I will not shirk their grasp!
But grapple with them—grim, unyielding, dumb,
Till back I bend them in a victor's clasp.
Ah, do not doubt but I shall win my spurs,
Since thou hast set me such a goodly prize,
I'd scale high Heaven for that white soul of hers,
And I have seen thy challenge in her eyes!

III.

Hence, with the petty lures of power and pelf,
My poverty and vain ambition schemed;
Whate'er befall me I have known myself,
And I am somewhat greater than I dreamed!
Orb thou thyself, my soul, to broader scope,
Steadfast as he who sought the Holy Grail;
If thou would'st compass thy desire and hope,
Thou must be noble or 'twere best to fail!

The Best Photograph.



"SO SLEEPY": MEDAL

BY GEORGE A. CARRUTHERS, *Massey Park, Liscard, Cheshire*



ANEMONES: COMMENDED
BY J. S. GLADWELL, *Chacewater, Cornwall*



"THE RACE HOME": COMMENDED
BY C. F. INSTON, *Liverpool*



MIST IN THE OGWEN VALLEY: COMMENDED
BY JAMES SMITH, JUN., *Wavertree, Liverpool*



THE OLD HOMESTEAD: COMMENDED
BY B. KARLEESE, *Headsworth, Hants.*

The Best Drawing.



BY A. J. R. ARMOUR, *St. Vincent Street, Glasgow*

The Best Short Story.

TO-MORROW'S TROTH.

By Miss Annie Gertrude Matthews, *Lower Slaughter, Bourton on the Water, Gloucester.*

"SYBIL, it's simply perverseness."

"Now Jack, don't knock that tree about with your walking stick! Please remember you are in a public garden, not your own. Some of the authorities will be after you in a minute."

"I'll swish every blossom off, if you don't answer me properly, and tell the gardeners why. They will all sympathise. I have a fair amount of patience, but the stock is getting emptied at last. It isn't that I don't *know* you love me. Everybody knows it. We have belonged to each other always—but somehow—the last few months I have been hungering for an assurance from you. Be kind to me to-day."

"I will positively call the gardeners if you destroy one more flower. Those darling, yellow azaleas: I am so fond of them."

"And you are fond of me. Why not tell me so just for once?"

"Jack, you really are tiresome. It is much too lovely a day to be bothered with sentimentalities."

"So you always say, or something to the same effect. I hardly know why I am so persistent to-day, but I have a feeling that I cannot leave you without hearing just once from your lips, what I never can get them to utter. 'Jack, I love you, and I will be your wife.'"

"You are a foolish boy, and just because you are so troublesome you must be made to wait. Perhaps I will say it to-morrow at the Shepton's picnic. Will that satisfy you?"

Jack Trevor did not answer for a moment, but stood punching a gravel stone with his stick. Then he looked up and said slowly, "I suppose it must."

A curious shade was on his face, but he threw it off, and went on in his usual cheery manner. "Well, it is time I was off. Old Maurell will be waiting. Goodbye Sybil."

She looked after the tall figure striding up the gravel path, watched it through the gates, and then turned on her homeward way, a little smile lurking in the corners of her lips. This smile disappeared, and was succeeded by a graver, more tender look. "Poor old Jack," she said, half aloud, "He has been very good and patient, and I have been rather unkind to him. He shall have what he wants to-morrow."

That afternoon Sybil Grant was sitting alone in her drawing-room, trying to work; but she seemed restless and uneasy, and after sewing a few stitches would get up and walk to the window, quite aimlessly apparently, for she did not appear to see anything. Evidently she was disturbed and troubled, for her face had quite lost its usual cheery look. Presently she put down her work, and went into the garden.

Generally there were a hundred claims on her attention; she loved every stick and stone of her little domain, but to-day nothing appealed to her; the sweet scents and sights were utterly unheeded. She walked up and down the gravel path hurriedly for a few minutes, then went in again and upstairs to her bedroom, and put on her walking things. She fastened the last button of her gloves, then suddenly wrenched them off, and flung herself on her knees at her bedside. She crouched there for half-an-hour or more, then with a white, settled face, went once more down to the drawing-room, and sat there—waiting—waiting——

At the usual time the maid came in with tea. Sybil took no notice while the little table was drawn up to her side, and when the servant had left the room she still remained in the same position.

The tea got gradually cold, and flies from the window came and wandered over the cake, but Sybil did not stir.

The only thing that roused her was the thumping knock that generally announced the arrival of the evening paper. She sat up and leaned forward, and after a few minutes' interval rang the bell. No one answered it, and she rang again.

"Bring me the paper, Mary," she said, as the maid opened the door.

"It—it has not come yet, miss," she answered, without advancing any farther into the room, and after a second's hesitation. If Sybil had looked round she would have seen that the girl's face was white and trembling.

"What was that knock just now, then?"

There was another second's hesitation before Mary answered again, "A parcel for cook, miss."

She went out and Sybil resumed her old position.

A few minutes afterwards Mr. Grant let himself in with his latchkey, and was crossing the hall to the drawing-room when Mary met him on the way with an open paper in her hand, her eyes red with crying.

"Oh, sir, oh, sir," she whispered, pulling him by the coat into the dining-room, "don't go in there just yet. We daresn't tell Miss Sybil, but there is dreadful news in the paper. It says that Mr. Jack Trevor was killed suddenly early this afternoon. He was walking up Broad Street when he saw a little child going across the road, just as a cab came very fast round the corner. He got the child out of the way, but somehow his foot slipped on a piece of orange peel; he fell with his head against one of the wheels and was killed directly."

Mr. Grant opened the drawing-room door and walked gently up to his daughter.

"My dear child," he said, "can you hear some very bad news?"

She got up and stretched her hands feebly out before her. "You need not tell me," she said, "Jack is dead. The light is gone out of my life—and—and I would not—tell him."





ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

THOROGOOD'S WILL.

IN TWO PARTS: SECOND PART.

SMURTHWAITE paused dramatically. Then he continued. "This sudden disappearance of the document altogether staggered me. I went over the papers one by one again, but it was not among them. I inspected every corner of that big empty dining-room. Then, thinking it possible that in the hurry of the moment I might have put the thing into one of my pockets and forgotten having done so, I searched them also. But all my efforts were in vain: the will was not to be found.

"After some minutes wasted in this manner I went upstairs to Thorogood's room. The dead man's daughter met me on the threshold.

"'Miss Constance,' I said, 'can you tell me what I was doing when you called me upstairs just now, and what I did afterwards.'

"She looked at me with momentary bewilderment. 'You were writing,' she said. 'You came upstairs at once when I had told you you were wanted.'

"'Bringing the document with me?' I asked, despairingly.

"'No,' she said, 'you left it on the table.'

"'I am sure you are right,' I said. 'But the document was your father's will, and it is no longer where I left it. For your sake and mine we must search every corner of the house immediately.'

"The hours that followed were charged with such anxiety as I have not endured since. I thought of all the stories I had ever read, and vainly suggested that a pet dog might have done away with it—there was no dog in the house, nor any other pet animal on which the crime might be fixed. Together we searched the whole dining-room, and the stairs and passages leading to the room in which Thorogood had died, until I verily believe there was not an article so big as a pin in the whole place that one or another of us had not examined. There was no longer any room for doubt: the will had disappeared into space.

"We gave up seeking after a while. I swallowed a cup of coffee, and then went out into the raw cold of the morning, walking hurriedly until I found a cab to take me to my chambers. My emotions, as you may imagine, were hardly of the pleasantest. A few hours before I had been congratulating myself that, despite the long continued folly of Thorogood, he had not died without making a will. Reggie had not triumphed, and the daughters would not be cheated of their dues. Now I saw that they were altogether at his mercy.

"Again, from a professional point of view, the night's events were singularly unpleasant. Thorogood had made his will at the last moment, and had entrusted it to my keeping. I, by my carelessness, had failed to keep it safely. It mattered not at all that what I now admitted to be a piece of carelessness was, after all, what anyone might have done under the circumstances I have narrated.

"I drove to my chambers, had a bath, and breakfasted after a fashion. Then I went along to the office and told my clerk that I must be away from business all day, and that only on matters of the utmost importance was I to be communicated with at Thorogood's house in Balham. Then I went down again, to find that matters had become still more complicated since I left the house in the morning.



"I WANT TO KNOW WHAT IS BEING DONE"

"Old Mrs. Turbin, the aged pensioner, had done far more than she should have done during the period of her master's illness. Soon after I had gone she had had a stroke, and now lay unconscious and at death's door. As a matter of fact, she died without recovering consciousness, and so soon after her master that both were buried on the same day.

"It is useless to attempt to revive the memory of that awful day. Constance and I searched the whole house through from top to bottom, and spent the intervals in the wildest sort of speculations and hypotheses. At the end of the day I was convinced that the document would never be found in that house, and I went back to chambers in a thoroughly dispirited condition.

"Fortunately I still collected Thorogood's rents, and so had money in hand for current expenses. Moreover, the first step which had to be taken was a very obvious one: I sent Constance abroad, so that she might not be troubled by her brother, and closed the house, putting a stalwart caretaker in charge. I then settled to the pleasant task of considering what on earth I was to do. I had twelve months allowed me before the period during which the will could be proved should elapse. Of course, there was no hope of proving the will until it was discovered: my evidence, that of Constance, and that of the two witnesses, would go for nothing. To tell the truth, my attempts to devise some method whereby I might start on the search with one chance in a million of ultimate success, soon degenerated into a constant praying that something impossible might turn up to get me out of my predicament.

"It was only a day or two later that Reggie came to call on me at the office, distinctly under the influence of drink, and very much inclined to bluster. 'So the old man's dead at last,' he said. 'I

want to know what is being done in the winding up of his affairs.'

"There was no use my attempting to effect a compromise: I had to be absolutely bold. 'My dear fellow,' I said, 'these things take time, and for the present I have nothing to tell you.'

"For a moment he looked threatening. 'But——'

"'Of course,' I said, 'you will get your money in the usual way, but you will get it from me, and I warn you frankly that I can stand no nonsense. I am much too busy.'

"After this interview there were others, all more or less embarrassing. I managed, however, to maintain the attitude I had adopted at the first; for if I had not been absolutely bold I might just as well have given up immediately all hopes of recovering the will and seeing the girls righted and my mistake repaired.



"A SHABBILY DRESSED WOMAN APPEARED"

"It was some six months after Thorogood's death that I came back late one night to find a dirty note, badly written in watery ink, which seemed to suggest that there was yet hope. It was unsigned, and merely said that if Mr. Smurthwaite wanted to know anything about a will which had lately disappeared, he had better be on the south side of Blackfriars Bridge at ten o'clock the next night.

"I could not see how the knowledge I required was to come from such a quarter, but I had to snatch at even the most unpromising chance of a clue, and so I did not hesitate as to what I should do. On the next evening, precisely at ten o'clock, I crossed Blackfriars Bridge and took up my position against the parapet on the farther side. For a few minutes nothing happened. Then, at last, a woman, shabbily dressed and miserable, strolled past me without a word or a look in my direction. She went a few steps forward; then she paused, turned, and walked past me again. This happened once more; then, as she passed me for the fourth time, she spoke.

"'Mr. Smurthwaite?' she murmured without stopping.

"'Yes,' I said.

"She walked past me again. 'Follow me,' she said.

"This was hardly what I had bargained for, but none the less I followed her towards the south, until she turned up —— Street, which, if you remember, has since become infamous as the abode of a notorious poisoner. She still preceded me. Finally, turning through a

narrow archway which led into a blind alley, she paused and awaited me.

"'You are Mr. Smurthwaite?' she asked.

"'Yes,' I said. 'And it was you who wrote the note which brings me here to-night? What have you to tell me about this will which disappeared?'

"'Hush!' she said. 'You must come upstairs.' And thereupon I groped my way after her up a rotten staircase I stood at the door on the landing while she searched for a candle; when she had lit it I entered a room containing the barest minimum of furniture—a box, a broken chair, and a rickety bed. I now saw the woman better than I had hitherto been able to do. She had once been pretty, I saw, and that at no very distant period. But she was clothed in rags that would have fetched nothing at the shoddy makers; one of her eyes had been blackened, and you could see that she had not had proper food for many a long day.

"'What is it you have to tell me?' I said again, and I knew that I was in luck when she had spoken her first words.

"'Promise me, first of all,' she said, 'That nothing I tell you shall injure Reginald Thorogood.'

"'If you can tell me anything that will lead to the restoration of his father's will,' I said, 'I will promise more than that: I will swear to you that you will be doing him an excellent turn.'

"'I had to make that condition,' she said: 'I am his wife.'

"'Some four years ago,' she continued, 'I was barmaid at the ——— in Cannon Street. Reggie used to come there very often, and he paid me a good deal of attention. Nor was he the only one who did so.'

"'If you will try to forget this ancient overcoat and disreputable hat,' I said, 'you will remember that I was one of the number. I used to lunch there pretty often when business took me citywards.'

"Mrs. Thorogood regarded me closely. 'I do remember now,' she said. 'Well, I need not tell you I have changed since those days. Of the others, there was one man who wished to marry me. He was not very attractive or in a particularly good position, but he was a good, honest man, and I would to Heaven I had become his wife. Reggie heard of the offer he had made me and offered to marry me himself, and I—because I was a fool—agreed to be his wife. Since then—well, you can see for yourself what we have come to. Still, he is my husband, and I want to save him.

"'Six months ago he went down to Balham to extort more money from his father. He returned late, in a drunken state, and strangely excited. He told me he had had a stroke of luck, and was going to be a rich man soon. He added that when he had come into his money he would get another wife. Since then he has behaved very strangely, and I have gathered that he has the will.'

"'You know where it is?' I cried, excitedly.

"'No,' she said. 'I imagine he always carries it about in his pocket. But these should interest you.'

"She went to a box in the corner of the room and drew from it two filthy letters, handing them to me. The first had evidently been written soon after the disappearance of the will. It congratulated Reggie on his father's death, and the brightness of his prospects, and ended by saying that the old lot would be glad to see him at the old place.

"'What is this place the letter speaks of?' I asked.

"'A low down political club in —— Street, Whitechapel,' answered the wife.

"The second letter referred to the same subject; it was written by an angry man and bade Reggie 'burn the thing,' so that he might make his position absolutely safe. It ended with the hope that he would come down to the old place at once and announce that he had followed this disinterested advice.

"'Do you think he has destroyed it?' I asked.

"'I would swear he has not," said the woman. 'He is weak enough, God knows, but the weakest are the most obstinate, and the only reason he has for preserving it—their advice to the contrary—is the strongest reason he could have.'

"After that there was little to be said. I gave the woman money and bade her go and get food. I arranged that she was to communicate with me if anything fresh happened, and then retired, after reiterating my promise that nothing she might tell me should hurt her precious husband.

"I went down to that Whitechapel club one day, more or less disguised,

and found Reggie there, engaged in conversation with three of the choicest ruffians in a very ruffianly crew. Confident in the cleverness of my disguise, I ventured to approach them, but overheard nothing of more importance than the mention of my own name at the end of a long string of uncomplimentary words. After that I went back to my chambers and waited day after day for a message from Reggie's wife.

"It came at last—a hurried note: '*Same time and place to-night: this is the last chance.*' Accordingly, I again put on the ancient overcoat I had worn on the first night, and again met Mrs. Thorogood and accompanied her to her house.

"She was better dressed and better fed now, and the room was a little more decent.

"'What have you to tell me?' I asked.

"'Only this: he has not destroyed the will yet, but they have been urging him to do so more and more strongly, and if you don't get it soon it will be burned.'

"For a moment I hesitated. Then I saw that there was only one course before me, and decided upon taking it without any further debating.

"'When does your husband get home?' I asked.

"The woman laughed, bitterly. 'Oh, he may come at any time betwixt one o'clock and three. The only certain thing is that he will be drunk.'

"'Well, then,' I said, 'I will tell you what must be done. Remember the promise I made to you.'

"Thereupon I told her of my plan, and obtained her promise of co-operation. I descended the ricketty staircase, and hurried across the river to my chambers. In little over half-an-hour I was back again, but now I had changed my boots for soundless rubber shoes. I took up my position in the darkest corner of the alley.

"It cannot have been much more than three hours that I stood there, but to a man who experiences them for the first time the emotions of a common footpad are rather trying, and I found the passage of the minutes intolerably slow. At last, however, I heard a man staggering towards me, and a moment later saw Reggie coming homewards. He was quite intoxicated, and supported himself against the wall as he advanced. He went noisily upstairs, and I still waited in my dark corner.



"REGGIE COMING HOMEWARDS"

"For a short time there was the sound of voices. Then silence followed, and after awhile a light appeared in the window I had been watching. I came out of my hiding place and cautiously mounted the stairs.

"The door stood ajar. I pushed it open, and saw that Reggie had flung himself down on the bed. He was fast asleep. The woman stood and watched me from the corner of the room.

"I moved cautiously across to the side of the bed, made sure that Reggie was asleep—he was more like a man drugged—and then knelt on the floor at his side. I gently unbuttoned his overcoat (for he had flung himself down without removing



"I HEARD THE WQMAN STIFLE A CRY OF FEAR"

his boots), and felt in the pocket. There were papers in it, mostly referring to betting transactions. The will was not among them; and I was in the act of replacing the packet, when the man stirred in his sleep. I confess my heart was in my mouth, and I heard the woman stifle a cry of fear.

"However, he did not wake, and after a pause I went on with my work. I searched the inside pocket of his coat, and found in it a bundle of papers. I examined them eagerly by the dim light of the candle, and at last, when I found the will among them, the endorsement still half-written, as I had left it, I could have danced for joy. The woman saw that I had got it.

"'Go at once!' she whispered, and I left her."

Smurthwaite paused. "But what came afterwards?" I asked.

"I proved the will that very morning," said Smurthwaite. "Before I did that, however, I had seen Mrs. Thorogood again, and found her lodgings in which she could wait until a situation I had found for her at a Midland hotel was ready for her, and she for it. Then I was ready for Reggie.

"That was a very easy matter. He blustered and threatened to begin with, but quickly ended by begging for mercy, and confessing how he had managed the theft. I told you that old Mrs. Turbin had remained his friend long after all the others were estranged. He had gone to Balham on the night when his father died, and the old lady, being alone in the kitchen, had let him in. Then he had demanded drink, which she was unable to give him. He had gone to find drink for himself, and reached the dining-room just a moment after I had left it. The lighted candles burning in the great dark room called his attention to the document which lay upon the table and he read it. It was probably the shock of hearing that the will was missing, and realising that Reggie had stolen it, which led to Mrs. Turbin's death and for a long time made my search seem hopeless. Naturally, when once he had read it, he put it in his pocket. Being an obstinate, as well as a weak fool, he had abstained from destroying it, and so ruined himself."

"What became of him?" I asked.

"I forget the details," said Smurthwaite, briefly. "He died out in America several years ago."

The Lady of Night

In a wind-woven mantle of dazzling white
And gold arrayed, the Lady of Night
Peeps through window-blinds, to spy
Where little children sleeping lie.

Like sunlight, sweet and bright and cool,
That hath lain all day in a darkling pool
Of murmuring water, her shadow lies
On parted lips and folded eyes.

And all night long the children dream
Of a field of flowers, with a crystal stream
Winding the slender stems between,
Where fairies circle round their Queen.

But when the Dawn, with a giant's might,
Heaves his shoulder, pearly-white
As a sea-nymph's brow, through the leaping waves
And calls his team from their ocean caves,

Till he shines like a star through the startled night—
The Lady of Dreams, in dazzling white
And gold arrayed, grows thin and wan,
And swoons in the light of the laughing Dawn.

Alexander Stuart.



MR. BARRY PAIN

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

Mr. Barry Pain.

IT is by a very curious chance that it has fallen to the lot of Mr. Barry Pain to write the Smoking-room column in *Black and White*, for there can be few people of his generation who are less unintelligently interested in the current events recorded in the newspapers than he. Discover some minute point as to the ways of human beings and he will bring to bear upon it—for a time—an amount of labour that ought to result in the production of a blue-book at least. It doesn't really matter, for example, whether a pipe has or has not a silver band, so long as it smokes sweet. But, if you reflect, you will perceive that there must be such a thing as the ideal pipe; and, if you begin to think about that question, the band becomes a matter of the highest importance. There can be no doubt that in the view of Mr. Barry Pain it could far more truly be said to demand consideration in an article than any such trifles as the Armenian question and the conduct of the Outlanders.

His first book had not been published many days ere its author was publicly branded as a New Humorist, and, quite apart from the fact that his humour is not the humour of the mother-in-law which delighted an earlier generation, you should be willing to agree that the appellation suits him well. His most comical tales have almost always a touch of the pathetic in them, and, if he were not altogether without bitterness, you might recall in connection with his work the lines in which Matthew Arnold defines the genius of Heine. His understanding of the boy is absolute and complete, and he recognises—as well he may—that nowadays we do not all outgrow our boyhood on entering the twenties, as did the portentous youths who have since appeared as celebrities in the *Strand*. But better than his studies of the boy are the fantastic tales wherewith he used to delight us in the *Granta*, as B.E.O.P, and which have since appeared at intervals in *Black and White*, the *National Observer*, *Cornhill*, and elsewhere. "Exchanges," "The Glass of Supreme Moments," "The Celestial Grocery," "White Nights": they are all tragic tales, and they are that not only in virtue of the actual story, but in virtue also of a peculiarly heart-breaking pathos in the telling. To one reader they have a trick of summoning up, for no particular reason, a vision of melancholy January sunsets, seen over the Port Meadow at Oxford. Yet they are the tales of a humorist, for only a humorist could give them that touch of the grotesque which you will note in all of them, without blundering headlong upon the ridiculous; and their author is rightly-called a New Humorist, because in this way he gives expression to what is most characteristic in the moods of his generation. After all, the impression you take from the best of his work is very little different from that which is made upon you by some of the most distinctly personal of the poems of Matthew Arnold.

His personality is a complex one. After what has been written above let it be added that he has contributed to *Punch*, and been for a brief space among the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph*. He is an enthusiast upon gardening, takes an intelligent interest in vintages, and so on, and is learned in matters of philosophy, crime, alchemy, and the occult properties of precious stones. He has a host of friends, and would never think it worth while to have what you could seriously call an enemy. And one day soon, he will discharge the debt owed by every young man who has done good short stories, and present the world with a long novel

The Newest Photography.

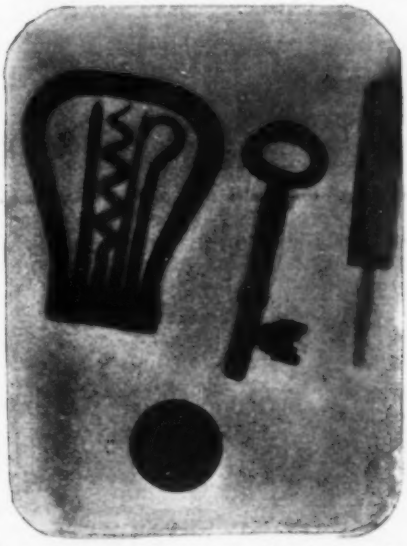
By H. C. MARILLIER.

BUT a few weeks back probably not more than twenty persons in Britain had heard the name of Röntgen, and even now, I should say, it is doubtful if many know more of him than that he has discovered the mysterious rays which have made his name conspicuous. As I have been asked to write a concise account of this discovery, I cannot do better than begin by stating that all I personally know of Herr Röntgen is that he is Professor of Physics in the University of Würzburg; that he is a grave-looking man, with a thick, bushy beard, somewhat resembling the more recent portraits of the late Emperor Frederick, and that, at the time when he suddenly became famous, he was engaged upon a series of elaborate experiments in confirmation of the researches of Lenard and Hertz into the action of kathode rays. Now the kathode rays, about which more anon, require for their production a Crookes's vacuum tube, or some other highly exhausted bulb after the pattern of the Geissler tubes so dear to polytechnic students and lovers of the beautiful at penny-readings. This again necessitates a somewhat powerful induction coil, or high-tension sparking apparatus, to the two poles of which it is connected by wires let into the glass. The poles are now transferred to the points where the wires enter on different sides of the tube, the positive pole being called the anode and the negative the kathode. When a discharge passes, the exhausted bulb is suffused with delicate light, which passes in a stream between the two poles, and from the negative pole, or kathode there is shot out a stream of invisible rays which have the property of producing phosphorescence in any body, other than metals, whereon they may fall. Thus the bulb itself, at the point where this stream of invisible kathode rays strikes it, becomes phosphorescent, and in course of time would soften and eventually melt. Other bodies become red-hot. Mr. Crookes discovered these invisible rays many years ago and held the opinion that they consisted of minute air particles negatively electrified and so repelled from the kathode by the law of mutual repulsion. Owing to the rarity of the air inside the bulb they are able to stream away in a straight course without being jostled or diverted by a crowd of other particles, and when they strike the glass wall of the tube or any other body they set up the action known as phosphorescence or fluorescence. This is the theory of "radiant matter," and it has obtained great credence and warm support from such authorities as Lord Kelvin and Professor Fitzgerald. Molecular theories, however, rarely survive long without opposition, or perhaps they seldom get the chance; and so the theory of Crookes's radiant matter fell into the hands of sundry German physicists who



PROFESSOR RÖNTGEN

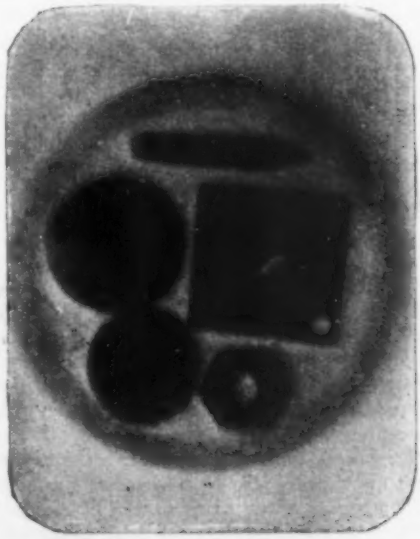
were making a specialty of electric radiation, and they decided that the kathode rays were a kind of vibration of the luminiferous ether. It is not a



Metal objects through calico pocket and sheet of aluminium. Exposure four minutes.
SHADOWGRAM BY MR. CAMPBELL SWINTON

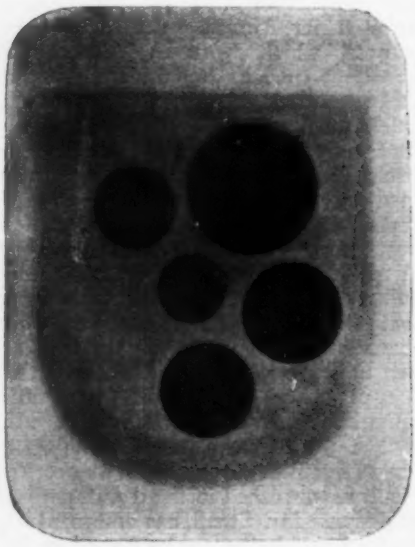
healthy thing to peer too far into the mysteries of luminiferous ether. Few of those who do so ever do anything else; and, besides, the number of different kinds of ethers that have been invented to account for certain facts, and which all have to be taken into consideration, is rather bewildering. Suffice to say, therefore, that a pupil of the eminent Heinrich Hertz, named Lenard, discovered that the kathode rays would stream in a straight line outside the Crookes's tube as well as in it; that they would penetrate many solid substances, such as thin plates of metal, and that they would leave an impression upon a photographic plate. In this way he obtained shadow photographs of objects enclosed in a thin metal box, but as his researches were in no way sensational, and required to be expressed in a great profusion of Greek letters and differential signs, they did not become very popular and remain to this day buried in the pages of *Poggendorf's Annalen* and one or two other venturesome periodicals which were not afraid to reprint them.

It was these experiments of Lenard's that Professor Röntgen was investigating when he chanced upon his discovery. A paper contributed by him to the *Sitzungsberichte der Würzburger Physic-medic, Gesellschaft*, 1895 (so long as literature is paid by length I will never abate the name of a German publication), and ably translated by Mr. Arthur Stanton for *Nature*, gives the circumstances, which were as follows:—A Crookes's tube, excited by a Ruhmkorff coil, was enclosed within a close-fitting shield of black cardboard, in such a way that only the invisible kathode rays could escape. Under these conditions, in a dark room, a surface covered with certain substances becomes phosphorescent owing to the action of the rays. A photographer mentions as suitable substances, pentadecylparatolylketone and platino-cyanide of barium. For reasons of brevity, probably, Herr Röntgen used the latter. And he found that the phosphorescence took place at a remarkable distance from the tube; also that a thick volume, corresponding to one of our Blue Books, did not affect the result when placed in the direct path of the rays. Mr. Stead has informed me that a Lebel bullet can penetrate further into a Blue Book than anybody or anything else wherewith he is acquainted, and that it can only go two-thirds of the way through. The severity of the test becomes manifest when it is added that this volume was printed in German. Herr Röntgen began to experiment



Metal objects in wooden box. Exposure four minutes.
SHADOWGRAM BY MR. CAMPBELL SWINTON

further. Two packs of cards did not keep the rays back. A single thickness of tinfoil hardly cast a shadow. Thick blocks of wood were still transparent. Sheet



Coins inside leather purse. Exposure four minutes.
SHADOWGRAM BY MR. CAMPBELL SWINTON

aluminium, ebonite, and other substances usually considered opaque let the rays through freely. Metals, on the other hand, unless very thin, kept them off. A hand held up before the phosphorescent surface threw a strange shadow, the bones alone being visible and the flesh transparent. From this to photography was but a step. Lenard's kathode rays could influence a photographic plate. The phenomena just described pointed already to something very different from Lenard's rays, but they might also record themselves in this way, and on making a trial they did so. The substances that were transparent or semi-transparent to the rays when a fluorescent sheet was behind were the same when a photographic plate was substituted for the sheet, and in this way it at once became possible to photograph metal objects shut up in a wooden box, or covered with a sheet of opaque material, or otherwise concealed from sight. Even the bones of a human being could be photographed through his flesh. To Professor Röntgen this meant little more than a confirmation of the pregnant discovery he had already made. To the outside public it is the gist of the whole matter. Professor Röntgen has expounded a new form of energy. The public see in it nothing more than a means for producing "the newest photography." And now what does the newest photography consist in? It is nothing more than a method of producing shadow pictures. The entertainer who throws a rabbit on a sheet by twisting his hands into the proper form and thrusting them into the path of a beam of light is just as much a photographer as the man who photographs a shilling in a box by means of Röntgen's rays. The only difference is that the sheet will not retain the image and the photographic plate will. The Röntgen rays stream out in a straight path from (it is supposed) a certain point on the bulb. They are allowed to play on a sensitive plate placed in their path, and have the usual result of turning it black when developed. Certain objects placed in their path are transparent, just as glass is to light, and these do not intercept them; others intercept them more or less according to their density and their thickness; some, like the metals, are quite opaque. It is easily seen that metals, therefore, would throw a strong shadow in the form of a white patch on the plate. Semi-transparent substances would throw a partial shadow, or penumbra, and so on. When a print is taken from the plate the tones are, of course,



Living frog through sheet of aluminium. Exposure twenty minutes.
SHADOWGRAM BY MR. CAMPBELL SWINTON

reversed, and the shadows show black. The accompanying print of four coins inside a leather purse, from a negative taken by Mr. Campbell Swinton, illustrates the whole series. A double thickness of the leather is to all intents transparent. Four thicknesses (round the fold) are semi-transparent. The metal button and the coins are opaque. That is a shadow photograph, or "sciograph" as certain learned people have christened it. A pencil half projecting from a metal sheath shows in the same way rather like an amber-tipped mouthpiece, the wood being almost transparent with a line up the middle of it for the lead, and the sheath opaque.

The exact nature and origin of Herr Röntgen's rays is a matter whereon the professors are still considerably divided, and even that gentleman himself does not venture to give a very definite opinion. They are not kathode rays, for in addition to the points of difference already mentioned, they will not be deflected by a magnet, and kathode rays will. Neither are they what are ordinarily called light rays, for they are not refracted by water, or reflected from surfaces, except in an irregular way; a prism or a lens has no more power to divert them than a magnet, and their straightforward method of penetration is unusual with light rays. Yet many capable judges have tried to assign them to the invisible rays at one or other end of the spectrum, chiefly, I believe, on account of their photographic properties. The short rays at the violet end of the spectrum are what are chiefly known as the photographic rays, and as these extend to an enormous distance it might be that far up towards the end are rays so short that they will not stop at obstacles, and will not submit to refraction. Indeed, such rays have been theoretically conjectured. Below the red end of the spectrum, again, are mysterious heat rays which can also be photographically recorded. In fact, it is stated that Captain Abney was once able to photograph a boiling kettle in a dark room by means of its own radiations. But it is not here in all probability that the *x* rays lie. Some people judge them to be of the nature of sound waves, which, however, are distinctly capable of reflection. One learned Professor believes that the kathode rays inside the tube break the particles of air up into such fine dust that they are driven through the glass and through many kinds of intercepting bodies. Professor Röntgen himself thinks that the rays may be longitudinal waves set up in the luminiferous ether itself, just as light is the phenomenon due to transverse waves; but this is dangerous ground for outsiders, and we had better leave it. It remains to discuss the direction in which the new photography is likely to be of practical use. Surgery, of course, suggested itself to everyone at once, and experience seems to confirm the suggestion. A very clear print of a human hand, taken



Living hand through black vulcanised fibre. Exposure four minutes.

SHADOWGRAM BY MR. CAMPBELL SWINTON

by Mr. Swinton, was pronounced by the first medical man who saw it to be typical of gout. Professor Mosetig, of Vienna, has obtained an excellent photograph showing the injuries done by a pistol bullet to the bones of a hand, and locating the bullet. Dr. Lannelongue, of Paris, has photographed a diseased thigh-bone, in which the diseased patches are said to be clearly marked. He has also shown very clearly the effects of tuberculosis on a child's hand. Bullets, pieces of glass, and other foreign substances have been located in the body by many experimenters, and every day, almost, brings in some new instance of the kind, until soon we shall cease to see

anything unusual or sensational in the matter. To quote the words of Herr Ebers, one of the demonstrators at the Government Institution of Photography at Vienna, to an interviewer: "The time will soon come when a badly injured subject will be brought into the accident ward of a hospital, where the surgeons, after rendering urgent aid, will instantaneously photograph the wounded members and then decide upon the course of future treatment." Probing bullet-wounds will become a thing of the past. Fractures or splintered bones will tell their own tale direct, and even disease will in some cases be detected. All these things we may expect to see, and many will bless the name of Röntgen. But he, good man, will have greater work in hand than the mere photographing of broken bones, or pennies in a money-box. The new photography will remain for him a source of confirmation merely in regard to the new form of energy, and might perhaps be forgotten altogether, were it not for the Order of the Crown which a grateful Emperor presented to him in return for an hour's entertainment.





THE HAMOAZE FROM MOUNT EDGCUMBE
From a photograph by Heath

Plymouth.

BY STANHOPE SPRIGG.

SOME day, when the rage for continental travel has, to some extent, died down, it will be considered as necessary to know the great centres of provincial interest as it is now deemed an indispensable part of a man's polite education to affect a close acquaintance with the thoroughfares of London. Then the importance of a town like Plymouth will be adequately realised. At present the great majority of people seem to have but a vague idea of the size, the character, the importance of the West country metropolis. They usually speak of it as a pleasant centre for pleasant excursions. Sometimes, however—and here the actual hurt comes in—they treasure views of its principal attractions. These frequently remind the pious Plymouthian of the gorgeously coloured frontispieces of German-made children's toy books, and in a night, as it were, he understands how much Plymouth must unwittingly suffer from popular ignorance.

Happily, there is at least one well-known historian who always lashes himself into a fury when he falls to speaking of the great neglect of the younger generation in not visiting the principal places in their own country. Maybe, Dr. Johnson had something of the same kind of truth in mind when he denounced "patriotism as the last refuge of the scoundrel." For the patriotism of a man who talks about fighting and dying for a fatherland he knows less about than any ordinary commercial traveller, is but a poor, hollow, insincere thing.

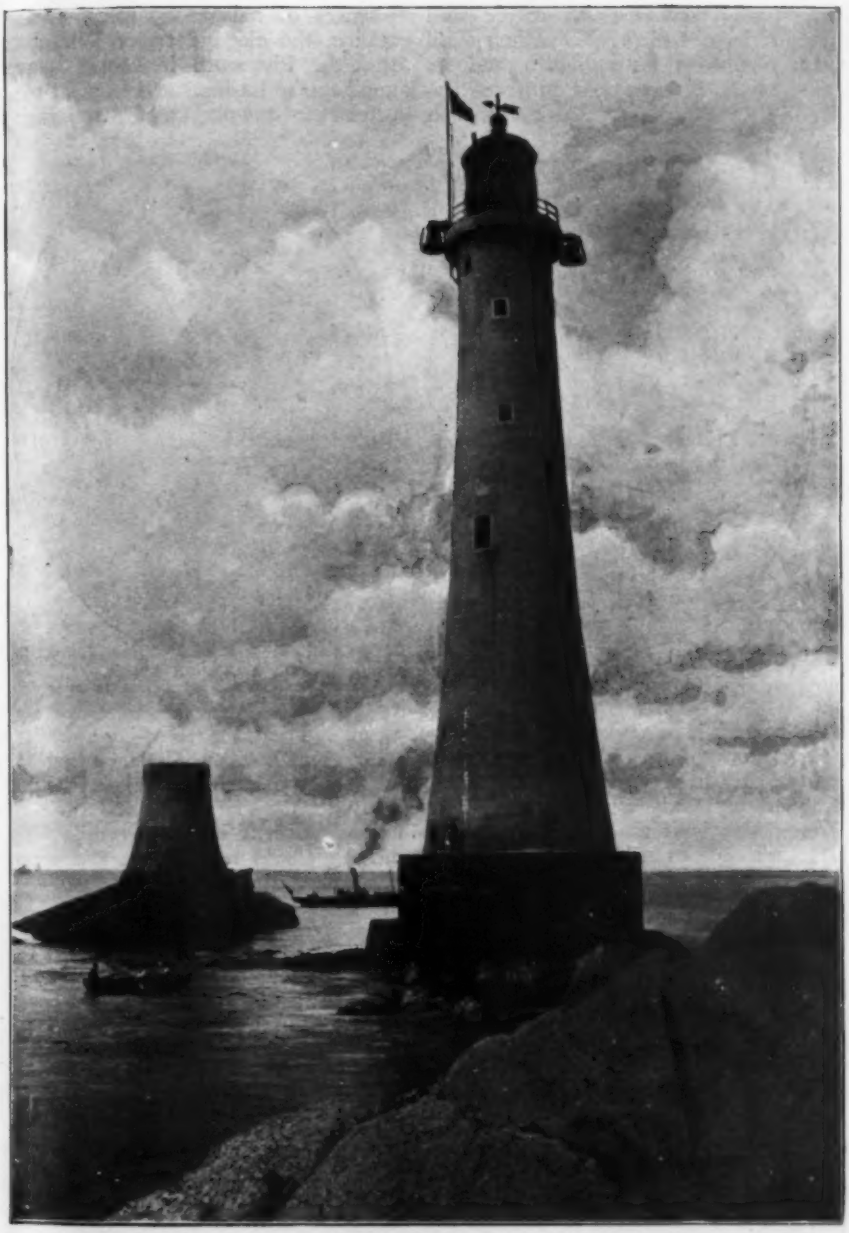
Somehow it has always seemed to me that there is no place outside London that presents so many contrasts in individuals and occupations as do the Three Towns. Unfortunately, the visitors who devote to Plymouth and Stonehouse

and Devonport one day out of the precious fourteen of their annual vacation must always be blind to these points. One wants to linger at Plymouth to do it justice; to get saturated, as it were, with its essential atmosphere—to make your eyes friends with the strange beauties that start out on you from a hundred points before you set to work to assay the absolute and inherent individuality of the places just round about you. For every town in the country has its own strongly-marked individuality, visible to all who care to look for it. And in Plymouth you meet a distinct people who have united to the large-eyed, great-hearted Devonian character some active elements of the fiery, insistent, rough-hewn Cornish temperament; all of which it seems to me has proved a good, and not a bad, thing, so far as it makes for the essential spirit of the port of Plymouth.

Few towns, however, are glorious to the newly-arrived traveller; and I honestly believe it would be difficult to find a more depressing point to detrain at than Millbay Station, which is the principal railway terminus in Plymouth. It is probable the visitor has been studying the guide book before his arrival. The assurance that "Plymouth is situated at the head of Plymouth Sound, formed by the rivers Plym and Tamar at their confluence with the sea—that it is a town standing on the eastern side of a peninsula enclosed below these two great rivers"—all this has prepared his mind for a gorgeous and immediate panorama of sky and sea. The run through Dawlish onward has only strengthened his hopes and fancies of the greater glories that await him, so that when he descends at a dirty, ill-lighted, squalid-looking terminus, and Millbay is all that, his heart sinks within him. Only the backs of second-rate houses form his prospect, and it is some time before he gets over his sense of disillusion. Luckily, it is one of the ambitions of the higher Plymouthians to stir the Great Western Railway to a sense of its full responsibilities in this direction. Only railway companies are, at their best, slow, lethargic reformers. They are often, at their highest, mere dividend-earning creatures, and sometimes I tremble for their state of grace on this great question—albeit £70,000 has been voted by the directors for this beneficent purpose, and the work of improvement at Millbay has already begun.

Let the stranger, however, once reach The Hoe, and his disappointment will vanish, as if by magic. On ascending a gently rising hill, not many yards from the Station, he will enter a great open space on the verge of which he will come suddenly upon a prospect of sea and woodland beauties that has no equal in fact or in fiction. Indeed, I often wonder why Plymouth people do not do the same as guides on Westmorland Scars, and bandage the eyes of a visitor at the foot of the hill so that he will get no suspicion of the wonderful view that awaits him until he can see it all in a flash. Stretched at his feet he will find a magnificent bay with numberless white-sailed yachts riding at anchor, and big liners often passing restlessly to and fro. To his left he will see the grim fortress now used as a barracks and known as The Citadel (that was built in the year 1670, in the time of Charles II.), with green cliffs and forts stretching out beyond. Alas! even the Citadel has undergone improvements! I only hope the War Office has been as merciful as it is powerful. To his right he will notice and maybe covet the beautifully-wooded estate of Earl Mount Edgcumbe, upon which, so legend tells us, the haughty commander of the Spanish Armada set his heart, and determined to possess as his part of the spoil of this rich land, when England was conquered—only England never was.

Far out at sea he will distinguish the famous Breakwater with forts at either end, while close at hand—perchance he stands at the base—he may gaze with reverence upon the original Eddystone Lighthouse, which is simply preserved on The Hoe as a monument of Smeaton's genius. Every schoolboy, too, knows that Plymouth is the birthplace of Sir Francis Drake; and here, too, may be found the statue that was erected to him and inferentially to other gallant British seamen. The Armada celebrations a few years ago also resulted in a memorial, and this is placed near the spot where Drake was engaged in the historic game of bowls he would not leave until he had finished, albeit he was told that at last the great Armada had been sighted off our coast. In vain Captain Fleming assured him



EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE
From a photograph by Heath

that his men "had seen Castile's black fleet beyond Aurigny's Isle." Drake would have the game played out, holding that there was time enough to do this most obvious duty first and then beat the Spaniards. And so it proved.

Wonderfully rich in domestic memories and historical associations is this same Plymouth Hoe with its undulating stretches of green turf and curiously wide walks. Poems have been written in its honour. For hundreds of years our popular songs have enshrined its name and its glories. Over the heads

of countless millions its magic and romance have stolen. Who then shall set a bound to its influence and its attractions? In my own profane moments I would wager that every inch of its ground is hallowed by the lightly spoken vows of lovers. I am certain that the part it plays in the childhood, manhood and old age of every good Plymouthian is fit material for an epic thousands of lines in length!

pictures of natural beauties. For instance, the elegant trifler will observe that the Plymouth innkeepers have a good eye to business and to what constitutes the town's chief attraction, for around The Hoe they have built all their great hotels. The boarding-house keepers, too, have appreciated its popularity, for they have crowded their businesses close at its gates, while all the old chroniclers remind us: "Visitors to

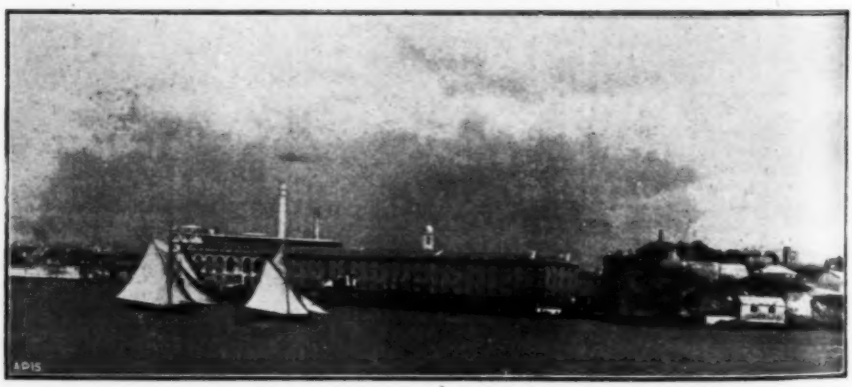


MR. J. L. BOND
MAYOR OF PLYMOUTH



SIR ALGERNON LYONS
PORT ADMIRAL AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

From photographs by Heath



THE VICTUALLING YARD
From a photograph by Heath

Besides, there is something tangible, something that the common mind can easily appreciate, about The Hoe. There are "facts" for those Gradgrinds who do not care about "essential spirit," or "atmosphere," or crudely limned word

The Hoe will readily observe that the port and harbour of Plymouth itself is remarkable for its great extent and capacity, and the security it affords in its different parts. It is capable indeed of containing about 2,000 sail of shipping,

and is altogether one of the finest harbours in the world, consisting as it does of several divisions. Sutton Pool is one of these divisions, and is that which immediately adjoins the town, being almost encircled by buildings. Cattewater Harbour is another, and an extensive sheet of water formed by the estuary of the Plym. The harbour or bay of Hamoaze, the third, is a magnificent basin at the mouth of the Tamar, while at the mouth of these various divisions the great bay of Plymouth Sound forms an excellent roadstead which has been rendered safe by the construction of the Breakwater across its entrance."

It is on account of the fine harbour accommodation Plymouth affords that the Mail question there has assumed so burning and acute a phase. The town, under the inspiration of the Town Council and Chamber of Commerce, is eager to secure the best favours of the Post Office, particularly in respect to the receipt and despatch of the American and the South African Mails. Hence successive Post-



THE ARMADA MEMORIAL
From a photograph by Heath



THE DRAKE STATUE
From a photograph by Heath

master-Generals have had to listen with all the meekness they could command to the rival orators of Southampton and Plymouth Corporations, setting forth at great length, and with the aid of some most formidable arrays of figures, the comparative advantages of the two ports so far as affects the latest hours of posting and the earliest receipt of mails in London and the big northern towns. Indeed, every change of Government has been the signal for fresh local activities on this matter, but up to the present I regret to chronicle the results have only resembled a genteel compromise. And this, in spite of the fact that the Chambers of Commerce from London, Leeds, Manchester, Bradford, Nottingham, Sheffield, and Cape Town have been dragged into the quarrel!



THE CITADEL GATE
From a photograph by Heath



THE EARL OF MOUNT EDGCUMBE



THE EARL OF MORLEY

From photographs by Heath

Sometime, perhaps, some learned Devonian will come forward and reveal the true inwardness of this dispute, and prove the antiquity of these two ports' rivalries by a reference that will astound the "common dim populations." Maybe, he will go back to the time when the Pilgrim Fathers set sail from our inhospitable shores. That event was commemorated a few years ago in Plymouth, when hundreds of Americans, descendants of the original Pilgrim Fathers who journeyed in *The Mayflower*—alleged and authentic—proceeded to the Barbican, the old quay at Plymouth, and held many meetings and aroused great local enthusiasm. I am sure it was then always a sore point with the people of the Three Towns that the original expedition of the Pilgrim Fathers started from Southampton in two small vessels, and not from the Port of Plymouth itself. Luckily or unluckily—just as you happen to sympathise with Plymouth or Southampton—one of these two vessels soon put back and only its companion, *The Mayflower*, a barque of 180 tons, with forty-one emigrants and their families, persisted in prosecuting that fateful voyage and in due course touched at Plymouth, where they found the Devonians both good and kind. The consequence was that when they landed on the barren coast of Massachusetts they gave the name of Plymouth to the point they first touched.

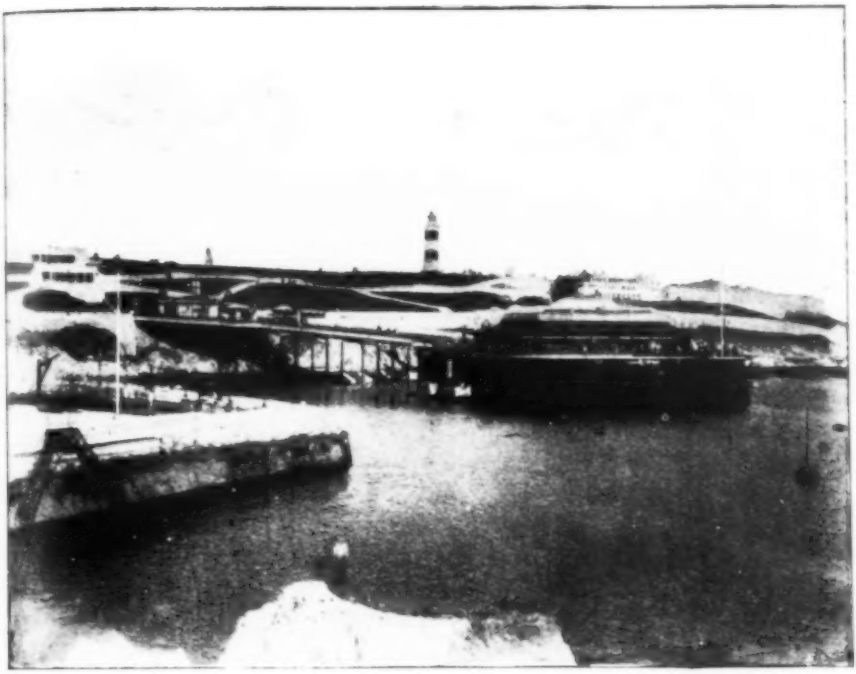
That Plymouth is the home of many prominent naval and military officers is a fact that will probably be known to all who have ever had any association with the two sister services—and who has not? Curiously enough there is no class that settles in a town that makes a place conform more rigidly to its ideals than does the military man when he is retired from active duties, and Plymouth is no exception to this, but has suffered—and improved. I am conscious, too, that much can be said about many other points of interest in Plymouth itself. There is the old parish church of St. Andrew, for instance; the Marine Biological Museum, which promotes researches into the habits and life conditions of British sea fishes, with a view both of extending



GUILDHALL AND ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH
From a photograph by Heath



THE VIEW FROM THE CITADEL.
From a photograph by Heath.



THE HOE
From a photograph by Heath



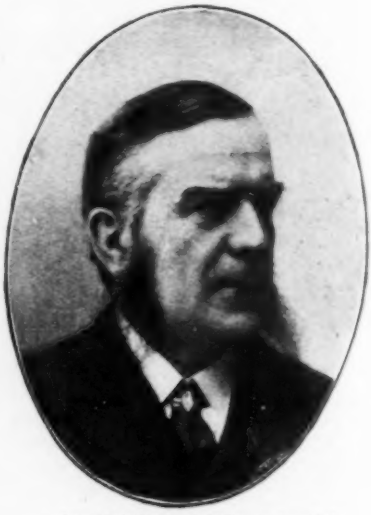
THE ROYAL NAVAL BARRACKS AT DEVONPORT
From a photograph by Heath

scientific knowledge and of gaining information which will be of value in the management of national sea fisheries; and there is Charles Church, the second oldest church in the town, which was named after Charles I., in whose reign its erection was begun, and which was at one time called Charles the Martyr Church on that account.

Again, Plymouth has only recently made a determined and, in a sense, a desperate attempt to enlarge her borders.



MR. C. HARRISON, M.P.
From a photograph by Hawke



SIR EDWARD CLARKE, Q.C., M.P.
From a photograph by Heath

Under the pleasant but delusive phrase of a "Greater Plymouth," and a plea for more effective sanitation, she has sprung on the Local Government Board a scheme of amalgamation between the borough and an extensive portion of its suburbs. Luckily Stonehouse has escaped annexation, but Compton Gifford, Laira, Egg Buckland and Pennycross have fallen under the borough domination, and "one local authority," says a civic wiseacre, "will reign where three or four now cause confusion."

But are not all these facts set forth in the guide books of the period? They are in truth, for at one time Plymouth was a very active journalistic centre, and until the death of one well-known editor occurred there was—so far as directly concerns Plymouth—a never-ending ebb and flow of journalists from all parts of the universe. Now the times are changed in Plymouth journalism and happily in more respects than one. The public, for example, are no longer startled by cheap sensational reports of fishermen's boats being sent to the bottom of the Sound during careless practice with the big guns attached to the forts! Maybe Plymouth is now approaching that ideal state when it will bring forth its own novelist, somebody precious and individual who will arise and immortalise for all time the poetry, the history and the romance of the old port. Nothing, I am persuaded, could touch the great heart of the English speaking people like a story with such a tremendous theme as this. For already a part of the theme, either consciously or unconsciously, lies buried in the heart of most of my fellow countrymen and needs but a word to quicken it into life.

On Furnishing a Drawing-Room.

BY C. F. FRERE.

"His Mansion was the pink of taste and art,
His charming pictures!—oh, how they delighted you!
In his saloon Egyptian monsters frighted you:
And pagods, on his staircase, made you start.
Nothing surpass'd his carpets and his draperies,
His clocks, chairs, tables, sofas, ottomans;—
His rooms were crowded with Etruscan aperies,
Fine noseless busts, and Roman pots and pans."—COLMAN.

"No part of conduct asks for skill more nice,
Though none more common, than to give advice."—STILLINGFLEET.

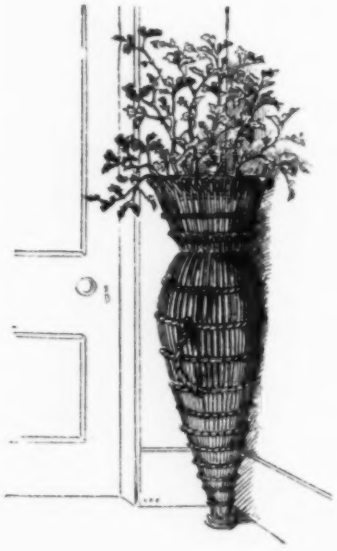
EVERYONE, perhaps, cannot emulate Colman's virtuoso—even if they wished to—and Stillingfleet's remarks make one somewhat diffident of proferring advice; but perhaps a few notes, the outcome of experience, may be leniently allowed as suggestions from which to work out ideas.

The conditions of furnishing a room vary, it must be remembered, with the locality and aspect of the house, the social position and purse of the owner, as well as with his individual taste. In London, for instance, you cannot exaggerate the importance of light and demonstrative cleanliness—at the seaside you seek refuge indoors from glare and heat. Then again, how different are the materials at the command of him who has many and old possessions, and of those who start in the world with few things and new. Who then, in ignorance of such particulars, shall advise what to have, or what to avoid? The best of every "style" in furniture has its beauty and *raison d'être*. But, however different the circumstances to be considered, or the material at hand, there are a few broad principles to guide us; and principles have always this advantage over rules, that they exercise one's individual judgment, and are elastic enough to give scope to individual taste, and to be adapted to varying conditions.

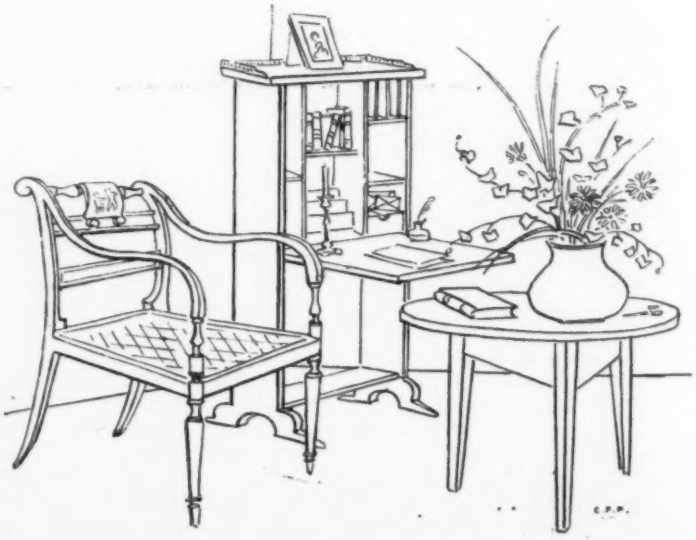
Let me state some of these principles briefly, not as they affect the decoration of palatial reception rooms, but as they help in the making of the drawing-room as usually understood, the chief living sitting-room of the family—the "hearthstone" and centre of the home. It will be peoples' own fault I think, if they have dull or ugly rooms, in these days of revived knowledge and beautiful production. The chief snare in furnishing a modern drawing-room probably lies in the way of overcrowding, and of being attracted by passing prettiness of novel ideas and new shapes, irrespective of whether or not, three months hence, you, or anyone else, will care for the flimsy prettiness of scamped work. In choosing furniture then for a drawing-room, consider first what you will have to bring into harmony to complete the room. This will include: Ceilings; Walls and their decoration, such as wall-papers, pictures, and mirrors; Floors, and their coverings of carpets, or finished with parquet, staining, or paint; Woodwork, including doors; Fireplaces; Chairs, sofas, and other seats; Tables, piano, cabinets, bookshelves, &c. Lastly Curtains and blinds. The aspect of the room and the direction and amount of light available from windows by day have also to be considered, and that from lamps, or other lights which are to take their place when the shutters are closed against the gathering dusk.

Volumes might be written on each, but suffice it now to say: Make first a plan in your mind of what you aim at as an harmonious general effect, and don't try to make everything equally important. Take stock of your best possessions, and "work up" to them. In choosing new materials for furniture coverings, draperies, carpets, and table-cloths,

cherish simplicity. In these days, when every square inch of walls, of ceiling, and of floor is be-patterned, and there is no rest for the eye anywhere, there is a



real value in reticence; and severity and simplicity are better faults than florid decoration. Walls, curtains, and furniture are, after all, backgrounds for human beings. You will find it a good plan in order to give breadth of effect and repose, when you have a carpet of elaborate design to have self-coloured curtains — or if you possess richly patterned curtains to choose a flat-coloured, undemonstrative carpet and plain walls. The questions of colouring, and of pattern, would each fill a chapter of itself; but, speaking generally, you should not clothe a cold north room in blue, nor a room which gets all the summer sun with red; and you must avoid for bedrooms any pattern which "makes faces"; advice which has often been given and as often ignored. Avoid frippery, cheap Japanese fans, and passing fashions generally. Remember that ornament as ornament, apart from decorative construction, is almost always superfluous. Appropriateness may be bracketted as a merit with simplicity. Do not choose furniture any more than you would choose a dress, merely because it is pretty, and irrespective of its destination and future surroundings. Have a mixture if you like — some of the prettiest rooms are mixtures—but do not have incongruity, or it will give the effect of a lady with powdered hair and patches, in a sailor hat! If you keep to a simple foundation of self-coloured material and walls, everything ornamental will fit in, and show to greater advantage. Recollect that small rooms will not look bigger for having diminutive furniture, indeed, the reverse is the case. You may not, and probably will not, when furnishing a room have to buy everything new. Almost everyone has something brought from an old home; and it is just as well this should be so, even though the pieces of furniture may not be what one would oneself select. There is a positive advantage sometimes in limitation. Nor should the charm of association be forgotten as a necessity of home life, and things of different dates take off



from the "hotel look" (which a new modern drawing-room should so carefully avoid), given by everything being of the same year, all equally handsome, all in first-rate order, no little bareness at the door, where the feet of many friends have passed, no worn places on the arms of the master's favourite chair.

Next comes the arrangement of the furniture in the room. Consider first the best positions for the principal pieces: A good light for the writing-table; safe positions for lamps where they will be most wanted for reading, and distribute the light equally about the room; Where the tea-table shall be placed when wanted—this must be central, or at all events, get-at-able; Space for the sofa—which should be a really comfortable broad one with several cushions, and placed with head or back to the window, with a steady table, or other support by it for lamp or candle, coffee-cup, or book; Where the piano shall stand in the position best for sound—at the same time do not have a piano at all if music is to you only "a noise which you dislike less than most;" Ensure space for comfortable armchairs of different sizes, avoiding basket-work, which creaks; Group chairs, two or three together, or by the sofa, so that people sitting on them are within easy speaking distance of each other, and include among them several strong, upright ones, and your elderly, stiff-jointed friends will be grateful; For the sake of health and cleanliness, especially if you have not many servants, beware how you multiply draperies and hangings, especially such as are not wanted for other than so-called decorative purposes. If you have good pictures, make the most of them; if not, do not buy inferior ones or copies, rather divide your wall into panels with beading, and paper the panels with some of the really excellent modern brocade designs—the handsome effect of which would make an appropriate background for mirrors, or ormolu sconces.



Or Anaglypta might be employed, a beautiful embossed material, resembling Spanish leather. This can be painted plain, or with transparent colours over metal (the latter having the jewelled effect of enamels), and, as it is decorated by hand, can be made to any colouring required. But being so rich a material it should be used with judgment. If inexpensive pictures are wanted it is always easy to get good large photographs or autotypes of such as Moroni's *Tailor*, or Gainsborough's *Mrs. Siddons* in the National Gallery, or Rembrandt's *Madame Bas* in the Rix Museum, Amsterdam. If you have many pictures they will be twice as effective if the different kinds—oil, water-colour, prints, &c.—are each arranged separately, in separate rooms, if possible; a room, otherwise well arranged, is spoilt by a potpourri of sketches, prints, and photographs of different merit and "values," scattered at random over its walls, without connection or plan. Very small pictures or miniatures sometimes look better if grouped together, in dainty frames, on a board covered with brocade or velvet, and also framed.

In arranging chairs and tables leave space to circulate—do not let your friends have to grope their way in a dimly-lighted room, with the chance of falling over "little silver-tables." There is a great attraction in the almost bare look of rooms of our great-grandmothers' days, but, of course, where there is more space to see it, you require better furniture. It has been well said by a great authority on the matter that in arranging furniture you "should work from the corners"—get those right, and the rest will follow.

Nothing makes a room so homelike as its books, their mere presence suggests culture and leisure, and for that reason gives pleasure. What is more decorative than the tone of the leather and gold of old bindings, or the brighter coverings of modern novels. I have seen large volumes, such as bound

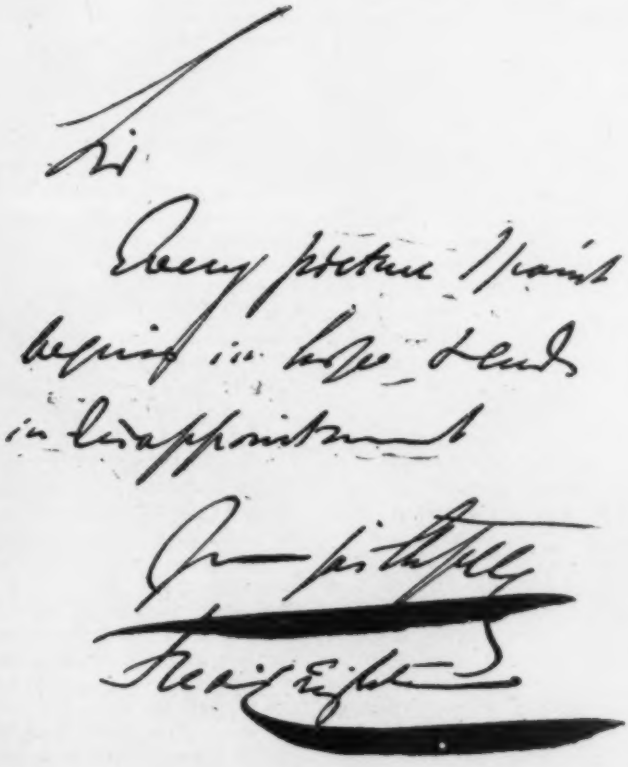
copies of *Black and White*, housed below a window, the cushioned shelf above them wide enough to form a seat, with a short flounce which helped to protect the books from the dust. Without books you must always feel as if you were in an hotel—my *bête noir* for a drawing-room. One of the most attractive drawing-rooms I know in London, is almost clothed with books, in a house the stairs of which have been trodden by Byron and by Scott. Remember finally, for your encouragement, that a really homelike drawing-room is not made in a day—it takes time to complete, and for things to settle into their appropriate places.

After all, rules for furnishing can never supply the want of a real love of furniture, a genuine enthusiasm such as that of the mundane old cottager, a devotee in her way to the gentle art of furnishing, who, when told she was not likely to recover, was not to be consoled by thoughts of heaven. "I don't want to go away," she sobbed. "I don't want to go and leave my kitchen table and my chimbley ornaments!"



"Art is Long."

THE confession "Ars longa, vita brevis est," must have fallen first of all from the lips of an artist, for it is what every man who knows what art is finds by his own experience—not altogether to be called sad—to be the fact. It will be remembered that the late Lord Leighton, when asked by the *Ludgate*, a few weeks before his death, to state which of his pictures was his own particular favourite, declined, albeit with the pleasant courtesy of which he had the



secret, to say anything upon the subject. The letter which we are enabled to reproduce on this page by the kindness of Mr. Robert M. Sillard, of Dublin, to whom it was addressed, is perhaps as good an answer as artist could give to such a question, and so forms a fitting postscript to the articles which appeared in the January and February numbers of the *Ludgate*. Indeed, the utterance is memorable enough to be remembered for all time along with the famous utterances of other great painters: the "With brains, sir!" of Opie: the "It lacks—*that!*" of the great Sir Joshua.

Grimsby's Moose.

WRITTEN BY J. AUBREY TYSON.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. WOLLEN AND F. FELLER.

IT hangs before me on the wall, and as I raise my eyes to contemplate again the great mule-like head ere I begin to write, it looks down upon me with its unalterable expression of sullen meditation. It is the head of a Canadian moose. For fifteen years it has hung where it hangs to-night, and its unnatural size has excited alike the wonder of all who have seen it and the incredulity of those who have learned of its existence only by report.

Fifteen years! It surely does not seem so long ago since I witnessed that magnificent death struggle in the snow. And yet it is so, for I well remember it was in 1880 that my wealthy client, Robert Garston, dying intestate, bequeathed his fortune to his elder brother Richard—"Old Dick" they called him in the country round about Lake Caribou—and the old man being a little erratic in his thoughts and mode of life, positively refused to come to New York for the purpose of consulting with me on certain matters appertaining to the conduct of the estate, and thereby made it necessary for me to go to him. He lived with his grand-daughter on the shore of Lake Caribou, in the northern part of the Province of Quebec, and it was towards the close of a bitterly cold November that I found myself his guest.

My business with the old man was soon completed, but having learned that I was now in the very heart of the moose country, the idea occurred to me to telegraph to my friend, George Grimsby, requesting him to join me and spend a few days on the trail of the king-beast of the North American forests.

I had been practising law for about three years when Grimsby came to New York as the American representative of the Vesuvius Insurance Company of London. I first met him professionally, but it was not long before our business relations ripened into friendship. Grimsby was about thirty years of age—a hearty, whole-souled sort of chap, an ardent sportsman and an enthusiast on the subject of shooting; but, although an accomplished wing shot, he was almost wholly without practice in the use of the rifle. My experiences with the gun were considerably more limited than Grimsby's, for a week of duck-shooting on Chesapeake Bay, and a fortnight after grouse on a South Dakota prairie were really about all I could boast. I had, however, long cherished a desire to test my skill in the pursuit of large game, and when, one day, I spoke of this to Grimsby he had suggested that as soon as we could make it practicable, we should go together to the Florida Everglades or the North Western States in search of it. When, therefore, I came to learn that moose were plentiful about Lake Caribou, I at once resolved to take advantage of the opportunity I had so long desired.

When I acquainted my host with my intention, the old man, much to my surprise, manifested the most unaccountable symptoms of alarm, and immediately attempted to dissuade me from my purpose. His grand-daughter, a young girl of about seventeen years, added her protests to those of the old man, and the apparent earnestness of their expressions of remonstrance awoke within me the liveliest sensations of curiosity and amazement.

They first directed my attention to the fact that owing to the recent heavy falls of snow, the ground over which we would have to pass could only be traversed with the aid of snow-shoes, for in many places among the hills the great drifts had attained a depth of five or seven feet. They assured me that this mode of locomotion was, to a novice, exceedingly laborious, and, on a moose



"ATTEMPTED TO DISSUADE ME FROM MY PURPOSE"

hunt, fraught with considerable danger. I met this objection with the assertion that my friend had spent two winters in Norway, where he had become an adept in the use of snow-shoes, and that I was perfectly confident of my ability to master the art in the course of two or three days practice. The old man, however, had other arguments to advance against the practicability of the excursion, until at length, slightly irritated, and greatly marvelling at his persistency, I turned towards him impatiently.

"The obstacles you suggest, sir, do not seem sufficiently formidable to warrant the abandonment of the trip. But I perceive that you have some ulterior reason for not wishing me to go. May I ask you to humour my curiosity by naming it?"

The old man and girl exchanged significant glances, and for several moments Garston hesitated.

"Yes," he replied, eyeing me quizzically. "Yes, there is another reason; but there is little use in telling it to you, for you will only laugh at it and call it a mere backwoods superstition, as I have heard some wise city folk do before. Then off you'll go for moose. You'll find them, too—oh, yes! fine big fellows right over yonder in the woods among the hills, a score of them maybe."

"You are sure of this?" I asked, a little eagerly.

"Oh, yes," returned the old man drily, "they are there. Three days ago Sam Rankin, the likeliest hunter these parts have ever known, came suddenly upon a moose-yard while he was out among the hills. The animals were in easy range, and Sam's favourite rifle was strapped across his back; but instead of firing at the beasts he stole away as quietly as he could, and spent the remainder of the day travelling from cabin to cabin telling folks what he had seen."

"Well?" I queried.

"Well, for another fortnight moose-hunting round Lake Caribou is at a standstill—that's all. If you and your snow-shoeing friend from Norway go out now for moose you will have to go alone, for neither love nor money will find you guides. Call us fools if you like. There's an old saying that fools rush in where angels fear to tread; but the fools around Lake Caribou have learned just enough wisdom to keep them from firing into the 'devil's herd.'"

"'The devil's herd!'" I exclaimed.

"Ay, the devil's own—great, fine fellows, as I said before. A seven-foot line wouldn't reach from tip to tip of their great antlers. The ordinary moose is not a pretty animal at best, and he has a temper, too; but those that form the devil's herd would rather fight than eat, and the crack of a rifle is all the invitation they require to bring them right along your way. You'll never hit them either, and when your ball flies wide of its mark and one of those great shaggy beasts settles to your trail, you'll stand just about as good a chance of leaving it behind as you would have of out-running a Grand Trunk limited express. Once a year the herd comes down from Labrador, and spends a fortnight over yonder in the woods. At such times we give them all the room they want to wander in; but occasionally a stranger—some city man with superior ideas—takes the notion to stalk them. Then we have a funeral, and superior ideas go begging for awhile. Ah, you laugh, I see. Well, have your way; telegraph to your snow-shoeing friend. I'll put you both up until you are ready to start, and then—well, we have a Catholic priest and a Church of England missionary handy, so you can take your pick of burial services."

I telegraphed to Grimsby, who replied that he would come at once, and while waiting for him to join me I applied myself assiduously to snow-shoe practice. Three days later Grimsby arrived at Lake Caribou with two newly-purchased rifles, a pair of hunting knives, and an ample supply of ammunition. At a neighbouring village we provided ourselves with woodmens' costumes, and the necessary snow-shoes, but, as had been foretold by Garston, all our efforts to procure the services of a guide proved unavailing. A day sufficed for our preparations, and having been informed of the probable whereabouts of the formidable herd, one clear, crisp November morning we set forth on our expedition.

As we sped onward over the white surface of the snow, the chill north wind caught our breath as it issued from our lips, and, transmitting it into ice, welded it to the scarves which enswathed our faces below the eyes. At first my snow-shoes gave me some trouble, but after a while I got them well under my control,

and had little difficulty in maintaining the pace set by Grimsby.

We had been told to look for tracks near the head of the lake, about six miles distant from Garston's dwelling. Arriving here, we searched for nearly half-an-hour, but without success. We then made our way about three miles further on, until we came at length to a place where the snow had apparently been recently disturbed. Owing to a light fall a few days before we were unable to distinguish any hoof-marks; but the great furrows leading into the woods were such as could only have been made by the passage of several powerful beasts. With quickened pulses we at once proceeded to follow them.

The snow here lay about three feet in depth on the level, and as we skimmed over its surface we could not but marvel at the prodigious strength of the great animals which had ploughed the enormous furrows along which we made our way. In his excitement, Grimsby, who was my superior in strength of limb and in the management of snow-shoes, forged rapidly ahead at a pace that I found it impossible to emulate. I was on the point of calling to him to moderate his zeal and allow me to catch up with him, when I saw him pause abruptly and crouch down behind a tree. A few moments later he rose and beckoned me to his side, and upon arriving at the spot where he awaited me, I saw a sight that filled me with astonishment.

Directly before us was a small clearing in the forest, and it needed only a single glance to assure us of the immediate proximity of our game. The snow, tossed about and trodden down, was discoloured with the soil and decaying forest-leaves. Freshly-broken twigs and pieces of bark were thickly strewn about and beaten into the chaotic mass before us, whilst the surrounding trees testified, by their partially denuded trunks, to the awful power of the great antlers which had been whetted against their sides. But what amazed us most was the impression left by one of the recumbent animals in the snow. As is well-known, the body of a moose is, at the first glance, more deceptive as regards size than that of any other animal. Thus, in proportion to its height, it is comparatively short; but owing to the length and powerful development of its limbs, a moose has the appearance of being much larger than it really is. It was apparent, however, that the animal which had lately lain in the spot near which we stood possessed a body almost as large as a heavy dray-horse; and when we reflected upon the probable dimensions of this great woodland monarch as he stood upright on all fours, it is small wonder that our hearts beat faster, and that Grimsby and I regarded each other in mute astonishment. I will frankly confess that I wished that that particular moose had been a little smaller. How Grimsby felt just then I never learned, but he spoke boldly enough.

"Let's follow it up," he said.

We crossed the clearing cautiously, and followed the new tracks into the timber. The undergrowth was rather thick in this part of the woods, and where the tops of the bushes rose above the surface of the snow we had to make our way with the greatest possible care, lest the creaking of a twig should warn the game of our approach.

We had just ascended a little knoll when Grimsby, who was a few paces in advance, stooped, and with a quick gesture bade me pause. Creeping stealthily to his side I looked about me, but observing nothing, I asked him in a whisper what he had seen. He evinced great excitement, and without vouchsafing me an answer to my question, continued to gaze intently in the direction of a clump of trees on our left. For several moments we eagerly scanned the spot which had challenged Grimsby's attention, but at first we saw nothing to indicate the presence of the animals we sought.

At length, however, a movement among the bushes caught our eyes, and immediately afterwards three moose of ordinary size issued in single file from among the trees. They were walking slowly, and making their way directly towards us.

"Take the first," said Grimsby.

A moment later we fired simultaneously, and the second animal, after a wild plunge forward, fell to the ground, Grimsby's shot had carried true; mine was less successful. I had fired at the first animal, aiming between its eyes. I must have missed it altogether, for it turned immediately, and was making off when Grimsby brought it down with a shot behind the shoulder.

"Bravo!" I cried, and was starting



"THREE MOOSE IN SINGLE FILE"

impulsively forward when Grimsby caught me by the arm.

"Look, Stockton, look! Oh, my God!"

Startled by the awed accents of the exclamation, I glanced hastily at the face of my companion. It was as grey as ashes, and as I looked I saw the light of desperation in his eyes.

"Fire, Stockton—quick!"

As his rifle cracked I turned to mark the cause of his alarm. A moment later I too had come under its spell.

About fifty yards distant on our right, standing erect and motionless with his great antlered head high in air, and a wild, unbridled fury blazing in its eyes, was an enormous moose. Each exhalation of his mighty lungs, filling the frosty air about him with his steaming breath, seemed like an outpour of smoke from the lately kindled furnace of his anger. The long upper lip was straightened outward, and the gnashing of his teeth sounded like the ominous and deadly rattle of a rattlesnake.

Crack! crack! crack! went Grimsby's rifle, but mine was silent. Overcome with a paralysing sensation of awe, inspired by the great brute before me, I remained inactive.

"Shoot, fool—it's your only chance," cried Grimsby desperately.

With trembling hands I raised the stock of the rifle to my shoulder. My pulses throbbed with an unrestrainable excitement, and a haze obscured my vision. I took aim between the monster's flashing eyes and fired. The great beast pawed the ground for a few moments, then lowering his magnificent head, he charged.

Flinging down my rifle, I bade Grimsby fly. He did not hesitate, and side by side, we fled over the glistening crust in the direction of the lake.

"Make for the drifts!" cried Grimsby. We both remembered a deep drift at the foot of a neighbouring hill, and towards it we ran as fast as what skill and strength we had permitted us to do. Once, getting my snow-shoe entangled in some brushwood that rose to the level of the snow, I fell forward on my face. My exclamation of despair caused Grimsby to turn round, and upon perceiving the nature of my accident, he quickly retraced his steps and aided me to rise. As I looked behind me, I saw the enraged animal plunging vigorously through a deep drift over which we had passed only a few moments before. It was evident that had it not been for the strong crust which overlaid the snow, our antlered foe would even then have been upon us. Again concentrating our energies on our struggle for life, we sped swiftly towards a neighbouring hill-top. Immediately beyond this lay the great drift to which we looked as our only means of escape. Three minutes later, we gained the top of the hill and, glancing over our shoulders, we saw the moose less than forty yards behind us. A few moments later, we arrived at the edge of a ledge and saw the drift, full twenty feet below. For a second only did we hesitate, then, with one accord, we took the leap.

Once again my lack of familiarity with the use of snow-shoes well nigh cost me my life. As I jumped, one of my shoes caught in something on the margin of the ledge and I stumbled, head first, over the rocky wall, my shoulder striking a large stone immediately beneath the surface of the drift. Despite the pain and shock resulting from the bruise, I managed to struggle to my feet; but even as I did so, I was stricken down again by a powerful blow which fell upon my injured shoulder. As I sank back in the snow, the branching antlers of the great moose rose menacingly before me, and the steaming breath that issued from his nostrils filled my own, for it was the animal's powerful forefoot that had beaten me down. His fiery gaze was now rivetted upon me, and with an exclamation of despair I closed my eyes, prepared to meet the end. But the blow that I had anticipated did not fall, and, wondering at the delay I raised my head and, with fearful eyes, sought the terrible beast which had just confronted me. In a moment I saw it, about twelve yards distant, struggling furiously about in the great drift. Blood was flowing freely from a wound in its neck, and above it Grimsby was in the act of aiming a second desperate blow with his blood-stained hunting knife at its shaggy body. By a quick movement my companion was at length successful in planting a well-directed thrust immediately behind one of the shoulders of the animal, and as it sank back upon its haunches I heaved a sigh of relief. But the end was not yet come. With a last mighty effort the magnificent beast raised its enormous head and shoulders above the snow, and turning its face full

upon the man who had just given it its death blow, struck at him with its feet. Then both went down together. The snow ceased to fly from side to side. The vapour heretofore emitted from the lips and nostrils of the swift-moving man and beast, no longer rose upon the frosty air. Slowly and painfully I crept across the blood-stained surface of the snow to the prostrate form of Grimsby. The last blow of the death-stricken animal had been well-directed, for by the time I had reached his side poor Grimsby had ceased to breathe. Overcome with pain and horror I fell unconscious beside the body of my friend.

Towards sundown a trapper, passing the scene of the tragedy, restored me to consciousness, and after procuring assistance, took me to Garston's dwelling, where I was carefully tended until my returning strength permitted me to go to New York.

Two weeks later, the train that bore me southward had, in its baggage-car, the great moose-head that now hangs upon my wall. But the strong man whose courageous hand had compelled the fierce woodland monarch to share with him a common death-bed in the snow, had already been laid away in the frozen soil of a stranger's land.



Theatres and Music-Halls.

MR. CHARLES MONCKTON.

MR. CHARLES MONCKTON, is a very young man, and comparatively new to the music-hall stage, but he has already made a success which older men might envy, and has appeared at the Oxford, the Royal, the Middlesex, Collins's, Gatti's, the Marylebone, Queen's, and Parthenon, besides visiting several of the chief halls in the provincial centres. He eschews the vulgarity which was often the sole characteristic of the old-style song, and displays a good deal of refinement in the rendering of descriptive songs. The title of one of these—"Cawnpore: A Tale of the Mutiny"—sufficiently demonstrates what manner of song it is: but, if it be well to progress steadily, Mr. Monckton is to be congratulated, for his latest song, "That's why I Joined the Army," has been more successful than any of its predecessors.



CHARLES MONCKTON
From a photograph by the Parisian School of Photography

THE THREE TIGER LILIES.

It is difficult to give much definite information about the members of this interesting trio, inasmuch as their stock of English is very limited, while the language in which alone conversation with them is possible is not at the command of any member of the *Ludgate* staff. They are able, however, to sing a couple of plantation songs in English, and do them exceeding well, while they are also clever acrobats.



THE THREE TIGER LILIES

MISS ALICE HARVEY.

You might very well refuse to believe that the two faces—the one black and the other white—which occupy a page of this number, are the face of the same person. Nevertheless, the jovial-looking negro and the lady in the striped blouse are the same person, Miss Alice Harvey, who has lately struck out a new line for herself, in adopting the current fashion for imitations of well-known music-hall singers. It was a trifle bold to attempt an imitation of Chirgwin—who has hitherto escaped, so far as we remember, the polite attentions of the people who imitate



MISS ALICE HARVEY
From a photograph by Hana, Strand

the celebrities of the halls, without a frank acknowledgment of their unoriginality — but Miss Harvey has been doing the thing very successfully, her make-up being of itself enough to ensure some sort of a triumph.

MR. SYDNEY HOWARD.

Recent events in foreign countries have led to a great outburst of patriotic feeling in this country, and *Cheer Boys, Cheer*, that very patriotic melodrama, suffered not at all by its removal to the Olympic when the pantomime came to Drury Lane. We give you a portrait of Mr. Sydney Howard in the act of singing a song which is filled with that sense of the splendour of the national heritage—and of the fact that if needs be Englishmen must be prepared to fight lest it be in any way injured, which the Little Englanders do so heartily deplore and which has done so much in the past to make the heritage worth having.



MISS ALICE HARVEY
From a photograph by Hana, Strand



SYDNEY HOWARD

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE REGENT PORTRAIT CO., 122, REGENT STREET

Two Famous Taverns.

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES GREIC

OF all the famous eating-places in London, there are none more famous in their way than two which stand in Fleet Street : the "Cock" and "Ye Old Cheshire Cheese." They are frequented largely by the same class of customers, and in many ways resemble one another, so that they may very reasonably be described together.

The "Cheshire Cheese" is certainly the more conservative of the twain, albeit a certain conservatism is the main characteristic of both. Thus you are never tempted by a long list of *entrées*, and so on: if you be a frequenter of the place you know perfectly well that on such a day in the week you may have Irish stew (or chops and steaks) for luncheon; and stewed beef-steak (with the same alternative) for dinner. If your appetite is to be tempted only by made dishes you must go West to the nearest place that calls itself a café-restaurant. On Wednesdays and Saturdays the dish of the day is the famous beef-steak, oyster, lark and kidney pudding; to which you are advised to go with a large and healthy appetite, if you would conform with the traditions of the establishment. On Sundays the restrictions placed upon your choice are still severer. It is as though the "Cheese" kept its doors open only under protest, and in unwilling recognition of the fact that bachelors living in the Temple or the other Inns of Court must have food, even on Sundays.

This kindly despotism does not prevail at the "Cock," though there are those of its frequenters who can remember when it did. Still, the menu avoids the folly of extreme length, and you can choose the dish of your desire without the necessity of long debate.



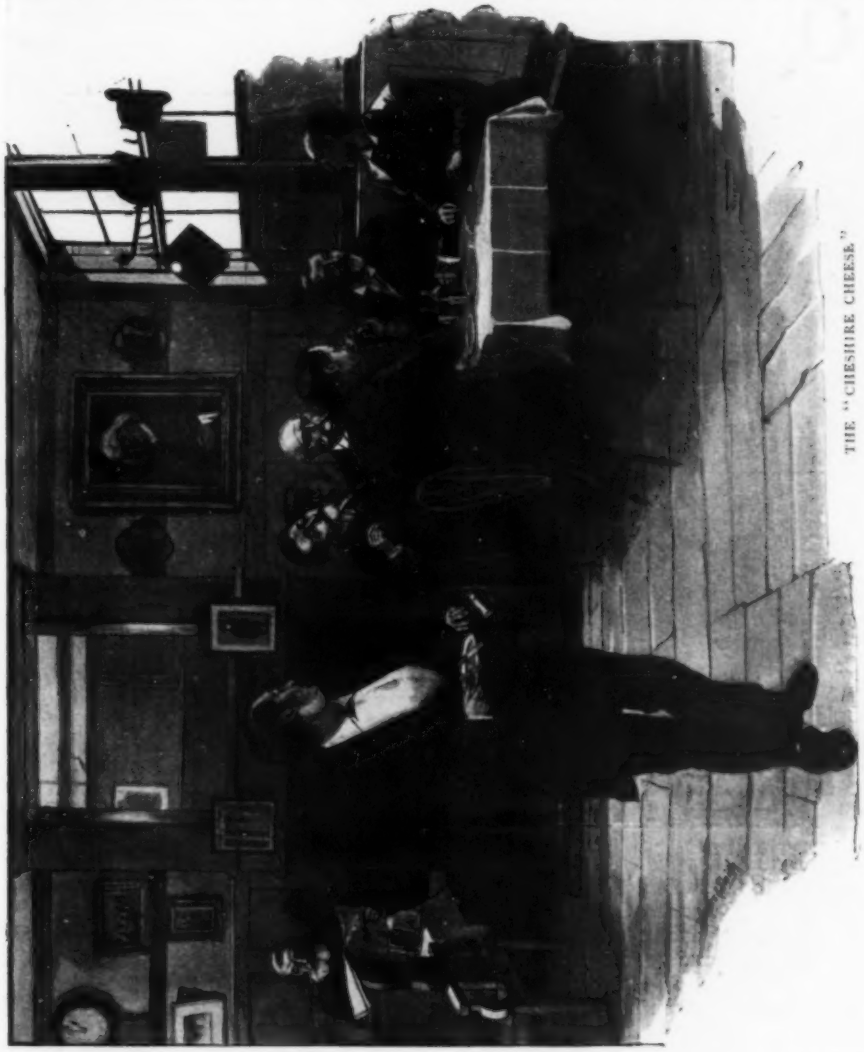
THE BAR AT THE "CHESHIRE CHEESE"

At both places the company is of the same kind; there are some casual diners, but mostly the customers are of old standing, and the waiters have waited upon them for so many long days that they become personalities, and not the mere machines of the average restaurant to which one goes irregularly. Thus it is perfectly in harmony with existing circumstances that certain long dead customers of the "Cheese" should have subscribed to have painted a portrait of a waiter, Henry Todd, who had served at the famous tavern for a long time, and that the portrait, handed down as an heirloom from landlord to landlord, should still hang upon the walls of the downstairs room which was once the scene of his benevolent activities on behalf of hungry man.

You dine here in wooden boxes which give to the meal an air of comfort and privacy that is singularly pleasant when you go to your dinner after a long day's

work, and have no desire for the noise and glitter of a West-end restaurant. The wooden floor is strewn with sawdust, the knives are plain, the plates substantial to a degree, and you drink the excellent ale and stout from ancient pewter pots that have generously slaked

veneration at the tablet which is placed in the wall above the favourite seat of the great Dr. Johnson. It is in this room, appropriately enough, that the Johnson Club dine twice in the year. Probably you will have no opportunity of sitting in it yourself, for a succession

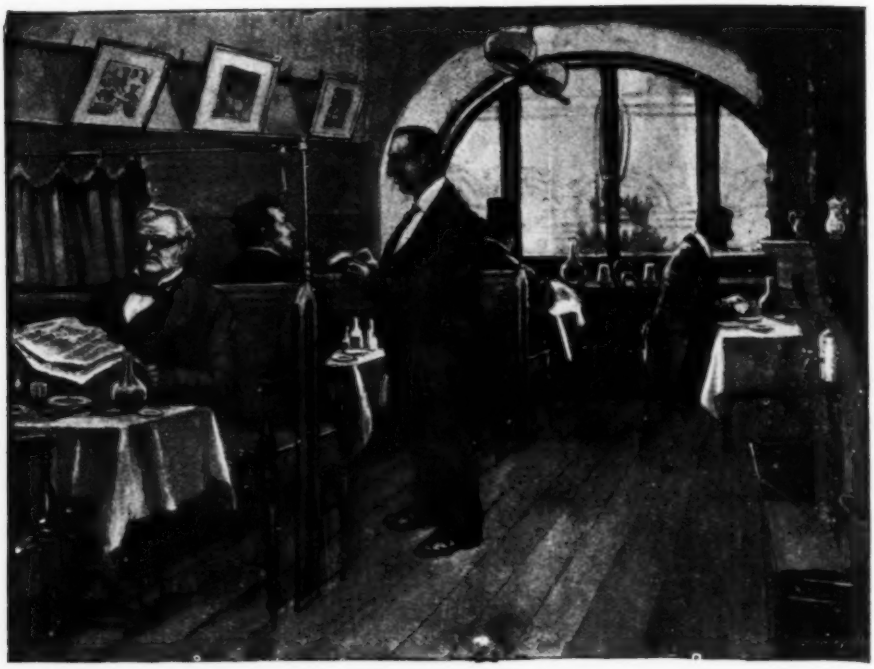


THE "CHESHIRE CHEESE."

in their time the thirst of a full generation.

If you be new to London, and eager to make a name in literature—having not yet condescended to the inevitable state of being contented, so long as you can make a living in journalism—you will assuredly visit the "Cheese," and gaze with a greater or less degree of

of pious Americans seem to hold the freehold of it. When they have finished feeding they fill a long clay pipe with tobacco, and smoke it with something of the air of those who take part in a religious ceremony; and when that is duly ended, they go away happily, taking the pipe with them as a sort of relic of the Doctor.



THE FIRST FLOOR AT THE "COCK"

If the "Cheese" can boast its Johnson, and its waiter immortalised in paint, the "Cock" is proud of the fact that Tennyson found its plump head waiter worthy to become the subject of a poem. But the "Cock" has seen changes since Tennyson visited it, and found its atmosphere inspiring. The New Law Courts compelled it to quit its ancient position on the north side of Fleet Street, to cross the road, and move east a little. And probably in the age when he was used to feed in taverns, the wonderful cock, carved by Grinling Gibbons, still served to attract the attention of the passer-by. Only the old wooden boxes, in which you sit to eat, and a fine old carved mantel-piece, remain to keep up the continuity of the history of the place.

Not that the "Cock" has any particular regard for the whims of the man who passes to-day and to-morrow does not return. Its doors are closed at nine o'clock, or thereabouts, and people who want to sup after the theatre must needs betake themselves to some other place; while on Sundays even the man who is more or less compelled to live close to Fleet Street—alone, perhaps, and in bachelor chambers—can find no sustenance here.

Another fact may be noted of these two taverns: the tired men who go to them for food are not often disturbed by the intrusion of femininity. You may say of Fleet Street, that it is a busy little town in the midst of London, where those who have dwelt or worked in it for a time have as distinct a place as if they lived in some small provincial town. And, just as the placid, every day life of a provincial town or village is disturbed and broken up upon occasions—as by the visit of royalty, or the passing through it of a regiment of gaily-dressed cavalry—so are the denizens of Fleet Street broken in upon sometimes by all the discommoding stir which attends a Lord Mayor's Show, or other pageant of that kind.

On such occasions the window of the "Cock" has its attractions as a point of vantage, and you may see ladies lunching there with their escorts. But usually it is true of these two taverns that they are places where men dine or lunch in the company of men, arrangements being such as to impress upon the customer the feeling that, though he is a bachelor, and not eating in his own home, he is at least taking his ease in his own inn.

Pictorial Incidents.







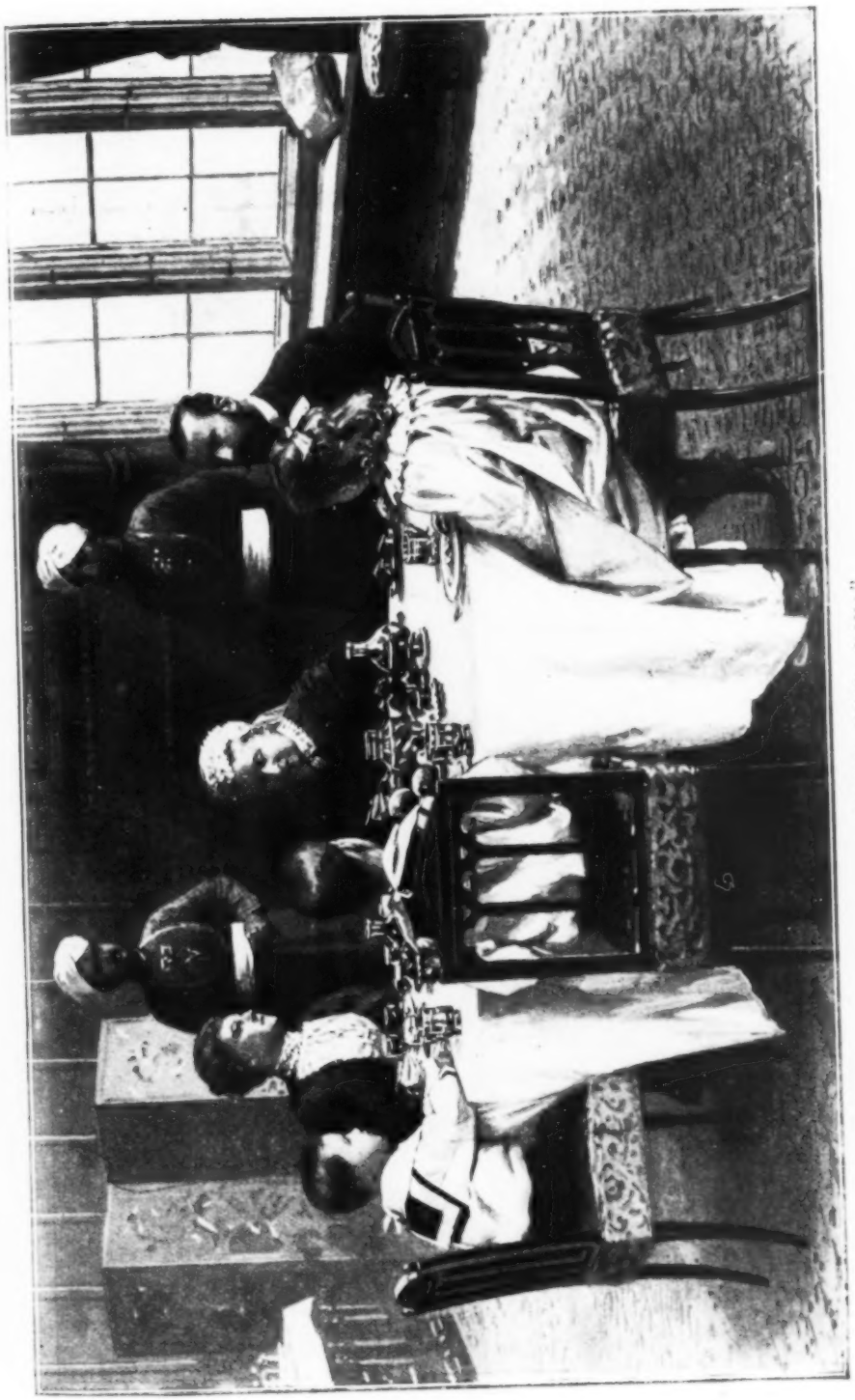
ASHANTEE CAMPAIGN

SNAPSHOTS TAKEN ON THE MARCH



THE ROYAL WIDOWS AT PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG'S FUNERAL

DRAWN BY J. FINNEMORE FROM A SKETCH BY T. W. WILSON, R.I.



"DEAR DEAD DAYS."

ROYAL LUNCH PARTY AT WINDSOR. PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LIFE BY MAYSTES



GRAVE OF JAMESON'S MEN ON THE BATTLEFIELD

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DUFFUS BROTHERS, JOHANNESBURG



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT KRUGER

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BUTTUS BROTHERS, JOHANNESBURG





OLD DANCES REVIVED AT THE PARIS OPERA HOUSE



"A WOMAN who seeks freedom by means of the modern method of independence is generally one who desires to escape from woman's sufferings. She is anxious to avoid subjection, also motherhood, and the dependence and impersonality of an ordinary woman's life, but in doing so she unconsciously deprives herself of her womanliness." So runs part of the preface to *Modern Women* (John Lane), a translation of Laura Marholm Hansson's *Das Buch der Frauen*. Mrs. Hansson, who views life from the complacent standpoint of the happily married woman, argues that not by work alone shall woman find peace. In illustration of her theory she epitomises the lives of the brilliant and short-lived Marie Bashkirtseff, of Sonia Kovalevsky, a Russian renowned for her knowledge of mathematics, of Anne Charlotte Edgun-Leffler, the Swedish advocate of Womans' Rights, and of one or two others. "For them all," she goes on to say, "the day came when they found themselves standing at the door of the heart's innermost sanctuary, and realised that they were excluded. Some of them thrust open the door, entered and became man's once more. Others remained outside and died there. None of them were (*sic*) able to stand alone, as more than one had believed that she could."

Mrs. Hansson's argument is sentimental in many respects; and her instances are not those of women who laboured in the ordinary sense. Her types displayed an extravagance of action and indulged in a frenzy of work—Marie Bashkirtseff pressed into two years the work of seven—that left them physically exhausted, and mentally distrait. No woman need exclude love from her life, even though her position be independent. Honest



labour is the best specific for what our grandmothers styled "the vapours;" and this workaday world is full of busy women who, though they may never have



had a lover, yet live in an atmosphere of love. Women do not seek a career because they desire to escape woman's sufferings. Statistics have taught them that, as Mrs. Stewart Headlam wittily puts it, "there are not enough men to go round." So, in preference to waiting pranked out for tardy suitors, they busy themselves over some wholesome employment. Later, should men come a-wooing, they find more able wives; if not, the women have compassed interests of their own, and have contented themselves therewith. Work is one of Nature's beautifiers. In the latest *Yellow Book* George Gissing sketches vividly a morbid girl who moped away her years in a cheap boarding-house, till poverty compelled her to discover her metier in domestic drudgery; and he writes forcibly of the marvellous improvement toil speedily wrought in her appearance.

Mrs. Hansson discourses largely of George Egerton, whose *Keynotes* inspires her with intense admiration. But she elects, somewhat rashly, to judge George Egerton's personality mainly from photographs. She describes her as having "a delicate, rather sharp-featured profile, with a long, somewhat prominent chin that gives one an idea of yearning. A slender, girlish figure, with narrow shoulders, and a waist if anything rather too small; a tired, worn face, without youth and full of disillusions; the hair looks as though restless fingers had been passed through it, and there is a bitter, hopeless expression about the lines of the mouth." She also accounts her "a worried, disappointed woman, with overwrought and excitable nerves, sceptical in the possibility of content, a seeker for whom the charm lies in the seeking, not in the finding. She is a type of the modern woman, whose inmost being is the essence of disillusion." Herein Mrs. Hansson seems obviously unfair. Of George Egerton, save that she is charming, I know naught; but it would not amaze me to discover in her a wife and mother much appreciated. The writings of authors are not necessarily the expressions of their personal experience. I have known most stolid persons indite yards of amorous poetry, and religious men pen sensation novels crammed with crime. One of the jolliest of men composes the saddest music, and Mr. Zangwill, for instance, who views you with the dreamy, mystic eyes of a visionary, "as though you were a tower in the distance" —as poor Miss Jellaby has it—can drive gaily the quill of a gossip. Mrs. Hansson fails to realise that certain temperaments would be discontented under any circumstances. Looking round the circle of your friends, you find that the happiest are not the persons who seem most congenially situated. The cry of the neurotic woman for permission "to live her own life," to expand her soul, comes as surely, and as frequently, from the woman who has too many blessings, as from her less fortunate sister who has too few.

To George Egerton are we indebted for the vivid search-light she has flashed into certain dark places. But what have we not endured from her vast school of imitators? She also has been cruelly victimised, and merits our sympathy. Her female creations, oddly distorted, figure in countless crude romances. The first favourite is the maid who has the courage to think for herself, who is

daringly original, even at school, and who in later years poses as a saint, the while she plays with fire from the pit. The men evolved from the brains of the school are amusing fellows. George Egerton having given her followers but sketchy male outlines, they have been compelled to draw upon their own imaginations. The results are the silliest effigies ever stuffed with straw. For what is perhaps the most hollow mockery of a villain extant turn to Mr. Travers, the cruel husband in *Nobody's Fault*, the latest addition to the "Keynotes Series." He ventures to sneer at his wife, and she promptly leaves him, because he crushes out her individuality; while, deciding to become another's, she talks of a "world which is slowly freeing itself from the chains of prejudice, and of hateful, perverted morality," meaning, of course, marriage. O, Ibsen, in thy name, coupled with that of George Egerton, what wondrous deeds are wrought! In the literature of the "larger latitude," as Mr. Traill says in his exceeding brilliant satire of Mr. Grant Allen's "Hilltop Novel," it is ever "a race between taboo and cannoodle," and cannoodle generally romps in! Yet how rarely have these folks the courage of their opinions. Instead of waiting on earth to reform our conventional world, Grant Allen's hero dissolves into blue vapour, and, leaving no legacy save an odour of violets, returns to the Twenty-Sixth Century, whence he ought never to have emerged. The other day Mr. Morley Roberts wrote an analytical study, called a *Question of Taste*, destined to prove that man is a polygamous animal; and yet the last chapter beheld the hero willingly entering the bonds of matrimony. And Mrs. Travers herself, on the verge of adopting the sanctified form of free-love she advocates, is prevented by fear of her mother's disapproval. Was ever climax more bathetic?

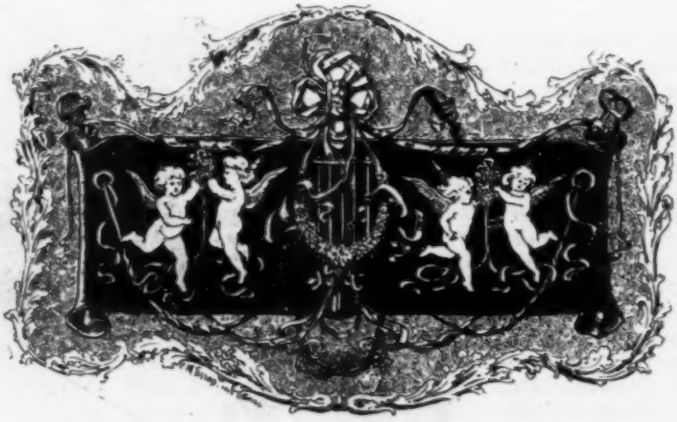


Mrs. Hansson is wise when she says, "The secret of a woman's power has always lain in what she is, rather than in what she does." But I refuse to say with Mrs. Hansson that a woman exerts her influence and charm merely as a wife and a mother. A woman can wield all the attractions of her sex—and the chiefest is purity—though she be a so called "old maid," working hard for her bread. She can possess a home in the best sense of the word, though she live alone in a single hired room, if only she own a contented mind, and if she spend not her time "groaning in distress with the groans of a disappointed woman," after the fashion of the New Heroine. I have heard women demand many things; insist that no longer should they be fettered by household duties: declare sewing and mending a nuisance and waste of time: term cooking an endless bother: urge that husbands ought to share equally in household management. For myself I would not live a day in a house managed by Mr. Babbington-Bright: other men may be differently constituted, but he, I am convinced, would pamper the servants, and get everything into hopeless confusion in less than a week. I have heard clever women argue that in a longed-for future we shall inhabit a sort of glorified barracks, with central kitchen and dungeon. I trust that I may never

see that transformation; anything more workhouse-like it would be impossible to devise. A common tenement wherein we ate, and slept, and worked, while the State brought up our children, is the most ghastly notion yet suggested. And apropos of going off at a tangent to live a fuller, because a more selfish, life, I cannot believe any woman ever deserted husband and home without bitterly regretting her loss. Marriage is good enough for us: we are rarely worthy marriage. Dear old Jeremy Taylor truly says, "Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities and churches, and heaven itself."

It is satisfactory to reflect that the New Novel is but a passing vogue, and that its day is well-nigh done. The permanent in fiction is admirably presented in the "Illustrated Standard Novels" Messrs. Macmillan and Co. are now publishing. In this series you find tales that have stood the test of time, and that are virtually as "live" to-day as they were on their first appearance. T. Love Peacock's *Headlong Hall* and *Nightmare Abbey*, bound together, form the latest volume. Professor Saintsbury furnishes a carefully-written introduction embodying many hints like to be acceptable to them that lack intimate knowledge of literary history. Of the illustrations, which are by H. R. Millar, certain specimens are reproduced in this article through the courtesy of the publishers.

MURIEL BABBINGTON-BRIGHT.





CAUSE AND EFFECT

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY STOKES AND GLOVER, SOUTHAMPTON

The Fashions of the Month.

THE chief point of interest in dress this month is still the sleeve. For many seasons the sleeve has ballooned it gaily above the elbow, and none has sought to limit its riotous extravagance. For a year past, however, it has been slipping slowly, but surely off the shoulder. The head used to be a mere episode between two mountainous sleeves; and when last summer the natural outline of the shoulder was once more shown, it had all the piquancy of a new discovery. Now the aim is to reveal the form of the arm also, and to abolish the artificial outline caused by superficial cloth. The actual tight sleeve is being shown, but is scarce like to regain ground at once. A certain amount of transition and compromise must be gone through first. Perhaps the best compromise is the ruffled sleeve, wherein the extra drapery, instead of idly flapping in the breezes, is gathered in close to the arm. The effect on a thin arm is remarkably pretty, and a chiffon sleeve ruffled over a plain tight silk one is dainty in the extreme. White chiffon over pale pink silk, for instance, is exquisite. Another method is to allow the fulness of the sleeve to fall loosely (unsupported by internal stiffening) from shoulder to elbow, but this kind of sleeve requires considerable manipulation, and on the average woman is merely limp. Sometimes a full sleeve is tied in with ribbons, or has a bow firmly set in its fulness to keep it down; but these are but miserable compromises, and all with pretentions to taste despise them. It is to be noted that several of the gowns worn at the Dublin Drawing-Rooms had sleeves caught in on the outside of the arm, just where they were formerly encouraged to stand out. Chiffon and net sleeves, made à la butterfly and caught together with a jewel, look very well. For evening dress another method is to allow the sleeve to puff out suddenly in one place and then knot itself close to the arm elsewhere. Of course it is essential in new evening dresses that the sleeve should reveal the shoulder, and that the bodice should connect itself back and front by shoulder-straps, floral, jewelled, or embroidered. At a recent wedding the shoulder-straps consisted of trails of orange-blossom, and crossed a square yoke of ruffled chiffon over white silk. With a black evening gown, transparent jet shoulder-straps and loose black net sleeves with jet butterflies resting on them looked very well. Embroidered velvet straps are also pretty.

The Princess robe is another novelty enterprising dressmakers are trying to introduce this spring. It blends naturally enough with the tight sleeve. The robe commends itself readily to dressmakers, in that it lessens the popularity of the blouse, which annoys many dressmakers, who say—and truly—that nowadays a woman orders a blouse where formerly she would have ordered a dress. Of course, the "Princess" will not please everybody, since a stout short figure appears at its worst in this wear. For a medium figure, however, a Princess gown of moss-green cloth, with lines of broad black and gold braid crossing the shoulders, converging at the waist, and diverging to the hem of the skirt again, both back and front, is vastly becoming. A pointed vest of dove-grey brocade with its floral device outlined in narrow gold braid, gives a spring-like tone to the gown, and a toque of dove-grey velvet with a brim of green velvet fastening under a diamond buckle, a triplet of soft grey tips at one side, and knots of shaded violets disposed in the usual places accompanies it admirably. The sleeves are not tight, but fall very flat from the shoulders, droop loosely over the elbow, whence a tight sleeve emerges and continues to the wrist.

Our first illustration shows a pretty spring walking-costume in the familiar

*** *Patterns of the Costumes which appear in these pages will be forwarded by post airect from the Office of* "THE LUDGATE," *34, Bouverie Street, on the following terms: Cape or Skirt, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Jacket or Bodice, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Whole Costume, 2s.; Do. (cut to measure), 2s. 6d. Full particulars for self-measurement and form of application will usually be found at end of book.*

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SPRING WALKING-COSTUME

but ever delightful combination, black and white. The cape and skirt are of black alpaca, but the quaintly cut revers of the cape are of white satin embroidered in jet sequins and edged with caracule. Of course, the cape should be lined all through with white satin. Blouses of varied sorts could be worn with these, but especially pretty would be one of pink chiné with pink chiffon frills edged with black across the front. A toque of green velvet with a pink chiné ribbon, a paste buckle, and black osprey, would complete this very dainty costume. A strange variation of the sleeve is to make it seem in one with the trimmings of the

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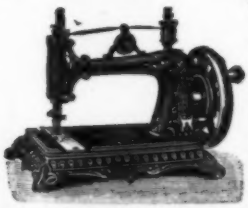
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black satin gown, suitable for a matron. The trimmings are of sequins, the wide revers of white satin, and the broad band of jet insertion across the front is sufficiently open to reveal the tint of the skin.

Yet one more effort is being made to popularise hand-painted garments. Nearly every season they re-appear, but all in vain. They are too expensive and unprofitable ever to become general. A black velvet cape, painted with grey roses, outlined with steel sequins, is pretty; and a grey satin court dress, with a spray of lovely La France roses in one corner of the skirt, is poetic. But the average woman would grieve over the rapidity wherewith these gracious little touches of art would fade and grow dim in the service of fashion.

We hear that brown, and green, and pink "will be" fashionable colours. As a matter of fact, they are fashionable colours, and in these days of variety there are few tints that are not fashionable. Greens, however, are inexhaustible, and each day we seem to come across some new and delightful shade of this incomparable colour. Simple, yet delicious for Spring, are a dark grey coat and skirt and a vest or blouse of lettuce-green chiné. A delicious evening-gown is of green — the shade of the early pea—satin, with a stomacher all sewn with golden blossoms, pearl stars, and gold and crystal beads. It has a tucker of point lace, and in the middle of each soft green satin sleeve is set a point lace butterfly, with a jewelled body and diamond eyes.

Why is there so little originality in fans? Even in "hand-painted" fans we get nothing more than the ever faithful flower, or the ubiquitous cupid, swinging in space at the end of a twist of ribbon. It has been suggested that white silk and gauze fans, with a little landscape painted in one corner, would be a pretty variation. The exquisite Spanish fans shown in the New Gallery this spring should be an inspiration to fan-makers. The rich and exquisite variety shown in device and workmanship of the sticks alone should be a revelation to them. But in this degenerate century we think too little of the fan. A genuinely good fan will befit many gowns and be an heirloom and a treasure for generations. For a prize offered not long ago by the Fanmakers' Company only seven decently painted fans were submitted, and of these the most original was a green moiré fan with a bunch of daffodils painted on it. The daffodil is an excellent flower, but can any one say that, regarded as a decoration, it is new? Besides, how few gowns could bear the company of this particular fan.



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Contributions, marked "Prize Competitions," and bearing the name and address of the sender, must reach the Ludgate Offices, 34, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C., by the 25th of March; and the prize-winners will be announced in the May Number.

The Editor reserves the right to publish any of the Contributions, though, as a rule, only those that take prizes, or are commended, will be given. He also reserves the right to withhold the medal in any section where none of the contributions is worthy of publication. Every effort will be made to return unsuccessful MSS, Drawings, and Photographs, where stamps are sent for the purpose, though no guarantee can be given on the subject.

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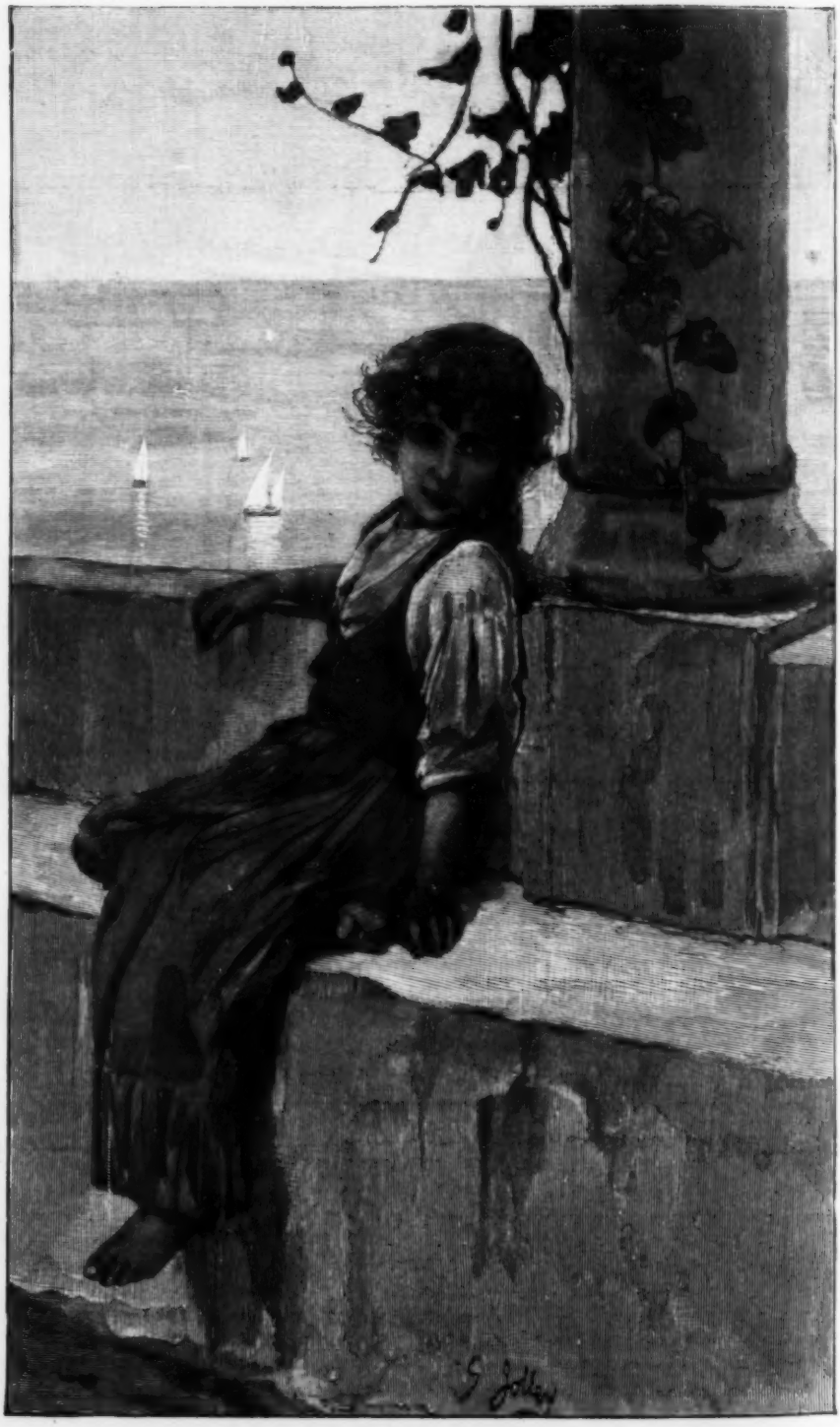
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A LITTLE DANCING GIRL



A SOUTHERN SPRING

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CAPTAIN JACOBUS.

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By L. Cope Cornford.



ILLUSTRATED BY ENOCH WARD

SUMMARY.

Anthony Langford, being compelled to flee his home near Salisbury by the machinations of one, Manning, an unsuccessful rival in love, joins Captain Jacobus, a Royalist conspirator, who has warned him. Nick Armorer, lieutenant of Jacobus, lies a prisoner in London for stealing the mails. The two companions set out to rescue him. In Winchester they come on Cromwell, and Jacobus makes a mad and unsuccessful attempt to stop his coach and rob him. At Farnham they fall in at their inn with two beautiful ladies who bid them to supper and entreat them very kindly, for the King's sake. The next day they ride on to Guildford, rescuing the two ladies, who have preceded them, from the hands of a highwayman. They sleep that night at the Globe Tavern, in Fleet Street. Nick Armorer lies in Newgate, and is to die at once. Jacobus, however, manages to drug the Bellman of St. Sepulchre's—an official who goes beneath the condemned cell on the last night of a prisoner's life and warns him to repent—personates him, and so hands to Armorer the means of making his escape. He also arranges for the procuring of £1,000 from the Commonwealth by means of a forged draft. Notwithstanding the subsequent treachery of their entertainers these plans come to a successful issue, and Jacobus and his friend ride off to interview the Earl of Rochester at his lodging in Whitehall, there to hand over the spoil. It is now necessary that someone shall take mails to the King, and Anthony Langford volunteers for the work and crosses to Flushing.

CHAPTER X.

A KING IN EXILE.

BEFORE quitting the harbour, I turned to see "the last of my sea-sorrow," to filch a pretty phrase of Mr. Shakespeare's. The *Silver Spray* lay moored against the weed-encrusted timbers of the rude landing-stage, her red sails furled, her ropes and spars graven upon the bright sky. But she

was shorn of glamour in my regard: the mystery of deep-sea voyaging had resolved itself (for the time) into experience so shocking that I shuddered to recall it: and I bade farewell to the *Silver Spray* as to a sentient being whose acquaintance was more disastrous than desirable.

It was about five in the evening when I left the quays to discover the tavern of the Sign of the City of Rouen. The low sun shone full in my eyes, so that I discerned the ornamented, step-gabled buildings, and the strange figures and taking costumes of the Dutch people through a kind of magical splendour: the new, foreign taste of the air struck mighty agreeably upon my senses: and I walked along in a pleasant dream. The Earl of Rochester had directed me precisely to the inn: and I presently came upon it in a square market-place, planted with trees and gay with the awnings of the hucksters' booths. The City of Rouen was a tall building of carven stone, with a projecting porch upheld by caryatid demons, very fantastically wrought: over the portal was a stone cartouche bearing the cognisance cut in basso-relievo: the towers and ramparts of an ancient Gothic city as if beheld from above, the lines all awry according to the manner of old pictures. Two or three rosy, buxom nymphs, very bravely apparelled in black velvet bodices embroidered with gold and silver, gay flowered skirts, and winged white caps set with bright coins, were chattering and laughing about the entrance. One stepped forward with a curtsey, and addressed me in the Dutch language, to which I replied, in English, desiring to be taken to Sir John Mennes and Mr. Nicholas. My damsel caught at the names and led me up a wide stone stair to an upper room, where I found the gentlemen at dinner. They rose to greet me as I entered: and when salutations had passed, invited me to join them.

Sir John was a trim-built, blue-eyed man of thirty-five or so, with a yellow moustache and hair thinning somewhat on the top: Mr. Nicholas, son to the King's secretary, was a tall, grave, clean-shaven young man of an austere demeanour.

"We are mightily glad to see you, Mr. Langford," said Sir John. "And you bring us good news, I doubt not."

"So far as it goes," I answered, "for the pinch is yet to come:" and I told them the posture of affairs.

"Why the devil," broke out Sir John, "is Oliver not pistolled long since? For the life o' me, I cannot understand it. Here is a scurvy militia-captain grinding the whole country under his heel, all the people hating him like witch-craft—Royalists, Anabaptists, Fifth Monarchy men, Republicans and Catholics, all his sworn enemies—yet not a man of them can touch him!"

"His time is not yet come, as he might say himself," quoth Nicholas.

"Another thing," cried Sir John, with a scowling, nasal vehemence, his head upon one side, which I found to be his habit, "why is the King so backward in the plots for his own restoration? You would say he did not care, almost. There's not a man about the Court that isn't neck-deep and fever-hot in caballings and red conspiracies—except the King! Then one party out-plots another party, and so they come to blows, and six days out of seven the whole place is by the ears. Of course, so it must be, unless his Majesty takes hold. And why does he not? This business of Penruddock's is the first he hath stirred in: and that only as an excuse to get away from Cologne for awhile, I do verily believe," concluded Sir John, with a salvo of oaths.

"'Tis a better politician than us all, never doubt that, Sir John," said Nicholas.

"Well, it seems mighty odd to me," returned the other.

Whereupon, over the wine, we plunged into a lengthy argument, which, like such disputations, led nowhither, and left us all a trifle heated and self-important. As for me, when I went to bed that night, rejoicing in down pillows and fine lavender-scented linen, I was in some conceit with myself. I felt that I was playing no small part in the world: moving amid great destinies. I was a person to be reckoned with, a man of momentous experience, strangely removed from the unsophisticated boy who used to ride to and fro from Langford to Salisbury a long time ago. Then the remembrance, never lulled for long, of one sitting desolate in that city awoke within me; and my savoury imaginings turned bitter as ashes in my mouth.

By sunrise the next morning I was riding out of Flushing, my valise strapped

upon the crupper. Sir John Mennes rode with me. Mr. Nicholas, who stayed at the City of Rouen to be at hand in case further tidings should arrive, lent me his horse. Our way lay along the dikes, the sea upon the one hand, and on the other the fair, pied plain stretching away as flat as a table to a wind-bent fringe of poplars. Under the vast grey hollow of the sky the colours of the fishing-boats on the grey sea, and the hues of the spring landscape, bore a freshness like wet paint, very alluring to the eye, and such as I have never seen in England. About half-way to Middelburgh we stopped to drink a tankard of excellent ale at a little, pretty inn, standing solitary and half-hidden among the sand-dunes, with a bloom like a peach upon its ancient stonework and steep-tiled roofs. As we rode to the door I glanced up by chance and caught a glimpse of a face peering from an upper window. It was gone in a twinkling, and before I could distinguish the features. I thought little of it at the time, but the afterclap brought the circumstance to mind.

Within an hour after quitting the wayside inn we were riding along the humming quays of Middelburgh. A carillon from the Abbey tower that overlapped the roofs rose and fell in a silver fountain of cadences: great bluff galleons were lading and unlading with all manner of merchandise: the street was thronged with the alert cheery Hogan-Mogans: and methought I had never beheld a town so clean, thriving, and sumptuous. Stopping presently at a tall house of rich appearance Sir John dismounted, and giving me his bridle, knocked upon the door. He was admitted by a serving-man bearing the Ormond badge: and I was left to endure some of the longest minutes of my existence. For I, Anthony Langford, was about to hold audience face to face with the King his Majesty: the thought seemed to dissolve my inwards: my vision blurred, and I could hear my heart beating.

When Sir John at last returned with the lacquey, who took the horses, he must have apprehended my distress.

"What, man!" he cried. "Take heart of grace. His Majesty is a very pleasant gentleman: he waits for you now. . . Y'are forgetting your mails, are you not?"

In truth, I think I had forgotten my own name: but so soon as we had fairly entered the room where was the King, my composure returned to me in some measure. I saw a stately gentleman with great dark eyes under black arching brows, and a wide, full-lipped mouth: his expression was at once melancholy and whimsical. Sir John Mennes presented me to his Majesty, who greeted me with a smiling manner of easy courtesy, giving me his hand to kiss.

"I do remember your father, Mr. Langford," said the King. "He unhappily lost his life in the King my father's service—in the affair at Alresford, was it not? And his son, it seems, is bent upon treading that same perilous path of loyalty!"

"'Tis the road to honour, sire," I answered.

"And to red herrings in exile, by your leave, Mr. Langford: to present pinching, and a future dark and problematical," returned the King, cheerfully. "Well, sir, to the business in hand. Is all in readiness for the date appointed?"

"The date? what date, sire?" I stammered, taken aback.

"The eighteenth of April, man. Did not my express reach my lord of Rochester?" asked his Majesty, with some impatience.

The words struck upon my hearing like a knell: my wedding-day had been fixed for that day: and murmuring in my confusion that I had not heard—doubtless 'twas all contained in the mails I had the honour to bring—unstrapped my valise, set the bags of gold upon the table, and, kneeling, presented the Earl of Rochester's despatch. The King broke the seal and hastily perused the letter.

"Ah, the bowls run their old bias, I do perceive! Contrary winds—messenger delayed—plans disordered," said his Majesty, looking up and addressing Sir John Mennes and another gentleman (the Marquis of Ormond, as I discovered afterwards), who seemed to be in attendance upon the King.

The Marquis swore blasphemously, and began a question: but the King held up his slender, jewelled hand, and continued reading. His Majesty was leaning against the stone mullion of the great window, the casement of which stood open: beyond his swarthy

profile rose a far prospect of sea, melting into pearly mist and studded with slanting red sails: and a fancy came across me, that Charles Second, loitering thus upon the shore of the dividing main, stood but at a pause in his destinies: and that some day, be it soon or be it late, he should embark upon a flowing tide, and carry sail till the cordage cracked in a fair wind that should bear him to a golden restoration.

"And so you have been riding with Captain Jacobus, Mr. Langford," said the King, when he had finished the mail. "You shall tell me of your adventures over a bottle before we part. Odso! The King's gentlemen spend merrier days than his long-suffering Majesty. If I were to take the road and wreak a little private vengeance on the roundheads, there would be a pretty hue-and-cry, and God's vicegerent would be cut off incontinent in his prime of manhood! . . . Do you know aught of a certain Mr. John Manning, Mr. Langford?" asked his Majesty, suddenly, to my surprise.

"I know him well, sire," I answered.

"And where is he now?" asked the King, looking at me.

I replied that I knew naught of his movements, save that he had left Salisbury some weeks since.

"Why did he leave?" asked the King.

I hesitated. "Well, the truth of it is, we had a little disagreement, sire," I said.

"About what?" persisted his Majesty, curiously.

"A piece of a lawsuit," said I.

"A piece of a ——?" repeated the King, with an indescribable accent. "Why, very well, Mr. Langford," he went on. "You must forgive me this particularity: for the truth of it is this Manning has much to do with the business in hand. You would say he is a loyal gentleman?"

"I know of nought to the contrary, sire," I answered: and no more did I: nor had I sufficient justification to formulate my vague suspicions.

"The matter, then, stands thus," the King went on. "You must be well aware, Mr. Langford, that our exchequer, in these unhappy times, is totally empty. In fact, sir, there *is* no exchequer: and the privy purse would be in an ill way had you not been so good, I see, as to act convoy to supplies. Now, my Lord Wilmot tells me that our incomparable Jacobus has placed in his hands a large sum: [I cannot at all imagine how he came by it—you shall enlighten me presently, Mr. Langford] yet there are the troops of the North as well as those of the South to pay, and this cannot suffice. Whereupon Mr. Manning obligingly comes to our assistance—with this magical prescription:" and the King took a folded paper from his breast and handed it to me. Upon the inside of the paper were three impressions of an antique head in white wax. "Each of these seals, saith Manning, represents one thousand broad pieces," pursued his Majesty, "which will immediately be given to any person presenting the token at a certain house in Salisbury, upon the condition that the city is first in the hands of the Royalists. The house in question—correct me if I am wrong, Marquis—the house in question stands three doors from the Poultry Cross in the market-place, upon the left hand looking north. Why, man, what has taken thee?" demanded my royal instructor, breaking off.

For I stood bewildered: the King had described the place of Mayor Phelps's abode. It was indeed possible that Mr. Phelps, wealthy, Royalist at heart, and cognisant of the projected rising, had, in my absence, planned such a scheme with Manning: yet I could not think it likely: and it flashed across me, adding to my confusion, that the sum named coincided with the amount of Barbara's dowry. But, again, supposing that Manning were playing for his own hand, it outwent my wit to imagine how such method could serve his end: and yet, the affair smelled of treason.

I looked up helplessly. The King was whistling a dance tune through his teeth, with his eyes upon my face.

"If you have aught in your mind, Mr. Langford," said he gravely, "prithee speak it out. 'Tis a matter that concerns the State;" and I straightway resolved to tell the whole truth.

"I crave your pardon, sire. I know the house, which is that of Mr. Phelps, Mayor of the city, a staunch man and well affected to your Majesty. I would put my hand in the fire for Richard Phelps. Yet I own I have a doubt upon the matter, for the last time I saw Mr. Manning, when we were both upon a visit to the house, he parted from Mr.



"I THOUGHT WE SHOULD ARRIVE AT THE LADY"

Phelps in anger: and soon afterwards he quitted Salisbury, nor have I seen him since—although, of course, he might have returned since my own departure from the city."

"And the quarrel with this worthy Mr. Phelps of whom you speak—was that upon a piece of a—ay, a piece of a lawsuit, also?" asked his Majesty, gently.

I felt my ears grow hot: but there was no help for it: I had to clear the hedge.

"The plain truth of it is, sire, Mr. Manning and myself were both suitors for the hand of Mr. Phelps his daughter: and she preferred—for all I know—the worser man. Mr. Manning, as was very natural, felt himself a little slighted: there were some hasty words passed: and that is the whole of the matter."

His Majesty chuckled, and the two gentlemen laughed outright.

"I thought we should arrive at the lady before we had done," observed the King. "I begin to have a glimmering of the case, Mr. Langford. Prithee proceed."

"There is no more to say, your Majesty, save that soon after the Parliament confiscated my estates and would have laid me by the heels, had not Captain Jacobus warned me. Then I took the road with the Captain, 'listed myself as volunteer under Colonel Penruddock, and—and so here I am, your Majesty," I concluded lamely.

"Ay, ay," said the King, kindly. "Well, better days will come, man. As to this Manning—where is Mr. Manning at this time, Sir John?"

"Two days agone he came spurring to the City of Rouen," replied Sir John Mennes. "He would have pulled the house about our ears, because we would not tell him where to find your Majesty. He took it very much upon the huff at last, and rode off swearing hotly that were your Majesty this side o' the water he would unearth you at last. 'His father's blood boiled within him,' quoth he, 'and kept him from sleep,' to think on such a campaign going forward without him," added Sir John, drily.

The King shrugged his shoulders, with a whimsical twist of countenance.

"My friends are so zealous," said he. "Never monarch had such friends, I do verily believe:" and taking his chin in his hands, his Majesty appeared to muse.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, after a pause, "we must e'en hazard it, and the event will be as it must. You will take this paper with the three seals, Mr. Langford, to Colonel Penruddock—no, stay!—to Captain Jacobus. 'Tis an adventure to fit Jacobus. Tell the Captain what to do with it, but say nothing to Penruddock, nor to anyone. Then, if the treasure resolve itself into a mare's-nest, no one will be disappointed, and I'll warrant Jacobus will not be a loser in the transaction: while if there are three thousand pounds to be gained, Jacobus is the man for the job. Salisbury, then, is the point of attack: you are to carry my commands to Colonel Sir John Penruddock and Sir Joseph Wagstaff to march upon Salisbury immediately, and thence advance on London. Or, if it is better in their judgment to make further inroads upon the West Country before approaching London, let them do so. That must depend upon Sir Marmaduke Darcy and the North Countrymen, of whom Rochester will doubtless send us tidings. Now, have you the message perfectly in your mind, Mr. Langford?"

"Perfectly, sire."

"You will then embark this afternoon upon the *Saint Gabriel*, a little ship belonging to my friend Mr. Francis Mansel, of Lyme Regis: and upon landing at that port, ride post to headquarters. As to Captain Jacobus——"

"I am to meet the Captain at Lyme, an it please your Majesty."

"Why, very well, then there is a piece of business well concluded," said the King, briskly, with an air of relief, so that I wondered, with Sir John Mennes, at his Majesty's indifferent demeanour, when the gain of a kingdom hung in the balance.

His Majesty then graciously invited Sir John and myself to a collation: and going before us into a room below-stairs giving on the garden, presented us to his host and hostess. The master of the house was a round, bald-headed Dutchman, with a benign countenance and bristling, up-brushed mustachios: his wife was an English lady, very grandly dressed and very demure: to whom his Majesty, methought, paid somewhat marked attention. When the cloth was drawn, and my lady, with a curtsey, gone from the room, we took our wine into the garden: a trim enclosure with red and yellow sanded

walks, and fantastical patches of tulips guarded by full-blown leaden Cupids with bended bows.

Here the King made me rehearse the tale of my adventures, whereat his Majesty was mighty entertained. So soon as I had come to an end, 'twas time for me to start. As I knelt to take my leave, the jovial King—rocking a little on his feet, for the Dutchman's French wine was very potent—took a riband from his doublet from which a gold ring depended, and placed it round my neck.

"If time and chance decree that we meet not again, although I hope we may, Mr. Langford, this trinket may remind you of a merry meeting," said the King. "A good voyage to you, sir."

CHAPTER XI.

THE FRENCH GENTLEMAN WITH RED HAIR.

THE grey of the morning had turned to gold in the afternoon: and upon quitting the King's lodging, accompanied by Sir John Mennes, I walked along the plangent quays, between the tall, shining houses and the glittering sea, in a glory of sunlight, my head humming with excitement and the wine. The *Saint Gabriel* was a fore-and-aft rigged craft with foremast and mizzen, which lay by the wharf at the King's disposal in case of need: we boarded her, and took order for my passage: and, the master informing us that we could not sail until the ebb two hours hence, Sir John and I went ashore again to pass the time. My companion, I remember, entertained me with many witty and not over-delicate stories, which I forgot so soon as he had uttered them: and it seemed but a few minutes (in my dazed and happy condition), before I was aboard again, the sails drawing, and Sir John Mennes, perilously near the quay-edge, waving his plumed hat, and shouting ribald farewells.

The vessel slipped smoothly through the water before a soldiers' breeze: and I watched the houses and spires shrinking, until, with the setting sun flashing upon the windows, the city looked like a jewelled toy dropt upon the sand-bank: when I became aware that I was not the only passenger aboard. A tall man in a slouched hat, a good deal muffled about the neck, stood by the cook's galley, smoking a cigarro, the scent of which, extremely nauseating to an unstable sailor, first drew my notice to him. He was clean shaven and tanned as black as an Egyptian: with an odd combination, dark eyes and red hair, that took my fancy. My gentleman was staring at me, as I at him: and I thought it only civil to cross the deck and salute him.

"Give you good-den, sir," I said, bowing as well as I could for the ship.

The stranger shook his head, smiled, removed his hat with a large gesture, and said something in French, of which language I have no skill. There was clearly no more to be done: so with another congee, I left the foreigner to himself; and the breeze freshening as the sun went down, sickness came heavily upon me, and I went and lay down in my bunk. All that night the pains of hell gat hold upon me, and I lay on my back, groaning, helpless, and in total darkness. It must have been close on midnight, when a last horror came upon me. I felt light cold touches as of fingers, or rats' feet, passing over my face and breast: but I could not lift hand or foot in my defence; and so far gone was I, that I suffered the terror with a kind of indifference. Presently the visitation ceased; and when morning came, and I revived somewhat, I put it down to rats, or a trick of imagination, and thought no more of it. At any rate, if it were the Frenchman, or a thief of any sort, he had taken nothing from my pocket; for the paper with the three seals and the King's gift were safe where I had placed them.

All that day and night, and the day following, we fled before a favourable wind: but the pitching of that little cock-boat wrought such sore disruption in my inwards that I held no further commerce with the red-haired stranger, and little enough with anyone, being glad to roll myself in my cloak, and snatch a dog-sleep in the sun, whenever I felt a trifle better; yet I contracted a violent hatred of the man, for that he would be always smoking his cursed cigarro to windward of me.

Upon the evening of the second day, we moored alongside the Cobb of Lyme

(for so the natives name the curving harbour wall), and taking my valise in hand, I set out directly for Lyme Regis Church, where Captain Jacobus had appointed to meet me. The blunt grey building was plain to see from the Cobb, standing above the stepped roofs of the houses where they climbed the hill-side, the chequered fields behind, green and brown, rising into the pale sky. At first the solid ground seemed to heave beneath my feet as I walked, but presently subsided somewhat. I was glad to be ashore again, tramping the solid earth, with the breeze from landward blowing country odours in my face. Upon entering the churchyard, I marked the figure of the Captain perched on a great square tombstone, gazing out to sea, where was a conflagration of sunset like the burning of a city. His back was towards me, and the smoke of his pipe floated in whorls about him.

Treading softly among the long grass and the graves, I clapped a hand upon his shoulder.

"In the King's name!" I cried.

Jacobus leaped to his feet with an oath, and attempted instantly to cover his surprise in hearty greetings.

"I have been," he said when they were done, "awaiting you in this accursed graveyard two days and a night, Anthony;" and I thought he looked mighty weary about the eyes, "all alone among the dead mariners, till I began to think I had died myself without knowing it. And the wind crying in my ears the while something I could never put words to: and the sea awash below, and the gulls calling and flying close, and looking into my eyes. . . And if I fell asleep in the sun there was always a stirring and a rustling, and when I awoke something gray and thin I could never rightly see flitting behind the tombs. And in the night . . . I tell you, boy, I believe the drowned men come up out o' the deep o' nights in troops. Why should they not? Answer me that. Dead is not dead—not as we think. 'Sblood! Anthony, these buried mariners are not dead enough for me!" said Jacobus, stamping on the ground so that his spur rang. "Another night, and I should ha' talked with them face to face."

He spoke quite simply and quietly, looking gravely at me the while, although a certain terror lay evidently behind his words. Of all men in the world I should least have suspected the Captain of a superstitious seizure; and a foolish shiver ran down my back as I listened.

"Why the devil, then," I cried, "do you hold tryst in a graveyard? Faith! next time you shall sail the salt seas, and I will abide among the tombs. It may be unhealthy, but, body o' me! 'tis the Garden of Eden compared with the belly of a ship. For God's sake, man, come and dine. I have had no food for two days and two nights."

"Why, you look a trifle tallowy and gaunt," observed Jacobus, with a sudden return to his wonted manner. "I can pick a bit myself. Come down to the Blue Garland."

Arm-in-arm we turned our backs upon the bleak shadows of the windy graveyard, and marched down the steep street in the shrewd spring twilight to the principal inn, where Jacobus, quite himself again, ordered everything in the house to be prepared instantly. Then I recounted all that had befallen since we parted. The Captain listened with the most lively attention, interjecting questions and caustic observations.

"Y'have done very well, my son," he observed, when I had concluded. "Ye have made his Majesty your friend, and, mark me, the King will be a trump card presently. We may not win this round, nor the next; but meanwhile, remember, Oliver ripens fast for hell. As to your friend Manning, I like him not, Anthony. He is too sweet and plausible a gentleman: people are not made so. Charlie Stuart did very right to send the paper of seals to me. To-morrow at sun-up, then, I will ride to Colonel Penruddock at Compton Chamberlain, while you strike out for the Hampshire contingent; both regiments to muster at Salisbury two days hence, on second April."

"Why, the Chief Justice and the judges will be on circuit in the city, now I bethink me," I said.

"So much the worse for them," remarked Jacobus, "and the better for us. 'Twill shew the country we care nought for rebel administrations. My Lord Protector will be vastly pleased when he hears of his right worshipful justices all a-row kicking heels in hemp."

We were sitting over our wine by this time. Although there remained no trace in the Captain's bearing of his singular lapse in the churchyard, yet

there lurked the hint of a question in his glance, a tincture of doubt in his manner. I knew what he would be at: a man of his mould would sooner be torn in pieces than stoop to explain or to condone his own momentary weakness: while vanity pricked him to discover whether I thought the less of him for such an exhibition; and I cast about how to ease his mind.

"You were speaking of spiritual visitations but now," I began, at a pause in the conversation. Jacobus looked up suspiciously. "Well, I do not rate myself a coward, but I suffered an experience on ship-board that sucked me out the very dregs of courage. I do not shame to say it, and yet it was a very trifling affair, when all's told. I suppose there is no man ever lived that terror has not gripped his entrails, at one time or another. Do you not think so yourself, Captain?"

"Why, yes," said Jacobus, indifferently, "and what kind of a demon laid his claws upon you, Anthony?"

I told him of the prying fingers that touched me when I lay sick and helpless in my berth: and he said it was a strange thing: and thereupon passed to discussion of our plan of action. But I noted that he regarded me now with a restful eye.

It was arranged that if, directly upon my arrival at Salisbury, Penruddock's force held the city, I should proceed to the house of Mayor Phelps: and that if Jacobus were not there, I should seek him in the Beggars' Chapel in Grovely Wood. If Penruddock had not arrived before me, I was still to proceed to Mayor Phelps's; where, if I did not find the Captain, I was to await him. Jacobus had brought my grey gelding, the gift of pretty Mrs. Beatrix, and stabled him with his own horse. The mention of the nags reminded him that we should go and see how they did before we went to bed; and he hallo'd for a lanthorn. The landlord, a blue-faced, crapulous person, brought it himself.

"Does this gentleman sleep here to-night, sir?" he enquired of the Captain.

"What do you mean by that?"



"HIS BACK WAS TOWARDS ME"

returned Jacobus, sharply. "Did I not bespeak a room for Mr. Langford three days agone?"

"Mr. Langford," said the man, staring angrily at me. "Which is Mr. Langford, then? Are there two Mr. Langfords? Or have I been made a fool of?"

"Go to," said Jacobus. "Y'are drunk. This is Mr. Langford, sot. What the devil are you talking about?"

A ridiculous bewilderment crept upon the landlord's shaggy visage. "Why, then, I have been made a fool of," said he helplessly. "And the nag gone too. As God's-my-life, 'twas no fault of mine, sirs. The gentleman looked a gentleman, sure enough, and——"

"Just tell the story, if you please," said Jacobus, sternly. He was sitting upon the table, swinging a leg, according to his habit. The bulky landlord stood quaking before him like a school-boy at fault, the great horn stable-lanthorn, smokily alight, dangling from his finger.

"I am telling you, sir," said the miserable man. "'Twas just this way, sirs," looking appealingly at me, "just this way, as I was saying. Just about sun-down — ay, scarce a half-an-hour afore ye come in yourselves, sirs—in marches a great gentleman hot-foot. 'Has a gentleman left a horse here for Mr. Langford?' says he. 'Are you Mr. Langford?' I asked of him, and he stares at me fierce. 'Of course,' he says. 'My service to you, sir,' I says, 'Mr. Simeon'" [the name the Captain had adopted for the nonce]"'brought a led horse along wi' him, 'tis in stable now. Belike 'tis the nag your honour means.' 'What is the beast like?' he asked. 'A grey gelding,' I tells him. 'That's my horse,' quo' he. 'Saddle him quick's you can. Mr. Simeon is awaiting me, is he not,' says he. 'Surely,' I says, 'and I expect him to come in every next moment,' says I, 'for's dinner.' 'Do you so?' says he, 'well, 'tis a mighty pity I cannot wait. Present my compliments to Mr. Simeon, and belike he and I will meet in Salisbury,' says he, and by that time the gelding was brought round, and my gentleman tosses Tom ostler a crown, vaults into saddle, drives spurs in, and off at a cruel hard gallop over t' cobbles."

I broke into a laugh as the man paused with dropped jaw, gazing timorously at Jacobus, who was gnawing his moustachios.

"And why did you not tell me all this before, sirrah?" demanded the Captain, so fiercely that the man gave back a step.

"God forgive me," he whined, "it went clean out o' my head."

"What was the man like? Describe him!" said Jacobus.

"I marked not what he wore," said the man, "but a' had black eyes and red hair, I will swear to 't."

I exclaimed in surprise, but the Captain went on without a pause.

"Look you, dolt," said he, "you tell me there is a nag of mine gone from your stables; well, then, you must make good the loss, and that before to-morrow morning. I have no more to say than that;" and getting leisurely from the table, Jacobus turned his back to the culprit, and spread his fingers to the fire.

"Come now, y'are unreasonable, Mr. Simeon," said the landlord, sullenly. "'Tis all as I have told you. 'Twas no fault o' mine. Anything I can do to convenience the gentleman I will, such as lending him a mount for a stage or so. But to buy another nag—and 'twixt now and sun-up! It can't be done, sirs, and more," he added, encouraged by his own words, "I will not do 't. Ask your pardon, sir, but how do I know the red-haired gentleman and yourself are not acquaint?"

I do not know whether the Captain, finding his will opposed, acted merely from force of habit, forgetting his disguise — for he was posing as Mr. Gabriel Simeon, wool-stapler—or whether his passion for effect overcame all other considerations. However it was, at the innkeeper's last words he turned swiftly upon him, lugging out a pistol, and levelled it at his head.

"Take the door, Anthony," said Jacobus; and I crossed the room and leaned against the panel. I was thus behind the landlord, so that he could not see me striving with laughter.

"Now then, Master Nick-and-Froth," went on the Captain, falling into his professional manner, "I have no time to waste, and (if you will believe me) no more have you. Half-a-minute is not a long time wherein to make ready for death, is it?—especially for a man of your habits. And yet, sirrah, 'tis all you possess unless you give me an undertaking to furnish me a good nag before sunrise. I will take thirty broad pieces

for a bond, meanwhile. Come! I will count the seconds for you: One, two——"

"Sirs! sirs!" cried the man, "will ye do murder? Will ye murder me?"—and I could see the water start and glisten on his temple.

you would of sticking a pig. To resume. Eleven, twelve," and Jacobus counted up to twenty-five, cocking his pistol on the word, when the fellow cried out, with a high, strangling vociferation.

"I will do it," he said; and as the



"YOU MUST MAKE GOOD THE LOSS"

"Seven, eight, nine, ten! One moment, Innkeeper. Y'are thinking I would not dare to shoot you. Do not so deceive yourself. Let me tell you, my friend, that I am a King's man, while you, I take it, are a bloody Roundhead; and I would make no more of killing you, than

Captain lowered his weapon, sobbed out a stream of curses.

"'Tis like the letting of blood—it relieves the heart and veins, and I make a rule to allow it," observed Jacobus to me, as if in apology. "Now I will take the thirty pieces, if you

please," said he, advancing towards the innkeeper.

The light ran coldly down the pistol-barrel: the man turned with an obedient start; and, still carrying the lanthorn, shambled before us into his private den; where he counted out the money in a sullen silence.

The Captain repaid him the amount of the reckoning; and, after seeing that the Captain's horse was cared for, we sat down to finish the bottle.

"The scurvy rogue," said Jacobus. "'Tis amazing how few persons can perceive their manifest obligations save in the throat of a pistol-barrel. And what do you think of our red-haired horse-monger, Mr. Langford?"

"I think his name is Manning," I said, rather shamefacedly.

"O! do you so?" cried Jacobus; "Y'have a most uncommon penetration. I make you my compliments."

"You are to remember," I expostulated, "that the first time I saw him I had but just come from his Majesty's table; and the rest of the voyage I was sick as a dog."

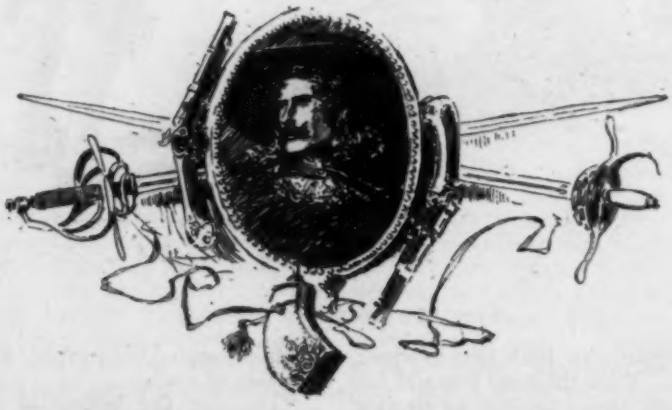
"You were disguised in liquor and he was disguised in a wig, as it were," said the Captain, grinning at his jest. "Now I will read ye your ghostly riddle, Mr. Langford. The spirit's name was Manning, too; and Manning picked your pockets to see if you had the paper of three seals. Manning is brewing a plot, boy, and doubtless thinks himself mighty clever at it. Well, I will have my spoon in the broth before all's done. And if you had but quietly put your iron through the gentleman upon a certain occasion, ye had saved a world of trouble. For a youth of parts, I sometimes think y'are a fool, Anthony."

Indeed, I thought so too. Manning had outwitted me, and was even now galloping to Salisbury upon no one knew what devil's errand; and I believed him capable of the worst crimes. 'Twas doubtless his face I saw at the window of the inn 'twixt Flushing and Middelburgh: he had tracked me like a dog; and, dolt that I was, I could have stabbed myself.

"Let us start to-night, for God's sake, Captain," I said. But Jacobus would not hear of it.

"You do not know what is in front of you, lad. Sleep you must, or you cannot go through with it. Y'are thinking of the girl, I know very well; but content you, she hath her father, hath she not? At any rate, we could never overtake the man. Besides, y'have no horse. A lover's imagination is ever prophesying evil falsely. Go to bed and to sleep, man."

And so I did; for since we could not ride, I found myself deadly wearied.



The Compleat Editor.



THE *Ludgate's* question was addressed to editors and ran as follows: "What is the most important feature in a journal?" Of the answers received two may be mentioned, first because of their brevity, and because they need to be read in the light of much that follows: Mr. Massingham, of the *Daily Chronicle*, and Mr. Ernest Parke, of the *Star*, answer in the same words: "Latest news." Now, if you know the papers in question, you will know that the bearings of that saying lie in the application of it, and what that application should be. If you do not, and still burn to become an editor, read the more detailed communications which are printed hereafter.

The Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, LL.D., editor of the *Bookman* and the *British Weekly*, among various other successful papers and magazines, gives you a good description of the characteristics marking his journals: "In my opinion the most important feature in a journal is paragraphs. Not that a paper can live by paragraphs alone: a certain number of good and interesting articles are indispensable, but unless the element of news is provided, and provided largely, and unless a substantial portion of this news is fresh, I do not think a paper can possibly succeed. The movement in modern journalism has been steadily growing towards the paragraph, as may be easily seen from a comparison between the first number of the *Daily News* and the issues published now. This movement has by no means reached its goal, and it will more and more affect the other parts of newspapers, making articles shorter and rather of an informing than of a didactic kind."

Next comes Mr. F. A. Atkins, of *The Young Man*, *The Young Woman* and *The Home Messenger*, who writes: "It is somewhat difficult to say which is the leading feature in a magazine. Judging by the extent to which the newspapers quote from my magazines I should at once conclude that our Illustrated Interviews and Character Sketches form the most popular feature. But if I chose to be guided by the extent of our correspondence I should have to say that no feature is so widely popular as our Answers to Correspondents. It would be much easier to answer your question if it referred to a weekly paper in which there are *regular* features. For instance, in reading *Black and White* week by week I always begin with 'The Smoking Room;' then I turn to 'The World We Live In;' and after that I read whatever happens to come next. But in a magazine there are few regular features, if any, and therefore a definite reply to your inquiry is almost impossible. But, dealing with the subject in a general way, I should say there can be no doubt that the three leading features are Illustrated Interviews, Short Stories and articles dealing with literature. I am convinced that there is an ever increasing demand for literary articles. In the midst of a busy life many men are quite unable to read and master the greatest books, and so they are thankful to any capable critic who will read the best works, boil them down, get the heart and essence out of them, and then serve up the result in the attractive form of a brief magazine article. I suppose 'The Book of the Week,' has always been the feature of the *Weekly Sun*, and I am bound to say that, in *The Young Man* at all events, nothing appears to have pleased my readers more than papers on great books, when such papers have been written with genuine knowledge, sound sense, and genial sympathy. I know you will say that a man ought to read books instead of magazine articles *about* books, and I fully agree with you. But I believe it is the experience of most publishers that so far from such articles limiting the sale of a book they are the best possible aid to its wider circulation. Some misguided people seem to suppose that the 'leading

feature' of a magazine is its *size*. They are altogether wrong. A man would much rather pay sixpence for eighty pages of thoroughly live and up-to-date matter—with no padding—than for a hundred and fifty pages, only a third part of which can be regarded as readable and attractive."

Next, by way of a contrast, may be quoted the opinion of the editor of *Leslie's Weekly*, New York, who discloses the existence on that side of a state of affairs which, in all likelihood, journalists in England will never have to face: "The conditions of weekly journalism in the United States differ essentially from those which obtain in Great Britain. The weekly illustrated newspaper in this country is compelled to face an alert and aggressive rivalry in the Sunday newspaper and the cheap magazine. In England the former at least of these competitors is unknown. The development of the Sunday newspaper has been the most striking feature of American journalism during the last two or three decades. In all our larger cities every considerable daily has a distinctive Sunday edition, which is usually from three to four times as large in the number of its pages and the quantity of its contents as the ordinary issue. These Sunday issues, containing the latest news, with all the features which go to make up a complete journal, are delivered at remote distances by special trains at comparatively early hours in the morning. In the summer season especially they are placed, by means of these quick trains, within the reach of hundreds of thousands at the seaside and inland resorts, as well as in all the villages within a radius of hundreds of miles. Up to three or four years ago very few of these Sunday editions were illustrated. Now, each one of our great dailies maintains a staff of artists for the express service of illustrating the Sunday and daily issues. While their pictorial features do not as yet measure up to very high artistic standards, they serve to satisfy a certain popular taste and blunt the edge of the public appetite for fuller and more accurate representations of the incidents and events which they depict. Then, recently, the Sunday newspapers have added largely to their interest by the introduction of literary features of very considerable merit. Nearly all of them, under arrangement with the syndicates, publish the stories of the foremost writers of the day, and have other departments devoted to science, to art, and fashion, which are 'written up' by competent specialists. It goes without saying that these conditions act unfavourably upon the weekly illustrated newspaper. It has no longer a monopoly of the market which once exclusively belonged to it. This becomes the more apparent when it is remembered that within the last two or three years magazine publications have been greatly cheapened in price. There are now a number which are sold over the counter at ten cents a copy, and which are especially attractive in the matter of illustrations, to which they admittedly subordinate their literary features. Facing these rivalries, the illustrated newspaper of to-day is compelled to abandon very largely the policy which formerly distinguished its management. Instead of giving its attention exclusively to the illustration of timely news events, it now seeks to portray chiefly those events which are determinative of the thought and life of the times, and have in their relation to history a permanent as well as an immediate value. Such a journal must artistically meet and satisfy the demands of a constantly-improving popular taste, and it must, along with this, supply its readers with the best literature, avoiding the sensational and fleshly. It must be at once newspaper and magazine. We believe that a weekly newspaper that gives its readers good and timely pictures, stories and verse of the highest order, sketches and portraits of interesting and conspicuous personages, terse and fearless criticism of social tendencies and movements, will in this country hold its own against all competition, because it will appeal to the average intelligence and taste, being on the one hand neither too high for the mass of the reading public, nor on the other too low for the more educated and scholarly classes. And we are sure that in point of usefulness and abiding influence, such a journal will be under any circumstances a more effective factor than either of the rivals who are now seeking to expel it from its peculiar field."

Let a few other letters from American editors follow: Mr. R. U. Johnson, associate-editor of the *Century*, is ad-

mirably concise: "In reply to your question, 'What in your opinion is the most important feature in a journal?' which you say has reference to the class of journal to which *The Century* belongs, if we may be permitted to answer in one comprehensive word we should say, 'tone.'"

The editors of *The Critic*, America's *Athenæum*, are Mr. Joseph B. Gilder and his sister, Miss Jeannette L. Gilder. Their united opinion is as follows: "Permit us to say that, viewed from our own standpoint, the most important feature of such a journal as the one we ourselves conduct is the prompt and impartial reviewing of all new publications that deserve to be reviewed at all. This is the first and great *desideratum*. Next in importance we should place the gathering and dissemination of literary news—not only about books and authors of well established reputation, but about those, also, that have made a strong, though it may be not a lasting, impression on the popular mind. The demand of the day is, first of all, freshness. The need of the day may be something else. But we fancy that the importance of a feature in any journal is to be measured by its value as a contributor to the journal's success—or at least that this is the sense in which the word important is used in your inquiry." An interesting fact, which bears on the question under discussion, may perhaps be added. The *Critic* means its reviews to be authoritative, and thus no book by any member of its staff is ever noticed in its columns: a refreshing contrast to the conduct of certain home journals.

Mr. G. W. Turner of the *New York Recorder*, is enigmatic: "Your question can be made to answer itself. The most important feature in a journal (if you mean a newspaper) is in evidence in every issue, and the public are the jury. If, perchance, you mean the most important factor in journalistic success, that—à la Kipling—is another story."

Mr. Herbert Vivian writes characteristically from the offices of *Give and Take*, "the Amazing Newspaper": "The most important features in any journal edited by me are, beyond a doubt, those which I write myself. Otherwise, the most important feature is that which concerns itself with foreign (and particularly Bulgarian) politics, though the public are not sensible enough to understand this. As an *obiter dictum*, I may add that the most important features are the least popular."

Mr. David Williamson writes thus pleasantly from the offices of the *Windsor:* "In answer to your courteous request, let me say that, in my judgment, the most important feature in a journal is that which appeals to the largest section of its readers. In magazines, fiction seems to be usually this feature, possibly because people's lives are grave and grey in this work-a-day world, and because we are more discontented than our forefathers with our own lots, and therefore love to be thrilled with more adventurous careers and more brilliant environments. 'The most important feature' has therefore come to be the portion of the magazine which most quickly transports us in a railway train of thought from where and what we are to scenes and circumstances of greater interest."

Mr. C. A. Pearson writes: "The word 'journal' is a wide one, and its application in my case is wide too, for I conduct all kinds of journals, their scope varying from ladies' weeklies, and purely practical dressmaking papers to what I fondly imagine to be a high-class magazine. It seems to me that to make the journal interesting is the great point I always endeavour in all my papers to avoid anything whatever in the shape of padding, and to publish nothing which will not be interesting to everybody who is a subscriber. I do not believe in special articles, though certainly, I have one on stamp collecting in *Pearson's Weekly*, but this is a subject in which so many are interested that it almost comes under the general category. However nicely you may illustrate a paper or magazine, however well you may print it, however much you may advertise it, I do not believe that it will ever attain anything like enduring success unless you study above everything the *general interest* of its contents."

Mr. J. Penderel Brodhurst, editor of the *St. James's Budget*, is great on the importance of securing the support of women: "I entertain no doubt whatever that 'the most important feature' in any journal—with a few exceptions, which will occur to everybody—is the matter primarily intended for women. However much the more austere of us

may affect to ignore it, the fact remains that most periodical publications are chiefly supported by women. I except, of course, most of the daily newspapers, which, containing a highly disproportionate dose of politics, cannot be very attractive to ladies. Most women know little about politics, and care still less. What they do want, and what they certainly read with avidity and far more critically than some of us might suppose, are those lighter features of a journal which—while not, perhaps, avowedly intended for them—would probably not be there at all were it not for feminine patronage. Of such are fiction, serial and other, and the columns of gossip—often light, sometimes brilliant, and generally splendidly mendacious—which have achieved so extreme a popularity during the last few years. No editor who valued—I will not say his peace of mind, for that he formally renounces, along with many other pomps and vanities, upon taking his uneasy seat—but who took any thought for his circulation, would dream of going without a fashion article. *The Times* is, I believe, the only newspaper in England which never writes about the fashions; but *The Times* can do as it pleases—just as a Duke may, without reproach, go about in frayed trousers. Even publications which are otherwise un-illustrated often embellish their pages with seductive sketches of gracious goddesses clad in the gorgeous raiment which is just 'coming in.' Everywhere we find column after column of chat and hints in which a woman may learn everything she ought to know and a great deal which she would be the better for not knowing. This extensive literary provision for women is, comparatively speaking, a new thing. Time was, and that not so long ago, when this kind of thing was expected only in certain directions; but now nearly every editor is ruled, in the last resort, by his feminine readers. Whether this be a good thing or otherwise, I need not discuss here and now. I do not argue; *je constate*."

Mr. Arthur Symons, of *The Savoy*, writes: "You ask me what, in my opinion, is the most important feature in a journal? In my opinion, certainly, the Editor—and his contributions."

And finally, Mr. Gleeson White, on behalf of himself and Mr. C. H. Shannon, the art editor of *The Pageant*, says: "We think first, that an editor should carefully select the audience to whom he means to appeal, and having decided, should do his utmost to give it the best of that particular sort it believes to be best. Thus, *The Pageant*, which aims to preserve the link between the Art of the past and the present, limits its efforts to subjects which it believes will interest those whose tastes are in sympathy."



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. BACON

THE HERMIT OF LETTERFRACK.

"I AM getting on," Surgeon-Colonel Hedford said to himself, as the hansom wherein he was seated bowled rapidly along a London thoroughfare. "I am certainly becoming famous in my own particular line. When I undertook that Royal Standard case I little thought it would eventually land me in——"

"Downing Street, sir," the cabman said through the trap-door, and pulled up suddenly. Hedford alighted, and in a few minutes he was in the presence of the Prime Minister, to whom he was duly presented by the Home Secretary.

"The business on which we have taken the unusual course of summoning you to a private conference here," the Premier said, in a serious voice, "is, as you will have surmised, of extreme importance. Your record both in the Indian Medical Service and since as a toxicological expert is, of course, well known to us, and in consequence we have decided to trust implicitly to your judgment."

The specialist bowed his acknowledgments.

"This document," the Prime Minister continued, "contains a tabulated list of deaths in various countries of persons who apparently died from natural causes, but whose lives we believe to have been sacrificed for political reasons. From General B——, Governor of the Prison in Sevastapol, or Von S——, Chief of the Berlin Police, to poor Ralston, an Irish resident magistrate, every man in this list has certainly forfeited his life in the discharge of his duty. This cannot be the work of a society, or the secret could not have been so rigidly preserved; nor can it be the work of an ordinary Anarchist or assassin. The crimes are, we are satisfied, committed by a scientific murderer, and we depend on you to hang him." The Prime Minister spoke warmly.

"I see there is no column in this table dealing with the cause of death or supposed cause," said Hedford, seriously.

"No, the cause of death is precisely what we wish you to deal with."

"And you will find," put in the Home Secretary, "in the succeeding pages of the document you hold in your hand a detailed report of the symptoms in every case. All the cases bear some slight resemblance to each other, as much as would suggest a common origin of disease; but the evidence deducible is very inexact, and so far we have only suspicions, which we look to you to turn into facts."

A long conversation followed, in which Hedford was taken into the unreserved confidence of the Ministers, and learned their reason for suspecting that the murderer, whose victims were scattered over the whole of Europe, was a citizen of Great Britain.

Surgeon-Colonel Hedford left Downing Street armed with extraordinary and almost unprecedented powers. But the importance and difficulty of his mission justified the freedom of action with which he had been entrusted.

* * *

The House on the Moor was a lonely place for an English sportsman out of

health to spend his holiday. As described in the advertisement which had attracted Frank Marshall's attention, it was a handsome country house, replete with all the resources of civilisation, and surrounded by great natural beauties—an oasis the more delightful from the vastness of the Connemara desert in which it was situated. When Marshall arrived at the place he found a large building, very much out of repair, standing alone on a strip of desolate moorland on the Atlantic seaboard. The moor was not so large as stated in the advertisement, nor the game on it so plentiful, and the house was absolutely devoid of the resources which had been promised. There was but one item "up to sample"—the mountains! Had it not been for these, the shooting tenant would soon have repudiated his bargain. But the mountains held him. The great gloomy peaks, whose cloud-crowned summits rarely showed clear from the Atlantic mists, delighted the young Englishman, whose life had been passed in flat pasture-lands, where the horizon is usually limited to the nearest hedge. So Marshall remained for a time contentedly at the House on the Moor.

Viancani, the master of the house, was a moody man, whose moroseness was ascribed to his solitary life by the public of Letterfrack, the only village in the neighbourhood. This solitude was interrupted once a year, when, in the shooting season, the hermit of the Moor House was able, by means of a glowing advertisement, to induce some sportsman to share his loneliness. Few of the visitors stayed out their time. Many went away in their first week—some white-faced, silent, refusing all manner of comment on their action. And none ever came back. When Marshall sauntered down the single street of Letterfrack a couple of days after his arrival, the gossips scanned him curiously, and old women nodded wisely to each other and whispered: "It's him that's stayin' at the House on the Moor." The shopkeepers served him sullenly; the gauger held aloof; and with Marshall assuredly the police were reticent.

This absolute boycott, which Marshall early perceived, applied not only to the master of the house but to the stranger within its gates, roused the racial obstinacy of the Englishman. Viancani was a depressing companion; and there was, in sober truth, something about his house, apart from its traditions, which Marshall did not like and could not describe. There were nights when he had nightmares more horrible than the most fantastic imaginings of the insane—when he heard, or thought he heard, weird sounds, very terrible but very low, as if of muffled agony. And yet, when he sprang from his bed affrighted, he could hear nothing. The house would then be in silence—a silence so deep that, like the darkness of Egypt, it could be felt. It was altogether decidedly unpleasant; but Frank Marshall would let the imaginative villagers see the difficulty of turning an Englishman from the even tenor of his own way.

One morning, at breakfast, Viancani noticed his "paying guest" sniffing critically at the unkempt appearance of the old woman who acted as housekeeper and general servant.

"You don't seem to admire Bridget," the master of the house said when the woman had left the room.

"'Admire' is scarcely the word," Marshall replied. "I wonder why you keep such a dreadful hag about the place."

"She suits me," Viancani said with an insolent ring in his voice.

"Then she does not suit me. And I should count for something. Or my money should count for something."

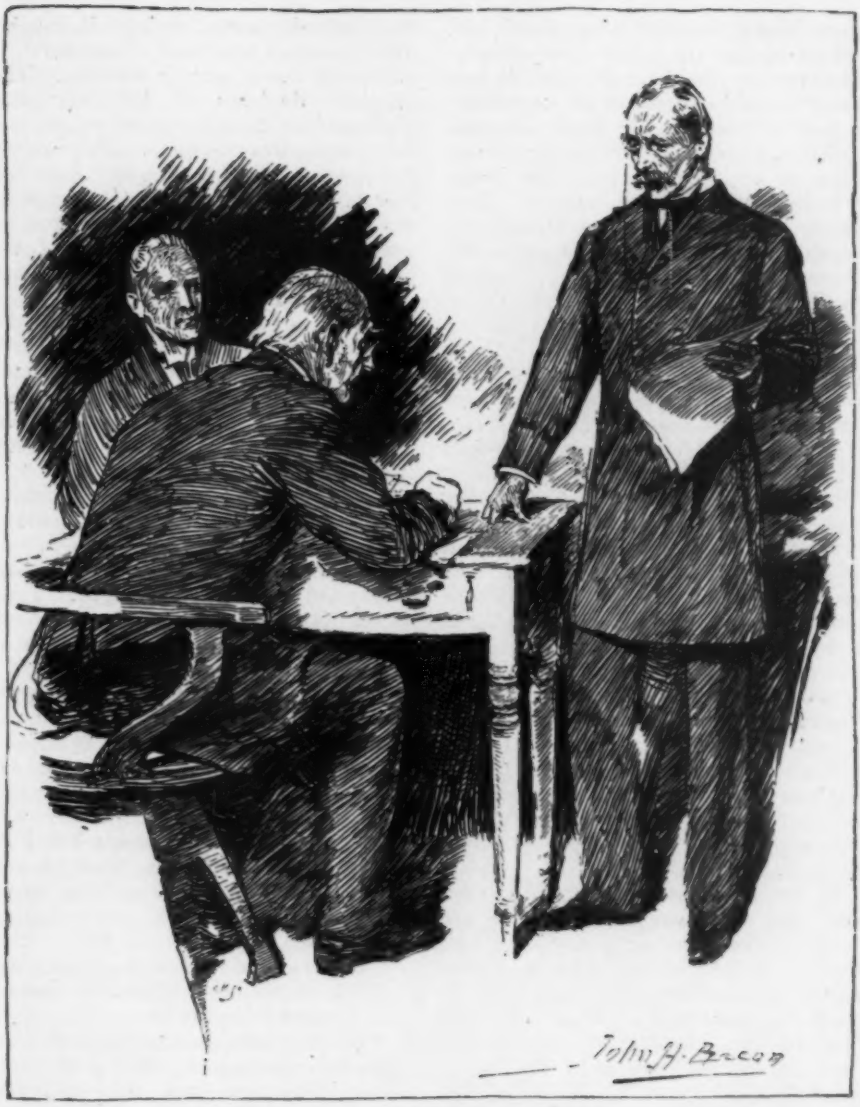
"Your money counts for nothing with me," Viancani answered lazily, pulling the ears of Bridget's cat—an enormous and evil-looking beast at sight of which, when alone at night, many an honest man of Letterfrack had piously crossed himself.

"If my money does not count why do you take it?" Marshall's temper was rising, but he spoke as calmly as the other.

"You wouldn't remain if I did not."

"Certainly not; but why do you advertise your house when you do not want the rent?"

"My young friend," Viancani said slowly, "if I answered that my affairs are not your business I do not think you would have any right to complain. But I do not wish, so far as you are concerned, to remain within my rights. I will tell you, therefore, one reason why I let my rooms during the shooting season. I have few acquaintances in the place and no friends. I do not care



"WE DEPEND ON YOU TO HANG HIM"

for the local *canaille*. And yet I cannot be always alone. It gets on my nerves. That does not suit me. That's one reason for your presence here."

"There are others?"

"Yes; I will name one other. I like you. Some of my previous visitors, or lodgers, I did not like, and so got rid of them when I tired of their company. They went away without notice to quit." Viancani smiled grimly.

"I understand. You frightened them off. I know how you did it." This was a bow drawn partly at a venture.

Viancani glanced swiftly under his heavy eyebrows at Marshall. It was a sudden and a startled glance. But the Englishman's face was as easily read as an open book, and what the master of the house read in it seemed to please him. The subject was immediately changed and never afterwards alluded to by either. One thing Marshall began to see more clearly as time passed: the friendship of the hermit of Letterfrack was really unaffected and sincere.

They were a curious pair of friends: the one a mere boy, thinking only of

sport, health, every passing pretty girl, and of castles in Spain—purposeless: the other, an old man, though his hair was still coal-black, full of the knowledge of books, versed in the topics of every capital in Europe and living in a ruined house on a Connemara moor the better to safeguard his great purpose. Two months they lived thus as friends, and Marshall forgot his repugnance to the hideous Bridget and hardly noticed the growing influence over him which Viancani seemed to gain without striving for.

There was also another influence which helped to keep Marshall in Connemara besides Viancani and his moor, and his splendid mountains — Norah O'Connor, postal and telegraph clerk at Letterfrack. In most of the smaller Irish country towns and in the larger villages the telegraph clerk is a girl, and nearly always a good-looking girl. She has a fixed salary from the Government and perquisites in the shape of the good wishes of the police in the larger villages, and the patronage of the bank clerks in the smaller towns. She is an American "school marm" *in excelsis*. Norah was a tall, handsome girl with blue-black hair and bright blue eyes. She had been told by commercial travellers that she was the handsomest girl in Connaught, and had accepted their evidence as valid.

It was a pleasant change for Frank Marshall, after a long day on the dreary moors, to drop into the post-office for his letters and find himself actually within arm's length of a real telegraphic instrument and sometimes within less than that of the telegraphist. Norah had been sternly patriotic before the young Englishman came to the House on the Moor, but after his arrival she took a broader view of politics, and before he was there a month she was cosmopolitan. Marshall's dress, appearance and manner were a revelation to the simple Irish girl. He won her heart so easily that at first he was inclined to value his conquest lightly. He changed his mind later.

They were walking, Norah and Marshall, one evening during the hour which Norah had "off," after the despatch of the evening mail. It was a dull grey winter evening. Signs of a coming storm were plentiful. The clouds were hurrying landward from the ocean and the seabirds were crying distraught. The mountain tops had disappeared in mists and the moor was deserted. The haggard denizens of the bogs had huddled into their draughty cabins, and the solitude was complete. This intense loneliness of scene deeply oppressed Norah. She walked silently by Marshall's side without making any effort to combat the gloomy influence of the Connemara wilderness. At last Marshall said suddenly:

"A penny for your thoughts." He did not altogether understand the girl's silence, because he knew nothing of the strange alternate merriness or melancholy of the Celtic character, so mercurial, so electric: the Irish barometer itself is not more changeable.

"A penny is not much, but I cannot charge you for what is yours already." Norah answered demurely and with only the merest twinkle in her blue eyes. Her mood had already changed. Then, as he was about to interrupt, she put her right hand in his and said with an earnestness that was pathetic:

"Frank Marshall, if you care for me as much as you have told me you will leave the House on the Moor at once."

"My dear child, the House on the Moor is all right. Don't mind the local gossips."

"I don't mind the gossips, but I do mind the queer telegrams Viancani gets every day in the week, and the letters with foreign stamps and postmarks, and other things."

"What sort of telegrams are they?"

"Oh, I shouldn't have said that—I have broken a regulation——"

"My dear little government official I shall not report you. And don't worry about Viancani and his telegrams. They don't concern me. Now we're getting close to the village, I'll say good evening. No, you are not going off like that. It's quite dark. No one can see. Only one? Rubbish! Half-a-dozen at the very least!"

Viancani was waiting on the lawn for Marshall. The paying guest was very late in arriving at the Moor House, for after seeing Norah O'Connor into Letterfrack he had visited the protestant clergyman, the parish priest, and lastly the District Inspector of police. It was after twelve o'clock when Marshall opened the rusty gate and strode up the short avenue. He found Viancani

strangely excited, and evidently under the influence of drink—a thing without precedent. It was soon evident that whatever stimulants Viancani had taken, his extraordinary excitement was mainly owing to mental trouble. It is true that he had been drinking the poisonous poteen of the neighbourhood in default of a more palatable substitute, and the effect of this on a man unaccustomed to it is not agreeable to the drinker himself, or any one in his vicinity.

"I thought you would never come," Viancani said with a gasp. "The hag—as you call her—Bridget, has gone to her grandchild. There is no one in the house but myself, and that beast of a cat. I think I'll shoot it. I detest the thing. Come in, I am feeling devilish low. I wish you would sit with me for an hour."

"An hour? Oh, certainly!"

Viancani led the way to a large room in which Marshall had never been previously, explaining that the whole house was upset by the industry of some women whom he had brought in to effect a complete cleaning. To this annual visitation Bridget had a conscientious objection, and she had many times proved her courage in her own convictions by postponing the early spring cleaning until the late autumn. When the inevitable arrived she usually went to visit her grandchild until the sacrilege was over.

There was no carpet on the floor. The footsteps of the two men sounded loudly on the bare boards. Furniture of all sorts, chairs, tables, desks and pictures were piled indiscriminately in one corner. The ceiling was discoloured with damp, and broken in many places, and the plaster hung ominously in detached slices ready to fall on the least provocation. Great, dust-choked cobwebs, whose owning spiders were long since dead, hung in a gruesome arras to the cornices. The place was nothing better than a lumber-room, and not good enough for that. Marshall heartily wished himself elsewhere — anywhere out of Connaught. It suggested the other place.

Viancani with his hand sheltered the candle he was carrying carefully from the strong draught which blew freshly through the room. As no candlestick was forthcoming, he jammed the candle roughly into the neck of an empty poteen bottle, breaking it midway in the process. The upper half hung over and guttered down on the table. So far



"MY DEAR CHILD, THE HOUSE ON THE MOOR IS ALL RIGHT"

every detail seemed fitting—a complement to the whole surroundings. One artistic touch remained to complete the picture. It was competently supplied by the uninvited presence of Bridget's cat.

The cat came in unpretentiously, and calmly approached the master of the house. He sprang to his feet with a scream, and hurled his tumbler at it. The tumbler missed its mark, and was shattered against the wall, while the cat

jumped through the window with an ugly crash of broken glass.

"Thank God it's gone!" Viancani said in a broken voice, drying his dripping forehead. "Have a drink."

"I will; but I can't touch that stuff. Try this." Marshall produced a full flask and set it on the table.

"Drink your own and I'll drink mine. I prefer it. It bites. And I have a story to tell you."

"It is very late, and I am tired out. To-morrow night."

"Not to-morrow night. This night. I may not be able to tell my story to-morrow night, or you might not be able to listen to it. It shall be to-night or not at all."



"HERE'S YOUR HEALTH, MARSHALL"

"Then to-night, by all means," Marshall agreed with a pretence at cheerfulness which he was far from feeling. Norah O'Connor's warning against the House on the Moor and its master was becoming painfully prominent in his mind. But something impelled him to put on a bold face. He took a pull from his flask, lit a cigar, stretched out his legs comfortably, and said: "Fire away."

Viancani helped himself from a poteen bottle. His hand shook liberally in pouring out the liquor, and the drink he mixed was proportionately strong. He began in a maundering way to tell some rambling story in which scientific names and personages became so mixed up that neither he himself nor his listener could follow the thread of the narrative. He was simply talking against time, and Marshall knew it. At last, after an interminable maze of utterly unconnected interpolations, Viancani arose unsteadily to his feet, and said coherently: "Here's your health, Marshall. If I die to-night I hope you will say the best you can for me."

"Die! Rubbish!"

"If I die to-night," Viancani repeated calmly, "I hope you will say what is fair about me."

"I will say what is true."

"And that is——?"

"That you have treated me well, and that I considered you not merely an intelligent but an intellectual man."

"That's enough. I want no more. And if you die to-night——"

"For heaven's sake, drop this. You are giving me the creeps all over. I am not going to die to-night, if it's all the same to you. Watch that candle. It

will be out of the bottle if you don't fix it."

The chill night sent in a freezing breath through the window, and the cobweb arras flapped. Viancini re-adjusted the candle and said quietly:

"I am old, and I am—but it does not now matter about me. As to you, many a man as young and strong as you has gone to bed in his whole health at night, and been found dead in the morning with his throat cut from ear to ear."

"Your conversation is instructive and amusing," Marshall said, sharply; "but I shall go to bed and take my chance. Good-night!"

On that Viancani broke down completely. "For God's sake, don't leave me," he cried. "I am not fit to face this night alone. Let's sleep together."

The Englishman knew that he was alone in a lonely house with a man who was evidently and almost confessedly mad. He temporised, and said in the calmest voice he could command:

"Very well; go to your room, get your things, and bring them to mine." Then they parted, each going his own way.

As Marshall groped his way—Viancini had taken the candle—through the dreary corridors to his room, his physical courage, which was strong when he was in normal health, gave way. He hurried to the room, and, having locked the door, he undressed hastily. He was in bed and feigning sleep when Viancani came.

"Marshall! Marshall!"

But Marshall only snored. Viancani hammered loudly at the door. No answer was given. Then the hammering stopped. The woodwork began to creak. Viancani was forcing the door.

Now if Marshall had not been out of health he would have straightway leaped from his bed and opened the door to stand his chance with the man behind it whom he believed a maniac. Or he would have done something to secure the door. As it was, he did nothing. He lay breathless, perspiring greatly and altogether unnerved.

Viancani strained at the door. It resisted stoutly. The house was not jerry-built. This went on for some minutes, and then something terrible happened in the outer room. A pandemonium of shrieks and yells and snarlings began, so horrible that Marshall's bursting heart nearly stopped. Viancani's voice could now and then be heard, but mostly there was a worrying guttural broken by the yap of a yelping cur, and over all the ringing scream of Bridget's cat sounded shrilly. The din ended in a hideous yell, and then there was the sound of a body falling heavily against the door. The lower half bulged inward three inches, and underneath a small dark stream trickled into the room. A streak of watery moonlight showed that.

Would the door hold?

High over the Moor House curlews piped on their nightly flight. Teal and widgeon whirred past and sometimes the wail of a startled peewit could be heard. All night long Frank Marshall lay in a sickly sweat, watching the lower half of his bedroom door—the half which bulged inward—and the dark streak that was on the floor. Towards morning his watch ended. The lock gave at last and the door banged back against the wall. There was a dull slapping smack of something limp striking the floor. A man's arm was stretched into the room. Marshall lost consciousness.

* * *

When Bridget came in the morning and found her cat dead—worried to death—in Marshall's sitting-room, her master lying dead, with his throat cut, in the open doorway of the adjoining bed-room and the Englishman himself apparently in a fit in his bed, she went straightway to Letterfrack and informed the police. It was the only thing she could do, and the most sensible thing as well. When Frank Marshall fully recovered consciousness he found himself in the constabulary barracks of Letterfrack, and was informed that he must consider himself under arrest pending the coroner's inquest which would take place at once. Marshall was still too ill to act or think for himself. Fortunately for him a certain government official did both. She telegraphed to his brother, giving all the particulars she could gather, which included the fact that a number of empty poison bottles had been found by the police in the House on the Moor, and on receipt of this message Charlie Marshall wired immediately to the well-known toxicologist, Surgeon-Colonel Hedford, who was then in Cork, begging him to proceed at once to Letterfrack.

The toxicologist had been working at a very cobwebby clue in the mission with which he had been entrusted by the Premier, and to his own surprise his investigations, the farther he pursued them, seemed to point to hydrophobia as the cause of death in each of the few cases into which he had so far inquired. There had been the extreme nervous irritability, spasmodic contractions of the muscles, high temperature with fever and delirium, extensive salivation and so on, but with these were mixed up further symptoms which puzzled the specialist and led him sometimes to doubt, and, on further reflection, to deny his doubt. He had just got to the point of guessing at the combined effect of the hydrophobic bacillus with that of some other disease unknown to medical science, when Charlie Marshall's telegram, with its muddled mention of poison bottles, reached him. That settled the question for the moment. He would take a holiday. A plain poison case is a great recreation to a puzzled toxicologist.



"WOULD THE DOOR HOLD?"

Before Hedford arrived at Letterfrack the inquest on Viancani had been held, but the evidence was so inconclusive that an open verdict had been returned. The police, however, were not satisfied, and a magisterial investigation was pending. The specialist was permitted to examine the House on the Moor, and by great good fortune he found an underground cellar which so far no one had noticed, chiefly because no one had been looking for it. This apartment had been converted into a sort of dog kennel. In it were not only dogs but cats, rabbits, and even birds, most of them scarred, wounded, dying or dead. Of those still alive nearly all were in different stages of hydrophobia—hydrophobia with a difference. Here also were found letters from all the countries on the continent asking for more lymph. The envelopes bore the postmarks of the various countries from which they had been dispatched, but the letters were without addresses or signatures. Many of the strange telegrams, too, which Norah O'Connor had thought uncanny, were discovered, and District Inspector Boyle made a large seizure while Hedford himself had lighted by the most extraordinary chance on the solution of a great mystery.

Viancani's vocation lay in the manufacture of the virus of hydrophobia, the effect of which, when administered to a human subject, would be partially disguised by the simultaneous introduction of an intrinsically innocuous bacillus, over the origin of which Surgeon-Colonel Hedford is now unremittingly engaged. Pasteur had foreseen this combination and there were many letters from him to Viancani, the tenor of which proved that the great French bacteriologist had written in good faith and under the impression that he was addressing a scientist as sincere and as humanitarian as he was himself. Finger rings were

found modelled after the fashion of those of the Borgias, which may be seen in the Museum at Florence. Death from the prick of these rings when charged with Viancani's virus was certain sooner or later. It might be two, four, or six months from the date of inoculation. But the fate of the victim was secure. The master of the House on the Moor did business with secret societies whose object was the removal of obnoxious persons.

* * *

Frank Marshall and Norah O'Connor went to see the House on the Moor before it was pulled down by order of the landlord. They were walking silently side by side, and Frank, who was overdue in England, was wondering whether it would be better to have a dramatic parting scene by the Atlantic shore with the blue-eyed colleen, or to promise correspondence in the course of which he could easily pick a quarrel and drop it. He was now in good health. A very simple remark settled the whole matter.

"Of course you will write to me," Marshall said somewhat humbly.

"Write to you? What do you mean?"

"You see I have to go back—I——"

There was a long pause and then Norah said hotly, "Oh yes, I see—all." And not a word more would she speak. She turned from him and bade him go his own way. The Celtic blood was surging in her heart. She looked down upon him with the inherited scorn of a thousand Irish kings when he followed her and begged hard for mercy. But he prayed so pitifully, she could not long resist, and the end of it was that in a few weeks Father Murphy officiated and then they both sailed away to England. And that was the best way.

From Generation to Generation.

THE DUKES AND DUCHESSES OF RICHMOND



THE FIRST DUKE



THE SECOND DUKE



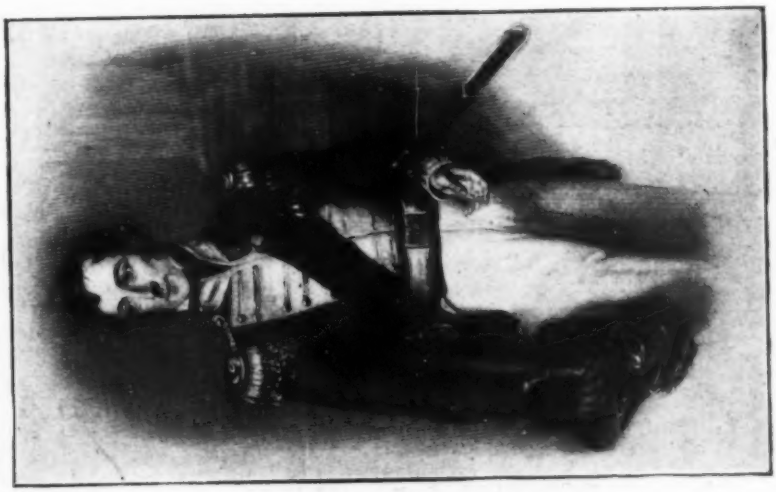
THE THIRD DUKE AND HIS WIFE



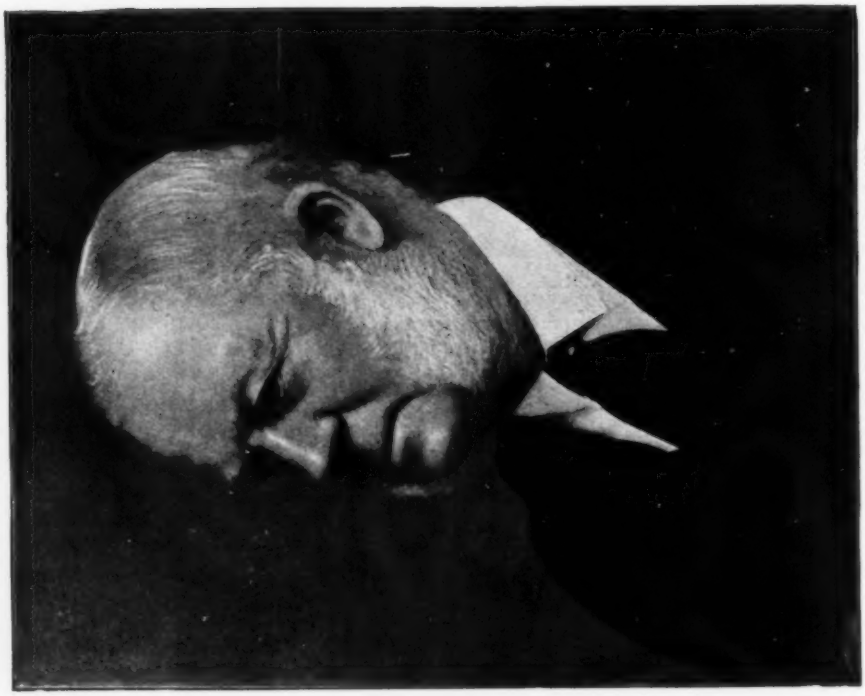


THE FOURTH DUKE AND HIS WIFE





THE FIFTH DUKE AND HIS WIFE



THE PRESENT DUKE OF RICHMOND



THE LATE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL AND SONS

Bravo, Birmingham!

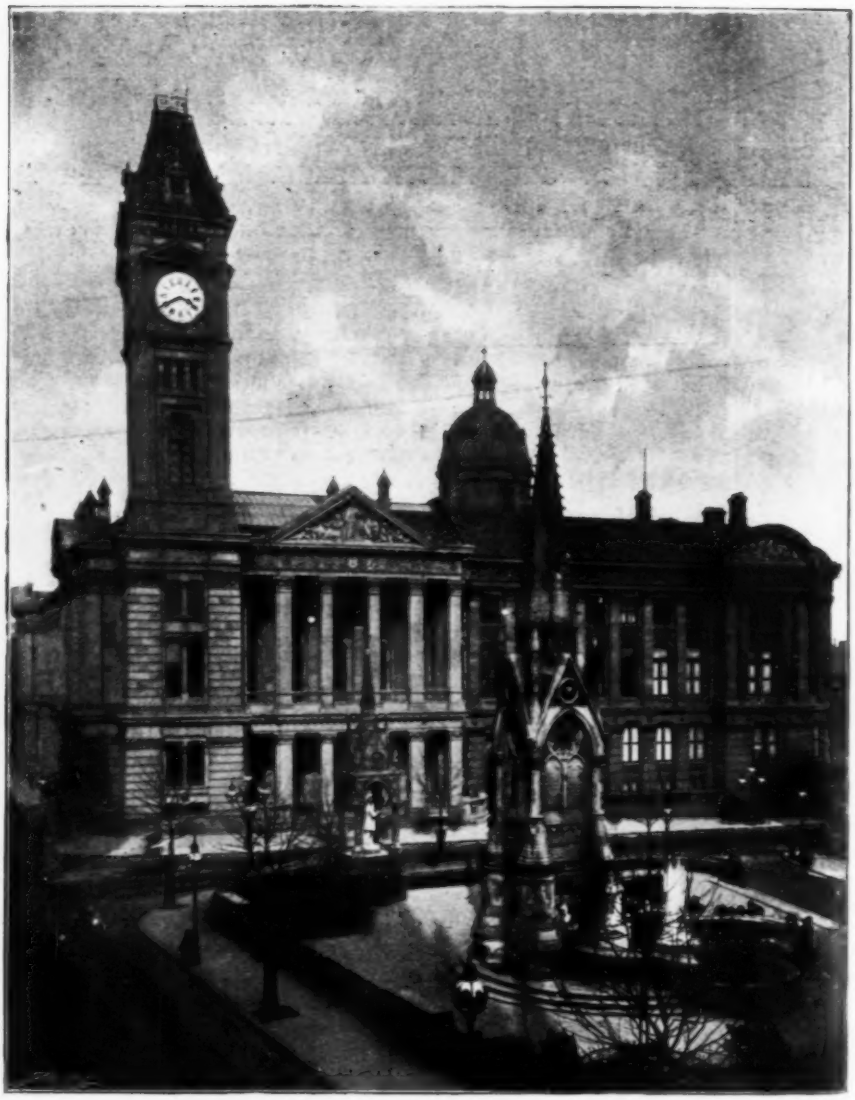
By GEO. H. KYNASTON.

FIGURATIVELY, Birmingham is a city set on a hill, to be beholden of all men. Physically it stands on a number of knolls or rounded hummocks of what geologists describe as the Birmingham plateau, which extends into the counties of Warwick, Worcester, and Stafford, and is intersected by valleys and narrow streams. Until a few years ago it was wholly in the county of Warwick, but extensions made in 1890 included three suburban districts, one of which was in the county of Worcester, one in Staffordshire, and one in Warwickshire, so that modern Birmingham is geographically in three counties, though for all administrative purposes it is self-contained. Within its municipal boundaries 500,000 people have their habitat, and pursue a larger number and wider variety of crafts and industries than can be found in any other city of the United Kingdom. To most people Birmingham is a thing of to-day, but in truth it has a venerable antiquity, and has played an important part in many a history-making epoch.

For present purpose, however, the historical aspect of Birmingham may be ignored, and the city regarded simply from the point of view of a flourishing centre of industry and public life. An American globe-trotter, whose identity has never been sufficiently established, but who probably derived his impressions from a hurried and imperfect view of the position, recently described it as "the best-governed city in the world." This is a compliment which the well-known modesty of its citizens will not permit them to accept in its fullest significance; but they are justly proud of the more universal description of their home as "a go-ahead-place," and it is not beyond truth to say that no city in the Queen's dominions has kept steadier pace with the times, or more thoroughly justified its civic motto, "Forward."

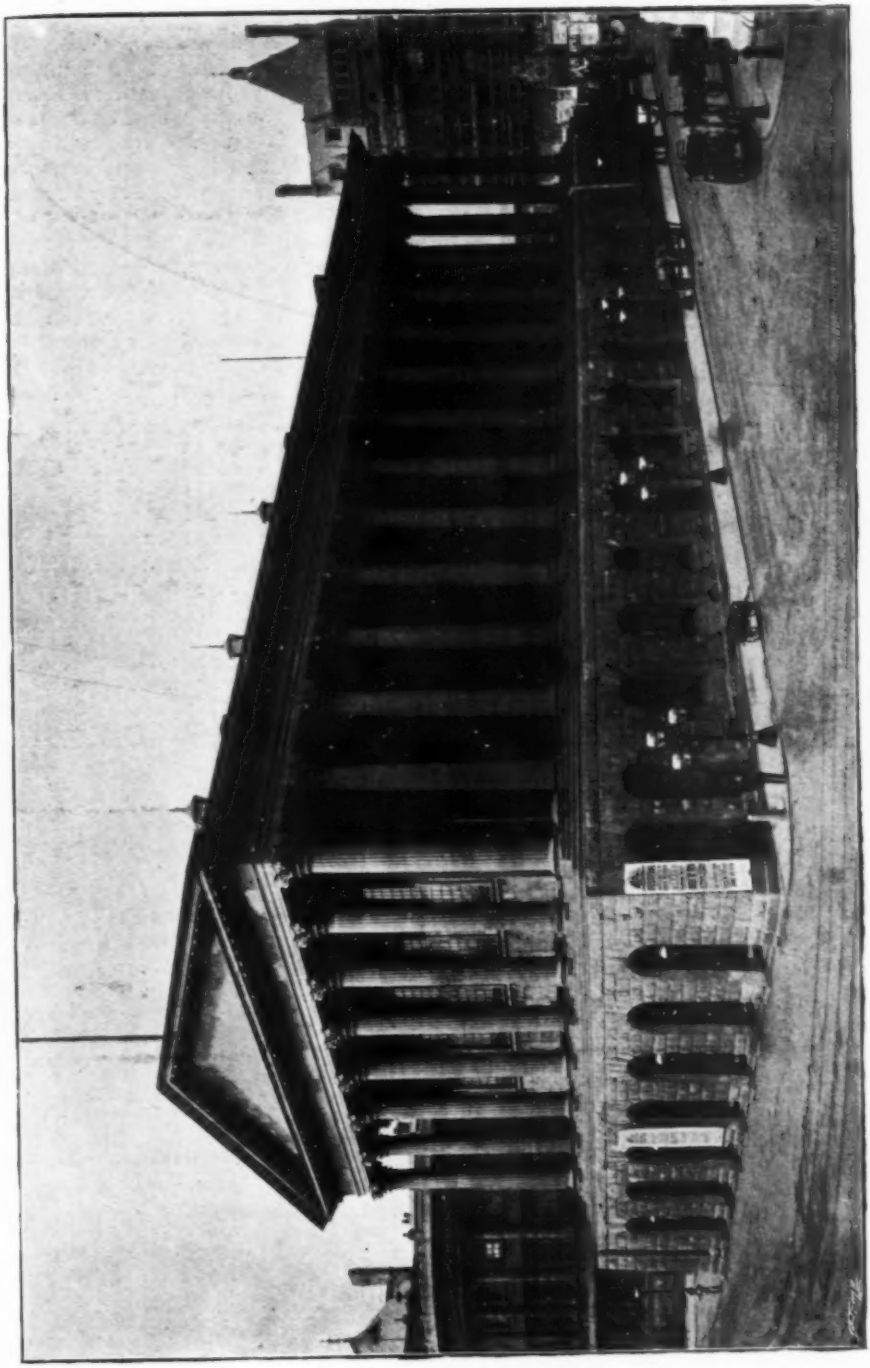
Its municipal government is of modern origin, dating from a charter obtained in 1838. Previously its public affairs had been administered by a Court Leet and by antiquated Street Commissioners, together with overseers of the poor. There is no suggestion that the members of these bodies did not do their duty; but they left the new Corporation a huge work before it. And nobly that work has been carried on—it would hardly be correct to say carried out, because even Birmingham is not yet perfect, though it may properly claim to be architecturally one of the handsomest, sanitarily one of the cleanest and healthiest, educationally one of the best-equipped, and in its communal spirit one of the most advanced municipalities of the kingdom. Such a work, performed in half-a-century, has naturally cost a vast sum of money, and it is, therefore, not surprising to find that the civic debt of Birmingham is only an odd thousand or two short of £8,000,000, and equal to £17 per head of the population. The capital value of its assets is, however, nearly £10,000,000, and the indebtedness is being discharged at the rate of £100,000 a year, with no great undertakings (save the Welsh Water Scheme, which is to pay for itself) in immediate prospect. The rates are high, amounting to between six shillings and seven shillings in the pound; but the people of Birmingham have plenty to show for their outlay.

Search into the early history of the Corporation does not show more than a slow advance, but during the Mayoralty of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain—1873, 1874, 1875—local government made immense strides, and the strong communal spirit to which allusion has been made, and which permeates every class of the inhabitants, received its chief impulse and direction from this period. These were prosperous years for Birmingham, and public feeling echoed the views of



ART GALLERY AND CHAMBERLAIN MEMORIAL
From a photograph by H. J. Whitlock

the leaders in favour of improvement. In these three years the citizens purchased and unified the gas and water supplies of the city, the former at a cost of between £2,000,000 and £3,000,000, and the latter at an outlay of about £1,500,000. Both have been since enormously developed to cope with the growth of population within the borough, and to meet the needs of the Greater Birmingham which stretches beyond its boundaries for miles in every direction; and the Gas Department, notwithstanding frequent and substantial reductions in the charges for the illuminant, now furnishes from its profits a sum amounting to over £20,000 a year to the relief of the ratepayers' burdens. The Water Department has materially improved the provision, and has undertaken to provide the city with a magnificent supply, adequate, as far as can be foreseen, to all time, from Mid-Wales, at a cost variously estimated at from £3,000,000 to £5,000,000, without any direct addition to the rates. Mr. Chamberlain's



THE TOWN HALL
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. J. WHITLOCK

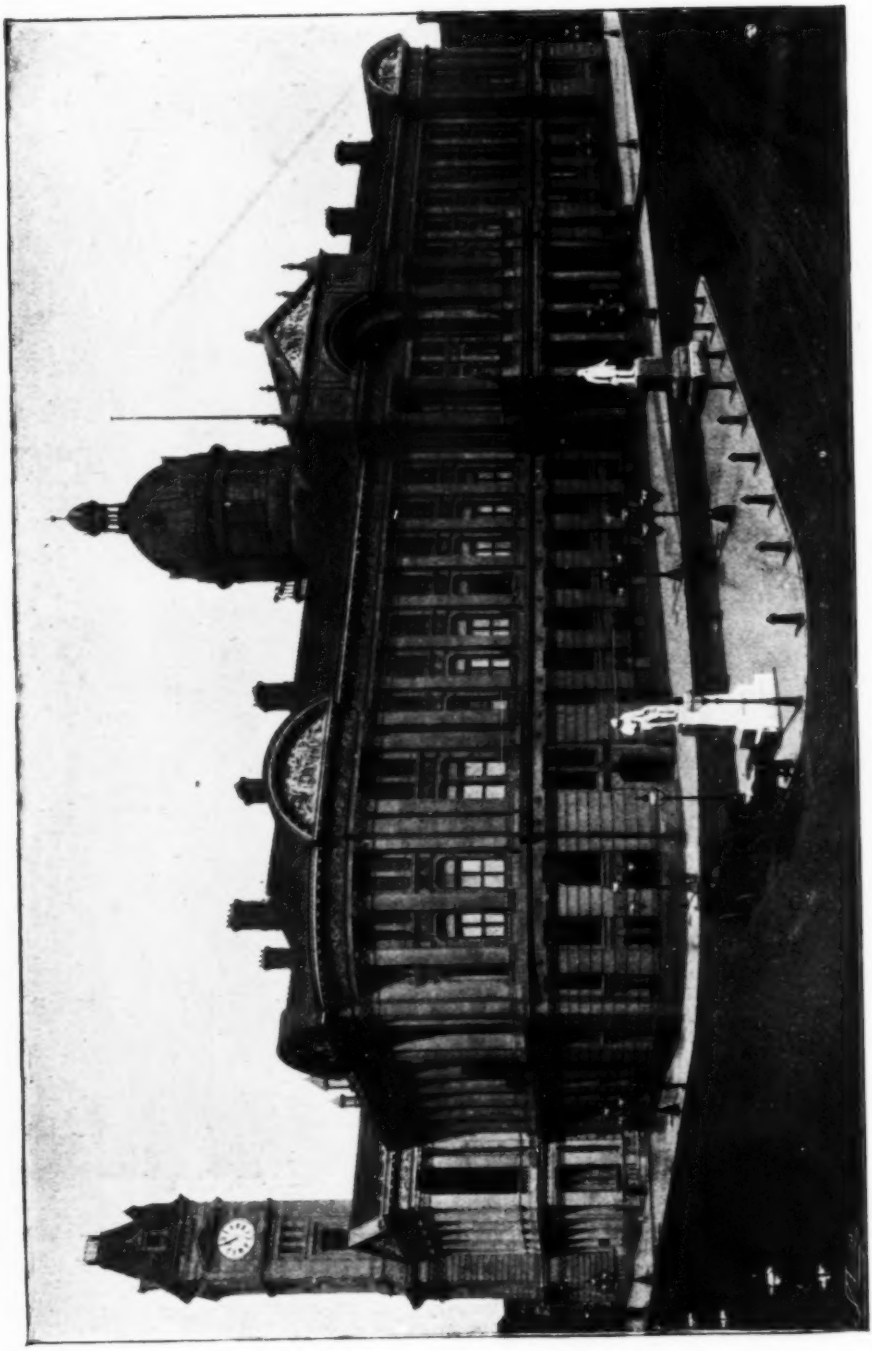
mayoralty further witnessed the initiation of the scheme of street improvement which remodelled the centre of the city, transforming an area of congested vice and disease into a region of handsome and commanding business premises; and cut right through the heart of the city a boulevard the like of which it would be difficult to find in Great Britain. With this scheme the name of Chamberlain is inseparably linked, and the handsome monument and fountain at the rear of the Town Hall, which the irreverent speak of as "Squirt Square," will pass on to posterity the memory of his deeds of municipal daring. The primary cost of the improvement was over £1,500,000, and the burden on the burgesses was at first heavy, but the perfected scheme is now almost self-supporting, and in a few years will yield a substantial annual profit. A capital outlay of nearly six millions might have been considered big enough to satisfy even the people of Birmingham for a considerable term, but it did not. Between 1873 and 1879 they spent £250,000 more on the Council House, and added largely to the other public buildings of the city, besides expending the greater part of £500,000 on the purchase of land for a sewage farm. The Art Gallery and Museum, with its commanding clock tower, which completes the square of the municipal buildings, was added to the Council House some years later. It was opened by the Prince of Wales in 1885. From 1880 to the present date the rate of capital expenditure has been less rapid, but the City Council has never been slow to sanction expenditure which was clearly shown to be for the public weal. The Town Hall, a remarkably fine building of the Corinthian order, was erected by the old Street Commissioners with the produce of a special rate. It cost altogether about £70,000, and was opened in 1834 in time for the Triennial Musical Festival of that year. It is a hall of assembly only. One of the latest additions to the public buildings is the Victoria Courts, a strikingly handsome building of terra-cotta, wherein the whole of the administration of criminal justice is centred. Her Majesty the Queen laid the foundation stone in 1887, and the Prince and Princess of Wales opened the building when completed early in the present decade. In addition to the Central Free Library, which includes the finest Shakespearian library in the world, there are eleven branch lending-libraries in the outlying districts of the city; five large public parks, and half-a-dozen sets of public baths. The annual cost of corporate administration is about £1,500,000. The Poor Law equipment of the city is on a correspondingly adequate scale, and the new Workhouse Infirmary is the envy of every Union in the country.

Educationally there are few provincial towns more fortunately situated than Birmingham. It has not, like Manchester, a degree-granting university, but a Midland University with this power has long been talked of, and is now within distant sight. All the other advantages of a university are provided in the Mason and Queen's Colleges, with faculties of arts and sciences, medicine, and divinity; the splendid schools of King Edward's foundation, the Midland Institute and a number of private establishments provide for intermediate education; the Municipal School of Art and the City Technical School see to the special education in these branches; and the city is covered with a network of Board and voluntary elementary schools. The Mason College is one of two munificent legacies which Sir Josiah Mason left to his fellow-citizens. In early life he was a humble mechanic, but the discovery of the steel pen laid the foundation of great fortune for him, and of his wealth he spent over £150,000 in the erection and endowment of the college which bears his name, and a further large sum in the establishment of the Mason Orphanage for boys and girls. The average number of students at the college is about 900, with some thirty professors and a large staff of lecturers and assistants. The government is in the hands of a trust on which the City Council has five members. Queen's College, for the study of theology, has become a decaying institution since the faculty of medicine was transferred from it to Mason College a few years ago. To the students in medicine the great hospitals of the city, chief among which are the General and the Queen's, afford excellent opportunities for practical instruction. King Edward's School has as endowment all that the spoilers left to the city of the lands which afforded the revenues of the ancient guild of the Holy Cross. At the time of the foundation in 1552



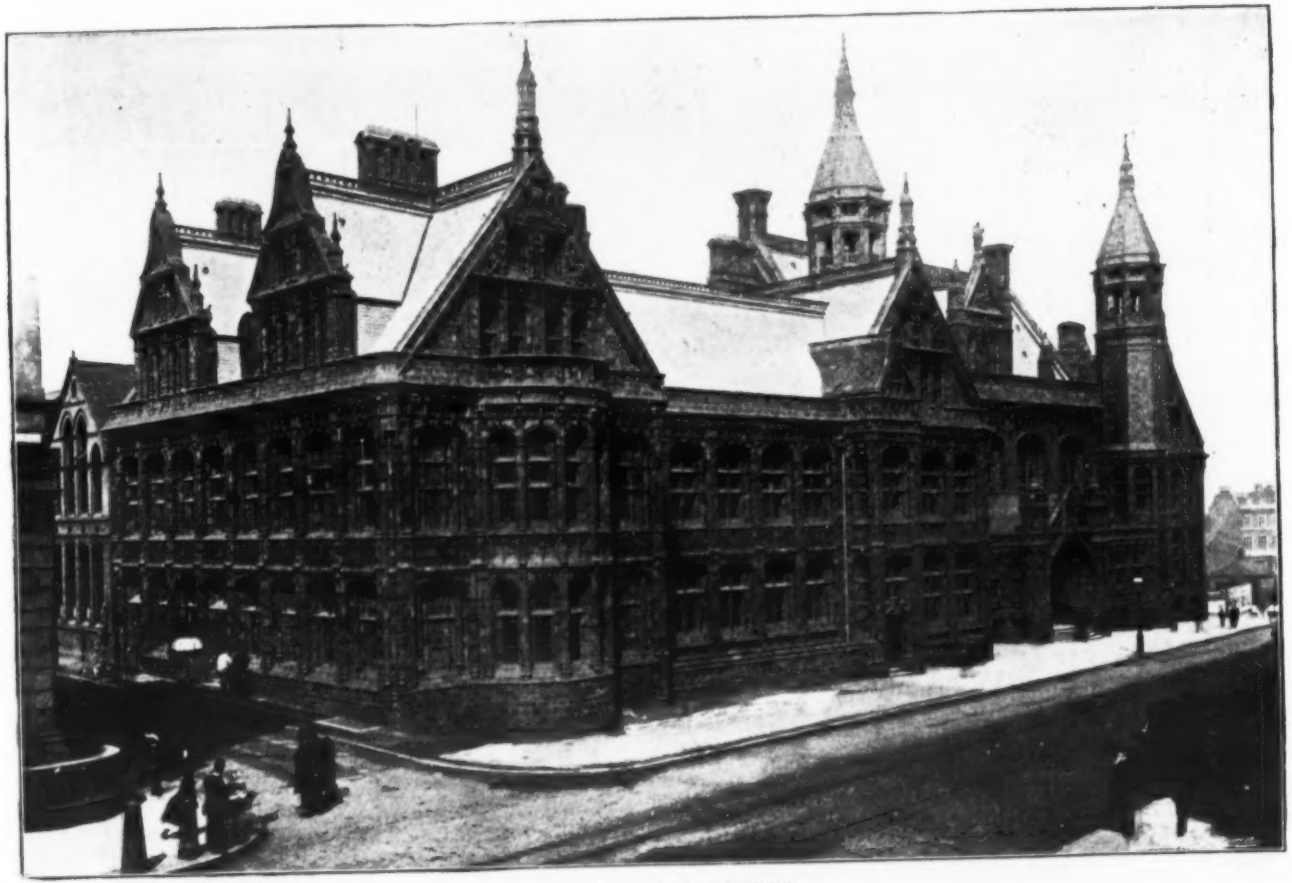
THE MAYOR OF BIRMINGHAM
From a photograph by H. Roland White, Birmingham

these lands were of the estimated value of £21 per annum. At the present time they bring in about £40,000, and will become still more valuable as leases fall in. The governors maintain one High School for each sex, with about 700 scholars, and five branch schools, which act as feeders for the High Schools, with an average of over 1,500 pupils. The schools are not wholly free, but the proportion of free scholarships to the total accommodation is large. The present Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishops Lightfoot and Westcott of Durham were boys in the High Schools, and the revered Prince Lee, first Bishop of



THE COUNCIL HOUSE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. J. WHITLOCK



VICTORIA LAW COURTS
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. J. WHITLOCK

Manchester, was at one time its headmaster. In intermediate and continued education the Midland Institute plays a prominent part. The present buildings cost £100,000. Since the municipality took over the charge of technical education, the Institute devotes its energies and means chiefly to the teaching of music, languages, and commercial subjects. The elementary education of the city, except so much as is undertaken and efficiently provided by the various religious bodies and several charity foundations, is in the hands of the School Board, the permanent head of which body is Mr. George Dixon, M.P., one of the pioneers of the movement which nationalised primary education. The Board has fifty-six schools, and has spent over £750,000 on buildings alone. Its supplementary organisations include a training-school for teachers and two schools for deaf and dumb children. The School of Art was the first in the country established by a municipality, and it has held for years the proud distinction of carrying off more awards at the South Kensington higher grade examinations than any other school in the kingdom. The work of this institution is carried to the pupils, for, in addition to the Central School, which cost £56,844, there are thirteen branch schools, which act as feeders, on a generous scale of scholarships, to the main school, and a special department for the study of design in connection with the jewellery industry. The Municipal Technical School, recently opened, is a handsome and commodious building lavishly equipped for its purpose. Its cost was nearly £90,000, and the estimated charge for maintenance is £10,000 per annum. The chief of the Charity Schools is the ancient Blue Coat Foundation for boys and girls.



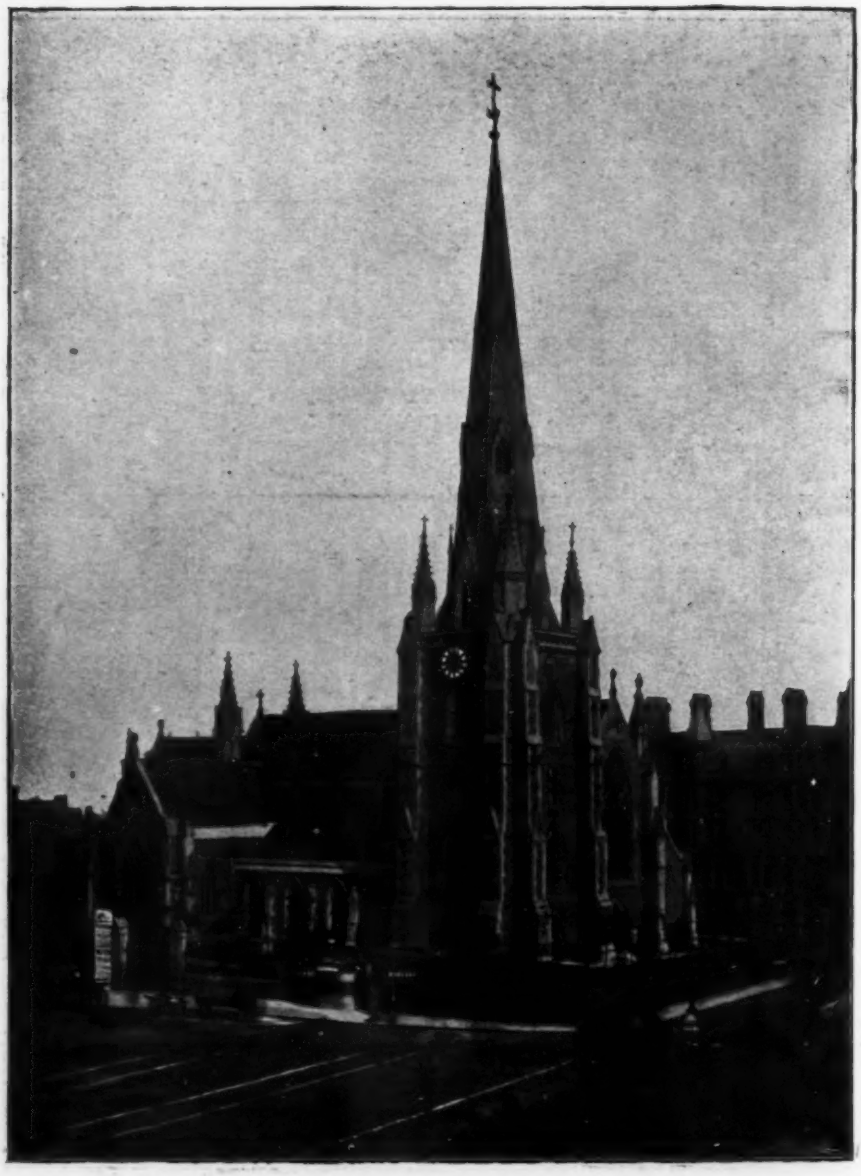
THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN
From a photograph by Bassano

Of the religious life of modern Bir-



CORPORATION STREET
From a photograph by H. J. Whitlock

mingham, there is not much to say. The Established Church has not so strong a hold as might be expected, and a somewhat painful reminder of this fact was experienced a few years ago, when an attempt to raise an endowment for a Bishopric of Birmingham, to relieve the overburdened see of Worcester, proved abortive. The rector of St. Philip's is also Suffragan Bishop of Coventry, but the clerical head of the Church in Birmingham is unquestionably the venerable rector of the parish church, St. Martin's, Canon Wilkinson, who, though he bears the burden of 80 years, is hale, hearty, and vigorous as he is universally beloved. All sects of Nonconformity have a strong following, perhaps the Unitarians and the Congregationalists the largest, and until his death, last year, the acknowledged leader of Nonconformity was the revered Dr. Dale, who



ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH
From a photograph by H. J. Whitlock

was popularly known as "Our Nonconformist Bishop." The Roman Catholics have a Bishop (Bishop Ilsley) and Cathedral.

As in past times, so in recent days, Birmingham has produced many eminent men in science, art, and letters: but to deal adequately with this phase of the modern life of the "Capital of the Midlands," would require an article to itself. The city—a title of honour which, by the way, was conferred on Birmingham when it celebrated its municipal jubilee—enjoys the unique distinction of having all its seven divisions represented in Parliament by men who in some previous portion of their public career served their fellow-citizens in the local legislature, and there acquired, as Mr. Chamberlain is never tired of declaring, a training and a knowledge of men and matters which has been of the utmost value to



MR. G. DIXON, M.P.
From a photograph by Russell and Sons



CANON WILKINSON
From a photograph by Whitlock, Birmingham

them in the more elevated office they now fill. In art, the citizens are proud to count Burne-Jones and David Cox as of themselves; in law, they claim kinship with Justice Wills; in medicine the city has three distinguished men on whom for signal service her Majesty has bestowed the honour of knighthood—Sir Walter Foster, Sir James Sawyer, and Sir Willoughby Wade; and as for Science in its wider bearings, the city can count savants almost by the score. In the municipal service of the city there are many men whose self-sacrifice and devotion to the public weal will long live in affectionate remembrance when their bones are dust—men who have willingly and almost joyously foregone the rest of a well-earned competence to administer the affairs and guard the interests of the city and its people. Conspicuous among these are the present mayor (Councillor James Smith)—a Smith in "a citye wherein are many Smythes," as one of the ancient historians spoke of "Bermyngham;" Alderman Cook, who makes the health of the city his especial care; Alderman Maurice Pollock, who superintends the gigantic gas-producing works of the ratepayers: Alderman Lawley Parker, who is content to take practically on his own shoulders the burden of carrying out the scheme for bringing water from Wales; Alderman Kenrick, M.P., the special custodian of all matters pertaining to art; Alderman White, who knows more about the baths and parks of the city than any other living man; Alderman Clayton, the civic Chancellor of the Exchequer, who handles millions as toys, and makes dry figures the vehicle for drier jokes; and Councillor Martineau, the "father" of technical education and a philanthropist of the purest type. Of course, it is not only in her municipal service that Birmingham has many sons and daughters by birth or adoption who do her honour but to attempt a list of all such would be a venture too onerous to undertake. There are the brothers Tangye, Sir Richard and Mr. George; the brothers Cadbury, whose philanthropy is as wide-reaching as the fame of their cocoa; the Chances, of lighthouse lens fame; the late Miss Ryland, whose benefactions were princely; the Muntzes, the Johnsons and Lloyds and others, as auctioneers say, too numerous to mention.

By way of epilogue, let it be said that while the citizens of Birmingham modestly decline to consider their city the best-governed in the world, there are few competitors with it for that honour; for within or without the realms of the Queen's dominions there are not many places where public spirit is so high, or public service so ungrudgingly rendered; where sanitation, education, and sound government are so advanced, or where the determination is so firm to press forward to a still more perfect state of physical and social existence.

Girl Life in Ilford Village Homes.

WRITTEN BY JAMES CASSIDY.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED PEARSE.

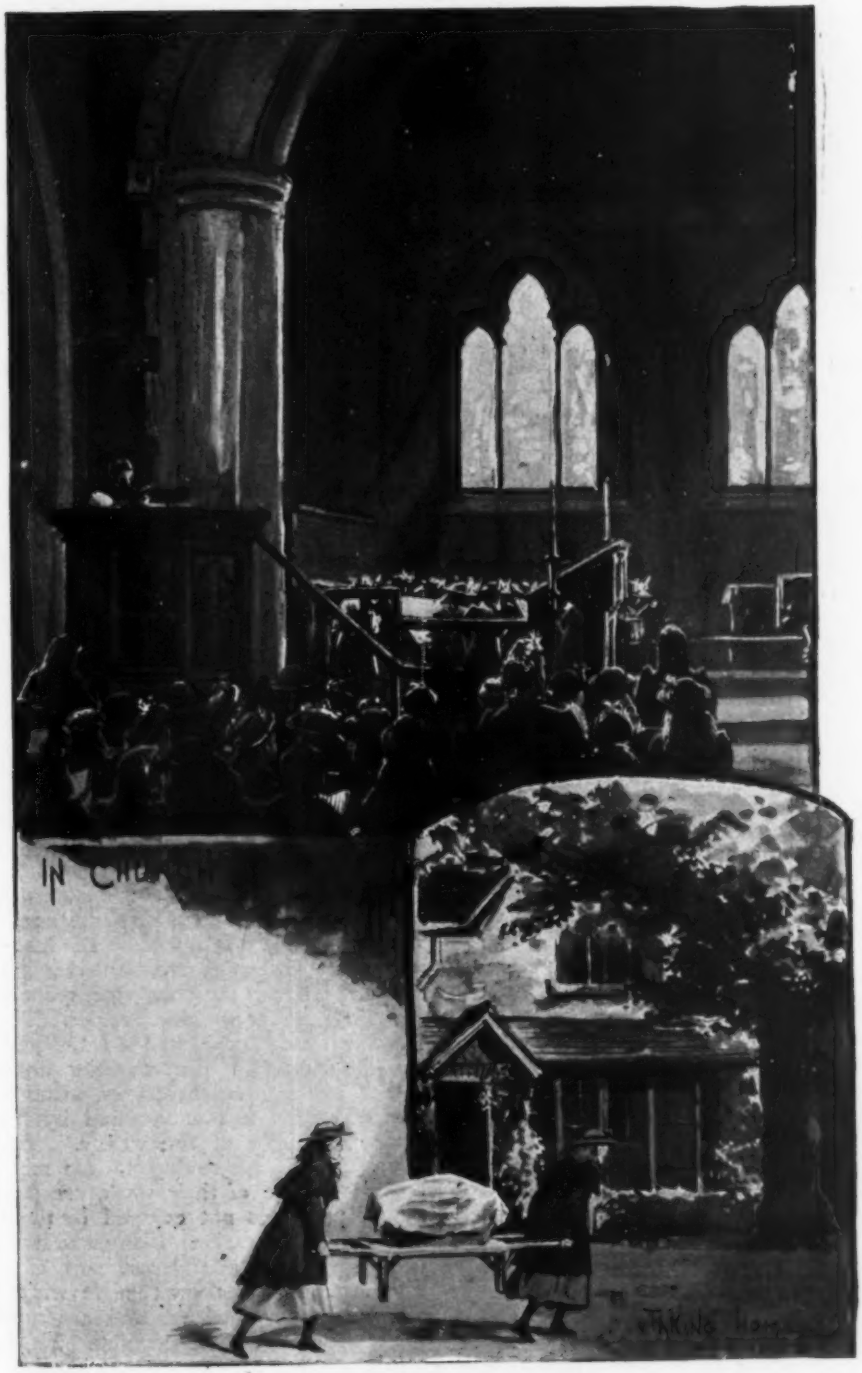
A THREE-MILE drive on a Spring afternoon through that flat corner of flat Essex, where the nearest approach to a hillock is found in the wayside collection of mud diligently raked together by brass-numbered parish convicts-of-poverty, brought me to the hamlet of Barkingside, and, via the hamlet, to an astonishing village. In response to my driver's call, the lodge-keeper, a matronly Peggotty, opened the gates, and I surveyed from my mount a collection of fifty odd homes, beautiful in situation and apparently the very abode of peace. The spire of a pretty church and a fine clock-tower, the latter attached to the "Cairns Memorial," Cottage, the largest house in the settlement, dominate the scene. This fine edifice was designed and erected in memory of the late Lord Chancellor Cairns, the first President of the "Barnardo Institutions." Each of the fifty cottages is a Gothic Villa, the whole grouped about an L-shaped ground plan. To the rear of school-house and laundry stretch twelve acres of playing-fields, margined by great elms, whose sturdy limbs support, in bright summer weather, the swings in which the girls love to disport themselves thus shielded from the burning rays by delicate green embroidery.

Engraved on a white stone attached to each little house is a record of its story, as thus: "Eton Cottage, in memory of my son." "Hyacinth Cottage, erected by G. as a thank-offering for great mercies." "Myrtle Cottage, erected by Æ. in memory of an only daughter;" and "Rose Cottage, the gift of A. J. L., erected in the name of my beloved wife." Flower names predominate. In early summer each cottage garden is resplendent with its especial flower. "Rose Cottage," affords a striking example. It has recently been repainted by the late donor's nearest relative; the framework of the windows is a crimson-rose colour, and all the young cottagers wear rose-coloured cloaks, and the red rose flourishes in the little garden during the rose days. The ornamental grounds are extensive, and, together with the playing-fields, may well be considered as the two lungs of the village life. It was by one of the flower-beds, not far from the dove-cote and the playing-fountain, that a ten-year-old slumite, whose city feet had never pressed the soft green grass of the country, paused as she was led into the Settlement on her way to one of the cottages. Before the lady accompanying her understood her intention, she went down upon her knees opposite a sweet-scented flower, and bending eagerly over it kissed it again and again! It was a "soul's awakening" for the untutored waif of the alley.

Every "Home" has its "Mother," who is, so to phrase it, "the soul of the story." Not a few "mothers" are ladies of independent means, who have relinquished their own circle of ease and independence for the sake of "mothering" the orphan and destitute. These Cottage-mothers are one and all ready to salute a child in the spirit of Wordsworth's lines:

Thou whose exterior semblance doth belie thy soul's immensity,
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That deaf and silent, read st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind——

and they are quite convinced that "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." And yet the Cottage-mothers, in the children committed to their trust, have not by any means "angels." Hereditary depravity is a doctrine glibly talked about, but not fully understood as yet even by men of science. This much girl life at this Village Home for Girls of Dr. Barnardo's at Ilford establishes, that although an evil heredity makes



SCENES AT ILFORD

harder the task of even the most persevering and hopeful "Mothers" yet environment is stronger than heredity. It is found that if the young shoot be transplanted, while yet tender, into new soil and atmosphere, and if, after such transplantation, it be generously and wisely tended, its fruit shows no signs of the degeneracy that distinguished the parent tree, for "reversion to type" has its bright as well as its dark side. The formative and moulding influences of a good home life, permeating with the subtle persistence of love even the densest and most unresponsive material, tell powerfully upon young lives submitted to such influences, and no girl, though she be deplorably bad, can effectually expel from her consciousness all the inducements to a better life which the village presents.

Let me outline an average day in one of the cottages. At a quarter-past six the household is astir, for breakfast must be ready by seven. Lighting fires, cooking and serving the meal, and washing and dressing the little ones employ the minutes till then. At half-past the tables are cleared, and the bell summons to "morning prayers." From eight to nine busy work prevails, for young hands must be trained in usefulness. At half-past nine the school bell rings, and the children receive the kind word of dismissal, the bright, "Good morning, girls: mind you do your best to-day," of the sympathetic "Mother." Two elder girls are kept at home, one for practical lessons in cookery, the other for training in all sorts of domestic matters. At half-past twelve the bairns troop in from school hungry as hunters, after the morning's pursuit of knowledge, and at a quarter-past one dinner is served. Then, with clean hands and faces, off the children run to afternoon school, and by two the little cook and housemaid are at their needlework, ready for any light service that may be required of them. At half-past four comes the release from school, followed by an hour's good romps till tea-time. This meal on a bright summer afternoon is frequently taken *al fresco* under the elms. The evening hymn succeeds tea—a text, a short prayer, and the tiniest toddle off to bed; those a little older engage their needles in dressing their dolls, or read until half-past seven. At eight o'clock the elder girls retire, and, as the hour of nine strikes in the cottage, life is fast asleep. Such is the daily routine in the cottage-home. The family life goes on continuously, and in order that it may do so the plan is adhered to of bringing fresh arrivals into the home circle one by one, or two at a time.

There is one cottage in the village, a visit to which calls forth my tenderest sympathies. It bears the name "Sir James Tyler" on the memorial stone, and is at the present time used as a "Hospital." In the "Stafford Cot" lies a little girl suffering from abscesses in her legs; and in other cots equally sad cases of child-suffering meet my glance. In another ward—an ordinary room—I find several girls with "bad eyes," and upstairs, in a third room, sad it is to come face to face with tuberculosis.

Almost all the cots are maintained by a noble band of young people, chiefly of the upper and middle classes, who are enrolled as "The Young Helpers' League," under the Presidency of H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck. A new Hospital is needed, and towards this over £5,000 has been subscribed, but £1,500 is yet required. The immediate object of the Union is the aid of the crippled, blind, deaf and dumb, and sick children of the waif class. The general Secretary of the League is Miss Rachel Norton, 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E. Leaving the Cottage Hospital, and entering the laundry, I was forcibly struck by the contrast, for in the latter all is din, and bustle, and rapid motion. All, too, is robust health and busy work. This will be the better appreciated when I mention that the washing-bill for the past year, records, all told, 828,468 separate articles. The "family wash," continued all the year round, comprises the washing from several of the London Homes, in addition, of course, to that required by the large population of the village. The young laundresses, owing to the more arduous nature of their work, are permitted privileges not enjoyed by those whose tasks are easier. Many who have been trained in this department have passed out into good positions in private laundries, or elsewhere, and are now self-supporting and respectable girls, a credit to their village up-bringing, and to those who took such a deep interest in their earlier and untrained days.

Let me close with a peep into the



SCENES AT ILFORD



SCENES AT ILFORD

sitting-room of "Cairns Memorial" Cottage, a group of little ones entering immediately before me. The "Mother," quite unconscious of the presence of an unannounced stranger, sits in an arm-chair by the fire — for the afternoons are still chilly. The small children, pretty as they are small, scarcely waiting to take off their outer garments, rush impetuously towards her, climb on her lap, nestle down with the brightest confidence, and cover her face with kisses. In the passage, outside the sitting-room door, stands a large rocking-horse, the gift of some kind friend to this particular cottage. "Come dears," says the "Mother" brightly, "let me give you a ride to London town!" Beside her stands poor blind Ethel, whose quivering lids and sightless eyeballs are pathetic enough to plead her protection. As the children scramble on to the tireless horse, I notice that not one forgets the blind girl, but all unanimously reserve for her the best place on the saddle. A second group busily chat as they "set tea" with the "dolls'" tea-things, and put into the roseate tea-pot powdered biscuit by way of a brew—"for mother doesn't like water in this, it's too pretty," explains fair-haired Edie, a sweet little girl of six or seven years. All the larger pieces of biscuit are allotted to "Mother," but the second in point of size to Ethel, "because she can't see, but can only taste, you know." As I listen to the childish prattle, and witness the devotion to "Mother" and to each other of these one-time "nobody's bairns," I am constrained to recognise that the beautiful spirit of true family life reigning in "Cairns Memorial" Cottage and throughout this delightful village is indisputably working wonders. In conclusion, I would intimate that visitors to Ilford Village Homes are welcome any day save Saturday or Sunday, and that a vehicle from the Homes meets regularly the afternoon train which leaves Liverpool Street station at a quarter past one. I invite the readers of this sketch to fill-in its many gaps by a personal visit to the most unique village in all England.





ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

THE STOLEN BONDS.

"IN order to tell you the story of the stolen bonds," said Smurthwaite, "I must go back a long way, for Murray, the chief figure in the story, was at school with me at St. Andrew's, and afterwards, when I was studying the humanities at Edinburgh University, he was still my companion, and a student of medicine. I lived just on the Scottish side of the border, and presently when I entered a solicitor's office, I used to go into England daily, and back into Scotland at night.

"I came up to London, and here, after a time, my acquaintance with Murray was continued, for he was a great success in his profession, and very quickly saved enough to buy a practice down in the East End. The work was very hard, of course, but he loved his calling, and was rapidly progressing; as it was, he managed to support his widowed mother by his earnings.

"Imagine my horror and surprise when I came to my rooms one day, and found a telegram and a letter, the latter written from the cells of a police-station, to tell me that he had been arrested and thrown into prison on the previous day.

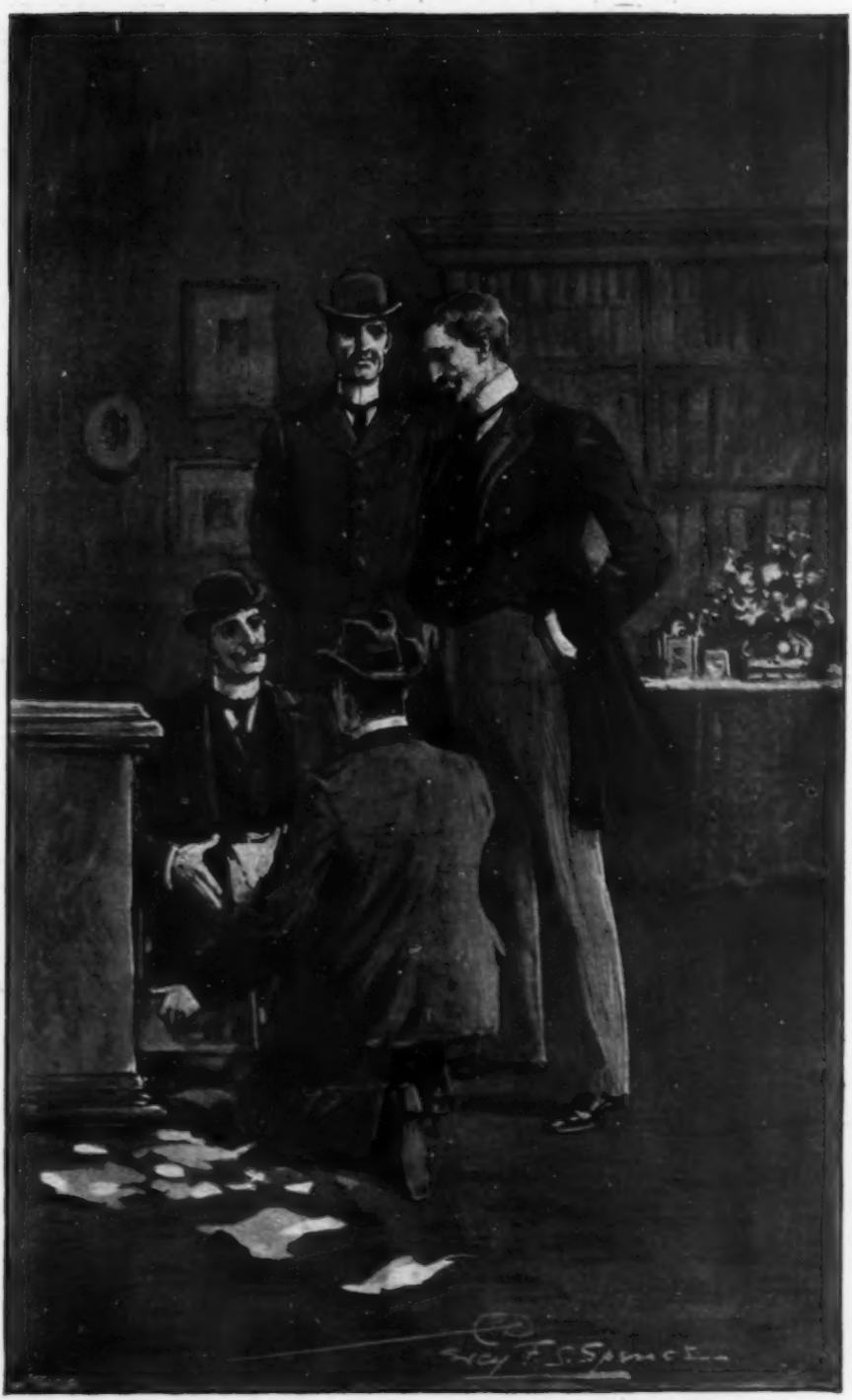
"My business was not then so extensive as it afterwards became, but I would have thrown anything and everything over. I took a cab at once and went down to the police-station from which he had written. There I explained what was my position, and was allowed to see Murray in the presence of a warder. I found him terribly worn and haggard. 'What on earth does this mean, old chap?' I asked.

"'Heaven only knows,' he answered. 'I was in the surgery at ten o'clock yesterday morning, as I always am at that hour. A detective, with two men in plain clothes, entered, and straightway charged me with being in possession of stolen bonds to bearer amounting to £30,000. I denied the charge—indeed, I could hardly take it seriously. Then, without more ado, they went to the lowest drawer on the left-hand side of my knee-hole desk, and there, from among a lot of dusty, useless papers, they turned out the bonds. I was arrested, and have been here since.'

"'Well,' I said, 'what am I to do? Have you no idea as to how they might have got there?'

"'None at all,' he said. 'I never use the drawer, and never locked it. The whole thing is a mystery to me; but I hope you will solve it.'

"I hoped so myself; but the case against him was so very strong that I did not see how the task was to be accomplished, nor even how it was to be set about. That day, an hour after I called



"THEN, WITHOUT MORE ADO, THEY WENT TO THE LOWEST DRAWER"

on him, my friend was charged, and I heard a little more of the story of the bonds.

"They had somehow or other been stolen when they were on the way from Belgium to London. The police had had a clue, of course, but for six months had not found them. Then, 'from information received,' said the detective, 'I visited Dr. Murray and charged him with being in possession of the bonds. Upon his denying the charge, I found them where I had reason to believe they would be found—in the lowest left-hand drawer of the desk in his inner surgery.' That was all, and Murray was quickly remanded in custody, while I proceeded to see to it that his affairs did not get too disastrously out of order in his absence.

"The first duty which lay before me was a very obvious one. I found a *locum tenens* to take my friend's place for the present. He was an excellent man for the post, and I think I persuaded him to share my belief in Murray's innocence. Of that, indeed, there was really no doubt, despite the evidence against him.

"After this had been arranged I meditated as to what should next be done, and, in the first place, I sought out the detective who had given evidence before the magistrates. I asked him plainly what was the information which had led to my client's arrest. 'I am quite sure of his innocence,' I said, 'and surely you do not want to get the wrong man convicted. If you will tell me all you can about the information that led to his arrest I am sure you will be helping me to secure his acquittal, and incidentally you will be clearing the way towards the discovery of the actual thief.'

"Now, I hardly need to tell you that the appeal I made was all in vain. The officer recognised that this case was a little out of the ordinary, but the bonds had been found in Murray's possession, and it was no part of his duty to make my work easier. He declined to speak, and I was left to find out for myself what I desired to know.

"One thing was obvious. The stolen bonds had not been precipitated out of space into that drawer. Someone had put them there, and the chances were that he had not chosen this spot without having visited the place before. I went first of all and had a look at the surgery, and at the drawer in which the bonds had been found. There were two rooms. The outer one was a big, empty-looking place, with a counter at one end, and behind that a series of shelves with bottles. The counter was used for dispensing. One end of the counter lifted up, and at this end there was a door behind the counter, which opened into the inner room. That was for the convenience of the doctor if he should want to consult the dispenser, of the dispenser if he should want to consult the doctor.

"Outside the counter, however, there was another door, which also opened into the consulting-room. Patients who came to consult Murray entered through this door.

"The inner room was furnished with a few chairs and a hard horsehair sofa. In the centre of it stood the common knee-hole desk of which I have spoken. The drawers were still unlocked, and I examined them. They had evidently not been arranged or looked through for years. The upper ones were locked, and doubtless contained all the documents that Murray deemed of any importance. The lower ones had evidently been used for the reception of papers and other trifles deemed just worthy to escape the waste-paper basket, and yet not important enough to be kept under lock and key.

"After this I called the dispenser into consultation, and we compiled as complete a list as could be contrived of the patients who had visited the surgery for months past — since the date on which the bonds had been stolen, in fact—and might have placed the packet in Murray's desk. The list when complete was long enough to dash the hopes of the most confident of amateur detectives, but I knew that chance often comes to a man's aid under circumstances like these at the very moment when it is least expected. So while the *locum* did his best to keep the practice together—an easy enough task, since Murray's innocence was not doubted—I betook me to a series of enquiries as to the people on the list.

"I must say here that Murray in the meantime was once or twice brought before the magistrates again and remanded, and that, finally, he was committed for trial. The precious days were slipping by and I was no nearer my end, which was to find among all those patients someone who might have been connected,

either before or after the fact, with the robbery, and then to examine into the matter more closely. It was the *locum tenens* who put me on the right track.

"'If only the jury were twelve of Murray's patients,' he said one day, 'he would have no difficulty in proving his innocence. They believe in him up to the hilt. One of them was on at me to-day—a Mrs. Maitland, who seems to have known him before he came into this district.'

"Now, the name Maitland was on the list, but somehow I had not made any close enquiries in that quarter. This remark brought back to my memory the fact that Mrs. Maitland was already an old acquaintance of mine.

"I must go back to those old days at Edinburgh. When Murray and I were students, there was in the Infirmary an extremely handsome nurse. She was well-educated and quite Murray's equal in social position; it seemed more than likely then that they would eventually become man and wife. But one day a big, finely-built man named Maitland was brought into the Infirmary with his leg broken, as the result of an accident at Musselburgh races. As he began to recover strength he made violent love to his nurse, and in the end she consented to marry him. She was looked upon as very foolish, for the man was vastly her inferior socially, being the proprietor of a greengrocer's shop in the East End of London.

"When Murray bought the practice there he became the family doctor, and renewed his acquaintance with the woman who might have been his wife. I now made up my mind to call on her and claim acquaintance.

"She welcomed me for old times' sake, and presently we had got by natural transition from theme to theme, upon the subject of her husband. 'He is as kind a husband as a woman could desire to have. I am very comfortably situated so far as money goes. But his business often takes him away for long periods of time, during which I never get a line from him. Once he was away for nearly two years. And so you can understand that I am not altogether happy.'

"'But has he any business beyond this greengrocery?' I asked, with sudden suspicion.

"'Oh, yes,' she answered, but in a tone which amounted to a confession that she



"SHE WELCOMED ME FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE"

had not the remotest idea of what the avocations were which took him away for these long periods.

"I was prepared to have opinions myself. 'He is away on one of his trips now?' I asked.

"'Yes,' she said. 'I fancy his going away—altogether without notice—is the cause of my present ill-health. . . . By-the-bye, I do hope you will be able to clear Dr. Murray. Of course, there is no doubt of his innocence. Why, a fool might know that a man who had bonds of that value in his possession would not work as Dr. Murray has been working. There would be no earthly reason why he should.'

"'Did you see much of him?' I asked.

"'I've seen a great deal of him lately,' she answered. 'Just a day or two before my husband went off on this last journey of his, I took a violent chill, and he sent for Dr. Murray. Now, I happened to

know that the doctor thought the matter serious. He said little enough to me, but he spoke seriously to my husband, telling him that I must be very careful for some time to come. I saw that Paul



"IS THIS YOUR HUSBAND?"

was worried, and after some hesitation he told me what the doctor had said. And he said the same thing still more strongly on the next day when Paul went down to the surgery to get a prescription and have it made up.'

"Again I could hardly conceal my surprise. 'He went down to the surgery?'

"'Yes,' said the woman. 'The fact is, that Dr. Murray, being a busy man, and having given me careful instructions as to how I was to treat myself, did not intend to call for a day or two. This second warning I managed to find out from my husband, and so you will understand that his absence, which commenced two days later, came as a great shock to me. I have been unwell very frequently since then, and so have seen the doctor pretty often. . . . I do hope that you will succeed in clearing him. Everyone who knows anything of him must be certain of his innocence.'

"I had formed my own opinion as to what caused these very mysterious absences of Maitland's. I rose to go, and as I did so I walked across to a clumsily-executed enlargement in colour of a man's portrait. 'Is this your husband?' I asked, committing to memory the name of the local photographer who had executed the work. 'I have never seen him, you remember.'

"'Yes,' said Mrs. Maitland. 'That is Paul.' And so I took my farewell.

"After that I made haste to procure a copy of Maitland's photograph: a matter of no difficulty. My belief was simply this: that Maitland's mysterious disappearances were not altogether voluntary. The fact that the last had occurred just a few days after his last visit to the surgery suggested that he might be the man I wanted.

"I had plenty of good friends, and when I gave an outline of my predicament found it easy to get introduced to Scotland Yard, and there was helped in my search for the photograph of a convict outwardly resembling Maitland. Finally I came on what I wanted. Enquiry showed me that a man named Jackson, whose photograph showed him to be exactly like Maitland, had been sentenced to eighteen months imprisonment for felony just a month after the greengrocer disappeared from Millwall.

"I now began to have an inkling as to how the thing had happened, and saw that the next step to be taken was to procure an interview with the man Jackson. After a little interval this was arranged, and I went to see him.

"I showed my hand at once. 'Now, Maitland,' I began, and the man's face showed that I was right in my surmise.

"'My name is Jackson,' he said: 'at least, it will be, when I've ceased to be Number Something.'

"'As you will,' I said. 'But it was Paul Maitland who put £30,000 worth of stolen bonds in Dr. Murray's drawer, and, in the absence of Maitland, you seemed the best person to come to, for Murray stands committed for trial on a charge of having stolen them.'

"'By Jove!' cried the man, 'has Jimmy peached for the reward?'

"This was Greek to me, who knew not how the police had got upon the track of the bonds. 'That is neither here nor there,' said I. 'The thing is, can you clear Dr. Murray?'

"The man hesitated. 'You wouldn't have come here unless you needed little enough help from me,' he said at last. 'Yes, I had the bonds—it does not matter how I got hold of them—and I put them into the Doctor's drawer. Does that satisfy you?'

"'I know all that,' I said. 'You put them there when you went to get a bottle of medicine for your wife, three days before you were arrested for the offence that brought you here. Tell the whole story.'

"'Well,' said Maitland, 'you know my record. When I met Polly and married her, I tried to go straight; but that was impossible. However, I saw to it that she never suffered want, and, what is more, she never guessed why I was absent, for it was Jackson, and not Maitland, who went to quod. I was half off my head over those bonds. I had them, and I knew the police were on my track for what brought me here, and I could not for the life of me think of a place where they could be hidden safely. My wife was ill, too. Late one night the doctor came. By this time I felt about those bonds as a man does about a live shell he has picked up in the trenches and cannot throw away. The doctor had a bag with him, and I slipped the bonds into it.

"'The next morning I began to repent: they would have made a nice little provision for my old age. So I went down to the surgery for Polly's medicine, and was shown into the inner room. I talked with the doctor for a while, and noted that the bag was on his desk. I also saw that one of the half-open drawers was full of dusty papers, and was apparently never disturbed. The doctor went out to speak to the dispenser, and I opened the bag. The bonds were still there, and in another moment, just before the doctor returned, I had shoved them into the drawer under the other papers. That is all: you know the rest. If I had not trusted Jimmy I believe they would have been waiting for me undisturbed when this little trouble was over.'"

"But, did you know the rest?" I asked. "How did the police get on the track of the bonds?"

"Oh!" said Smurthwaite, "I found that out readily enough afterwards. 'Jimmy' was a confederate of Jackson's, and he, fearing Murray might happen to go to his drawer, had written a note to his friend saying where the bonds were hidden. This he had given to a companion in distress whose time was to expire in a day or two. Unhappily, the companion was no sooner discharged than he was re-arrested, and the note was

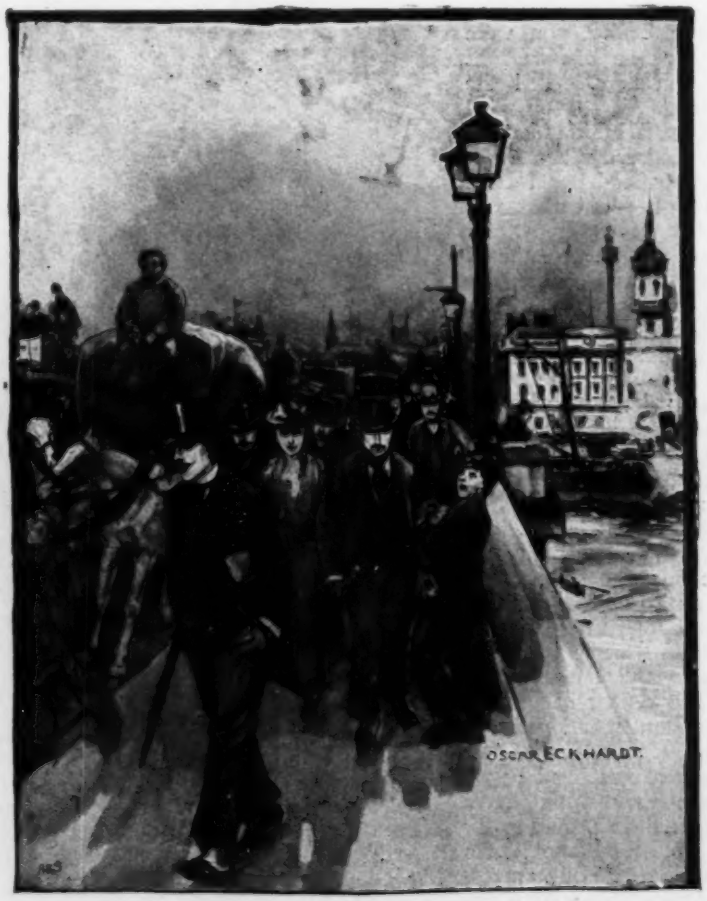


"I OPENED THE BAG"

found concealed in his boot. It led the police straight to Murray's surgery."

"And of course Murray was discharged?"

"Yes; and Maitland, or Jackson, spent a longer time than he had anticipated in prison. All the same, the police could never prove more against him than that he had received the bonds. They could never have proved even that much if they had not begun by arresting a perfectly innocent man."



MORNING ON LONDON BRIDGE

DRAWN BY OSCAR ECKHARDT

The "Ludgate" Prize Competitions.

The "Ludgate" Prize Competitions have once more led to the submitting of a large number of manuscripts in prose and verse. Of the stories the best is "Castles and Pancakes," by Beatrice E. Greenaway, 75, Elgin Crescent, Kensington Park, W.; while Miss A. Ruth Young, Mint Street, Lincoln, takes the medal for the best poem. It is evident the amateur photographer is not courageous. Children may be difficult to photograph, but their grace and beauty ought (you would think) to make them favourite subjects. It is apparently not so, for the photographs sent in were fewer in number than is usual, and in quality still further below the average level. The prize is awarded to Irene Watts, Hanslope Park, Stoney Stratford, for her picture entitled "In Maiden Meditation." There will be no limitation as to subject in the next competition. Photographs should reach the offices of "The Ludgate" not later than April 25th, and the result will be announced in the June number.

THE BEST SHORT STORY.

CASTLES AND PANCAKES.

By BEATRICE E. GREENAWAY, *75, Elgin Crescent, Kensington Park, W.*



THE grown-up cousin had built the son of the house a card castle. Said the latter:

"When I am a man I will have a house like this." He was six, but very babyish, because there was no baby. The family circle round the fire smiled indulgently.

"Most castles in the air are only card houses," said the maiden aunt. She had a habit of saying things which might possibly have been clever if they had been differently expressed. At least that was the opinion of the Senior Wrangler, but then he wasn't very fond of his sister's sister-in-law; he made up for his deficiencies in that respect by the depth of his affection for the sister-in-law's cousin. However, this time he did not cavil at the commonplace, for he chanced to be building a castle in the air, and he felt as if that unobservant middle-aged lady had detected him. But it was only his guilt that had found him out, for, though he would never have guessed it, the maiden aunt was engaged in the all-absorbing work of building on her own account. Which may seem strange, but was not really so, for the time was February twilight, and winter's dusk is the best of lights for aerial architecture's construction. Therefore it was not so very odd that out of the four grown people who watched, and listened to the child, three of them craved for castles of their own. One alone was content with the castle on the hearth-rug, alone found the present sufficient; which might have signified that she was a great philosopher, had it not merely meant that she was a mother.

The most singular thing about the maiden aunt's castle was that she constructed it of old materials. The design differed occasionally, but those materials had served for many winter twilights now. She knew that the fates had named her castle Impossible, but that did not lessen her ardour in building. This is one of the strangest characteristics of aerial castle builders.

The Senior Wrangler was a dis-

tinguished man, even among Senior Wranglers. Lecture-halls and libraries should have been the chief features of his castle; perhaps they were parts of it, but it was a throne for the grown-up cousin that he was designing just then. It is slightly superfluous to add that the name of his castle was Love.

Unfortunately, the grown-up cousin's building was different. She was one of several orphan daughters of a genius who, after the traditional manner of geniuses, had left his family ill-provided for. One-hundredth part of his genius had been transmitted to this daughter. She thought a little, she wrote a great deal, so she was building a castle of Fame. At present her vocation in life was lady-help, but she did not play that *rôle* in her castle. Then, "no more cookery, no more drudgery": the very thought brought a smile of content. The grown-up cousin looked particularly pretty when she smiled, and the Senior Wrangler's castle grew grander.

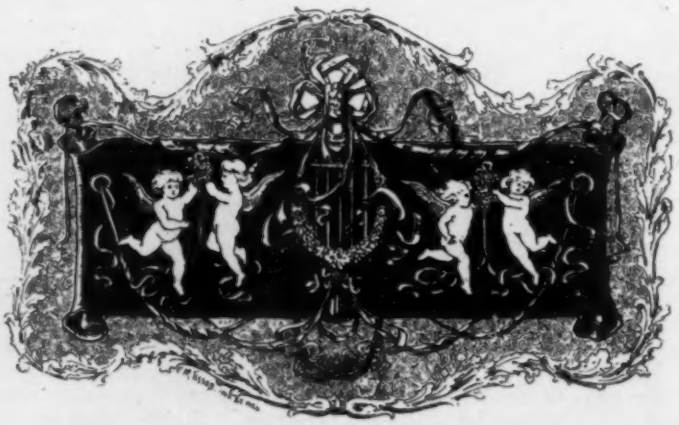
The silence had lasted ten minutes, and the card castle had lasted also, the son of the house having turned his attention to the kitten. But the kitten was sleepy, and the son of the house was not used to neglect. "I'm tired of my castle," he announced fretfully.

The Senior Wrangler sat up suddenly.

"By Jove! it's more than I am of mine," he cried ruefully. Then he blushed; but he need not have done so, for no one had noticed his mutter, seeing that simultaneously he had knocked over the cards, and thereby caused the son of the house to howl. The son of the house had ceased to care for his castle, but nevertheless he mourned it; wherein he showed promise of becoming a very ordinary type of character. His mother caressed him tenderly. "Never mind, sonny, cousin will make you 'pancakes,'" she comforted him; "'pancakes' are much nicer."

"They are safer," said the maiden aunt.

The remark was not very intelligible, yet the grown-up cousin laughed till she nearly cried.



The Best Set of Verses.

BITTER SWEET.

SWEET Moon, thou smilest sadly!
A little Song I'd sing,
How Lovers greeted gladly,
Their Tryst remembering.
Thou smilest sadly!

Strong Sun, thou shinest brightly!
(At noon-day sorrow not):
He valued her so lightly,
His very vow forgot!
Thou shinest brightly!

Sad Stars, serenely eyeing
Two graves, snow-covered white,
Does true Love seem a-dying?
There's Dawn for every Night!
Then sad Stars sleep.

By A. RUTH YOUNG, *Mint Street, Lincoln.*

The Best Photograph.



"IN MAIDEN MEDITATION": MEDAL
By IRENE WATTS, *Stoney Stratford*



"PICKING POPPIES": COMMENDED
By F. H. SIKES, M.A., *Sutton*



HAPPY CHILDHOOD: COMMENDED
By SAMUEL RICHMAN, *Liverpool*



FRIENDS: COMMENDED
By C. F. INSTON, *Liverpool*

Some Curious Fans.

WRITTEN BY ELSIE RHODES. ILLUSTRATED BY STEPHEN REID.

The fan paints all a woman loves,
All that her heart can feel,
Says aye and nay, condemns, approves,
Can all her thoughts reveal.

Trans. from DESPREZ.

The fan of a fair lady is the world's sceptre.

SYLVAIN MARECHAL.

TO attempt to give, in the scope of a magazine article, an account of what may be called the career of the fan, were but to court failure, inasmuch as such an account would suffice to fill a large volume. This *précieux colifichet* has played a part in society, literature, the drama, and history itself, which almost passes belief; and its story has never been written more charmingly, with daintier grace of expression, with truer seizing of its delicate and subtle characteristics, than by M. Octave Uzanne in "L'Eventail." Beyond, then, some passing reference to the occasions of its use, this account must be confined to the description of a few that have been collected by Lady Charlotte Schreiber, and which strike the beholder at once with a sense of their individuality.

The golden age of the fan is passed, at least for England. It belongs to the days of patches and powder, of silken robes, of hawking-parties, of ivied terrace and stone-built hall, of coaching journeys and Gretna Green—the days of Beatrix Esmond, of Amy Robsart, even. What has it to do with bicycles and knickerbockers, with a woman's thick and muddy shooting-boots or her leather-bound attire? The drill of the Women's Volunteer Corps is more to the taste of the age than that of the fan; and very oddly in these days reads a letter dated 1711, written by a lady to the editor of the *Spectator*, in which the rules of such drill are laid down. Here is the first paragraph:—

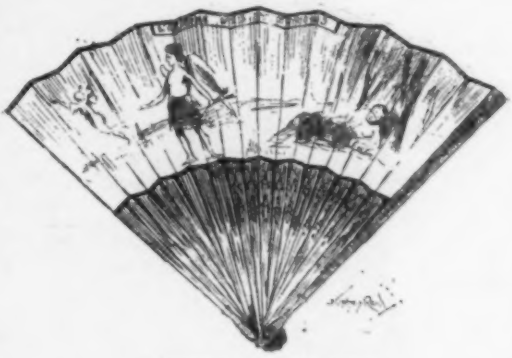
"Women are armed with fans as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. To the end, therefore, that ladies may be entire mistresses of the weapon which they bear, I have erected an Academy for the training-up of young women in the exercise of the fan, according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practised at Court. The ladies who carry fans under me are drawn up twice a day in my great hall, where they are instructed in the use of their arms, and exercised by the following words of command:—Handle your fans, unfurl your fans, discharge your fans, ground your fans, recover your fans, flutter your fans. By the right observation of these few plain words of command, a woman of a tolerable genius who will apply herself diligently to her exercise for the space of but one half-year shall be able to give her fan all the graces that can possibly enter into that little modish machine."

In the hands of a pretty woman this dainty toy has still somewhat the power of a sceptre, but where to-day is the high art, pictured in a letter to Madame de Staël:—

"Supposons une femme délicieusement aimable, magnifiquement parée, pétrie de graces . . . . si avec tous ces avantages elle ne sait que bourgeoisement manier l'éventail, elle aura toujours á craindre de se voir l'objet de ridicule. Il y a tant de façons de se servir de ce précieux colifichet, qu'on distingue par un coup d'éventail la princesse de la comtesse, la marquise de la roturière."

So it happens that the charm of the fan is somewhat the charm of the past; that past which we see, in these matter-of-fact days, as through a rosy mist; which, in our minds, takes the place of fairy legends in those of children, and in the glamour of which we only half believe.

There are some fans made within the last five years, which for elegance and perfection of design and finish rival those of the period of Watteau, Lancret, Lemoine, Fragonard, and Badoin. It is not of these most beautiful ones, modern or ancient, however, of which you are to read; but of some curious French and English fans, whose only or chief recommendation is their uniqueness or their individual significance. Here is a Spanish one, having "The Origin of Fans" for subject. Psyche lies asleep on an unmistakably manufactured sofa, in the midst of a landscape. In front of her stands Cupid, holding a fan-shaped wing captured from Zephyr, who is flying away. Cupid is supposed to give the wing as a trophy to Psyche, who uses it as a fan. They are both fully dressed, their clothes brilliantly coloured and embroidered with tinsel.



L'ORIGINE DES EVENTAILS

In the days of the great English fan craze, when Madame could not walk in her garden, ride in her Sedan chair, much less go to church, or receive a visitor without this little "modish machine," every event, great or small, must be celebrated by a fan as surely as by a newspaper paragraph to-day. Did the rich bookseller, Mr. Thomas Osborne, give a duck-hunt in the grounds of his grand new house at Hampstead? Nothing would satisfy his vanity but that a fan should be engraved, showing on one side the house and outbuildings, and a marquee wherein the guests are dancing, on the other the grounds with duck-pond, *al fresco* lunch, and grazing deer; every lady present had one given to her. The *School for Scandal* became popular; a fan with the same title was published, and the humour of the figures may be guessed at from these few illustrations. Did my lady condescend to go to church? She hid her face behind a picture of the birth of Esau and Jacob, a description of the Virtuous Woman, or the Ten Commandments — if, indeed, she was so sensible of the fit and proper. For in 1753 we hear of a Church-fan ornamented by Darby and Joan, Columbine, Harlequin, and Pantaloon, and the Judgment of Paris. One may excuse the first as an example of domestic virtue, and the second as a pious reminder of the frivolities which, for the hour, the owner must renounce, but what can be said for the last?

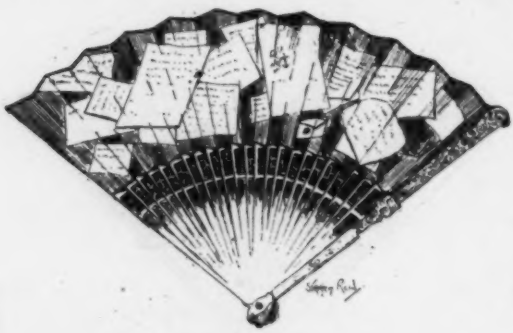
King George III. and Queen Charlotte visited the Royal Academy; straightway the royal group was printed on a fan. In France, the taking of the Bastille, the Assembly of Magnates, the Imprisonment of Cagliostro, the Will of Louis XVI. were all celebrated in the same way, and at the time of the Revolution every citizeness carried her



THE "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" FAN

"cockade" fan, with Robespierre's portrait, or patriotic inscription.

Concert and dance fans were equally popular in both countries, but the racing fan is English, and on each division of it



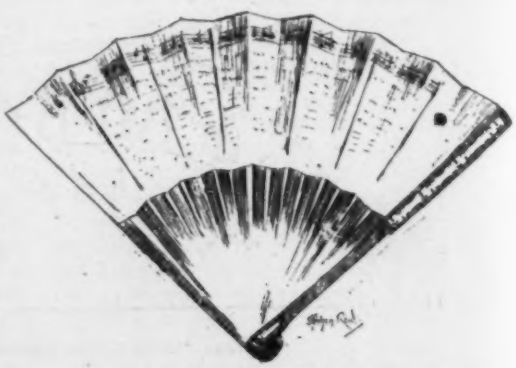
MISS LEWIS'S FAN

is painted the winner for the year, the last stick blank, the fan being purchased before it was filled. One of the most curious belongs to the close of the last century. The sticks are of white ivory, very finely pierced till they look like lace. The mount of chicken-skin is covered with a medley of riddles, charades, drawings and paintings. On the front is a conspicuous label: "Miss Lewis, Pit Box, No. 20," and we find from a plan of the Opera House, printed on a fan in 1797, that a Mr. Lewis actually owned this "Box No. 20." Nothing more is known of the lady. She evidently did nothing to cause the world to talk of her, and was just one among many of the nobodies who have kept the world going; but her fan exists still, and looking at it we think she was young then, and fair, and the toy was the offering of a friend, probably a lover, for it abounds in delicate compliment, in *vers d'amour*, in a score of pretty fancies that only such an one would think of, far less take the time and trouble to draw. Here is a dial which speaks for itself, with the motto, "Le temps nous joindra:" here a Cupid finding a heart: here the music of a song, a merry jest or rhyme of the day, a floating feather. Landscapes, presumably of places which for Miss Lewis had pleasant associations, are numerous, so are tiny sealed letters. The quotations are in French, Spanish and English, and vary from the Mad Maid's Song to an extract from "De Montfort," from "On croit suivre ses volontés en suivant les volontés de ce qu'on aime," to:

True love beats Time as oft as Time beats Love,
For Time is slow to Love, that Time will prove.
There's always Time to Love; then Love in Time,
For Time won't stay for Love, and Love's no crime.

A circling snake encloses the legend "L'emblème de mon amitié" and a Cupid, rowing hard over a stormy sea, says "Si je la perd, je suis perdu."

But to return to France, where the soft flutter, the sharp clash of gold or ivory frame, and the rustling of the crumpled silk of the toy borrowed an "indescribable something" of fascination and perfume. It was only natural that in a land where the art of playing the fan was innate in every woman of family, "as are innate in her her least gestures which captivate—her sweet, child-like caresses, her speech, her look, her walk"; where a maiden felt instinctively "that all the ruses of love, all the tricks of gallantry, all the grace of yes's or noes, all the accents of sighs are hidden in the folds of her fan"; where she understood that "behind this frail rampart she may study the enemy, that



THE MALBROUK FAN

in half unmasking herself she may open a terrible loophole, and that, later on, under her fan unfurled, she may risk furtive avowals, and gather half words which will penetrate her heart"—it was



MRS. PARR'S FAN

only natural that here all sorts of devices should be invented for love or coquetry, and we have "Love's Lottery," "The Post of Love," and "The Innocent Recreation." The first has on one side four columns of questions surmounted by Cupids, with full instructions for fortune-telling in love; on the other a tall Cupid with these ominous words under him:

Qui que tu sois voici ton Maître
Il est, le fut, ou le doit être:

and on either side of him are answers to the questions. Near the top of one of the guards is a numbered revolving counter, a kind of wheel of fortune. From *La petite poste de l'Amour* the lady could tell from which of her lovers she would receive a letter; and the *Récréation Honnête*—how many a merry evening has it not served to pass away in the hands of a gay, piquant, laughing coquette? What excuses has it not served for an encounter of hands, a playful rap on the knuckles, an unwonted proximity of faces, roguish glances, or the still sweeter stolen caress?

"The Ruses of Love," of the same period, is very "French," perhaps a little shocking to Mrs. Grundy, but very charming! There are six pictures, with explanatory verses—verses carrying in the song of the metre a gaiety and an abandon which in English were rather questionable, but in French are merely *un peu frivole.*

The *Malbrouk* fans have a pathetic interest to those who remember the story of the song. Only a nursery rhyme sung by a nurse over the cradle of poor Marie Antoinette's first baby—the quaint, simple air with its sorrowful, persistent minor third fascinated the young queen, and it became the rage, till everywhere one went one heard the nonsensical refrain:

Malbrouk s'en vat en Guerre;
Mironton, ton, ton, mirondaine.

Be sure there was a brisk demand for the fan, and every fashionable novelty, from a pair of earrings to the latest shape in sleeves was christened Malbrouk. Mrs. Parr, the well-known writer, has in her possession several beautiful and some curious fans, the most interesting being one of sandalwood designed for her by Mr. George Fox.

On each rounded stick, above the connecting ribbon, are sketches in black and white, or spaces for such sketches, and the artist has written his name below the ribbon.

A charming idea, even had the names no interest beyond that of personal friendship; but when they are those of past and present men of note, the value is much increased. Owing to the kindness of Mrs. Parr I was able to see it, and two or three sketches have been added within the last few months, notably a bust of Mr. Gladstone, in helmet and coat of mail, admirably done by Sir John Tenniel.

The signatures include many well-known names, and as there are several spaces still vacant, this fan will be, in a few years time, one of the most interesting to be seen.



An Obtrusive Admirer.

WRITTEN BY W. PETT RIDGE. ILLUSTRATED BY HAL HURST.

LYNTON and Lynmouth are crowded in summer with newly-married couples who like to turn their backs on the world and lob pebbles into the ocean from the Devonshire coast, and kiss. Lynton, in fact, is an awkward place for a modest bachelor to visit, inasmuch as he has to keep up a perpetual minatory cough to warn the absorbed couples of his approach. A suggestion that all visitors who are neither brides nor bridegrooms, or at least engaged, should wear a tinkling brass bell has not yet been finally adopted.

"They seem fond of each other," said Mr. Jerningham, putting a fern in his book.

"He is very fond of Susanna," said Mrs. Willis, pointedly. "But she is rather peculiar, and really it seems to me the rule is that young people should never marry nowadays."

"There are still some exceptions," said Mr. Jerningham. "My hotel is full of them. They feed each other at breakfast, and make me want to scream."

"Robert is such a sensible fellow," Mrs. Willis sighed. It was a large sigh, for Mrs. Willis was, as lady writers with delicacy phrase it, inclined to embonpoint. "He is so much like you were at his age."

"And yet you didn't marry me," remarked Mr. Jerningham.

"That was a blunder."

They stepped into the car of the funicular railway which goes down the hill to Lynmouth. The young people were walking down.

"Instead," remarked Mr. Jerningham, good-humouredly, "you married Mr. Willis, of the Indian Civil Service."

"That," said Mrs. Willis, with much earnestness, "that was a calamity."

Mr. Jerningham bowed. They were excellent friends these two, and there is indeed no reason why people who have been sweethearts in the twenties should *ipso facto* in the forties hate each other The car stopped at the bottom of the cliff, and they stepped out to wait for the two young people.

"Your nephew would marry Susanna to-morrow," said that young lady's aunt, resuming the topic, "if he had the chance. And it would be a good thing too for her."

"History seems to think that it must repeat itself. Because I'm a literary man, Robert is a literary man, and a very promising one, too. Because I fell in love once with you he thinks it is the correct thing to fall in love with Susanna. And because you refused me——"

"Something must be done. If the strong arm of the law can do nothing, something else must."

Mr. Jerningham tipped his soft white hat over his eyes and re-opened his book.

"Don't begin to read, John," cried Mrs. Willis, plaintively, "when such an important subject is at stake."

"Hadn't we better leave affairs to take their own course?"

"Certainly not. Certainly not. Affairs want guidance. Affairs require control. Why, bless my soul, Providence would be nothing without our help. Come, now, John, you often bring young people together in your stories. Do it for once in real life."

"It's so much easier on paper," said Jerningham.

"At any rate, have a try."

"Very well," said Jerningham. He waved his hand to the two young people. The youth was noting down local colour on the back of an envelope; the girl was watching him. "Very well, I will have a try." And went straightway to the post-office.

The afternoon of the next day was fine, as afternoons are sometimes even in the summer. Mrs. Willis's niece, being desirous of finishing the third volume of an absorbing novel by Mr. Jerningham, decided, like the self-willed young person,

that she would walk out alone towards the Valley of Rocks and read. When Robert offered his services as companion she said loftily that she was capable of taking care of herself.

"Stop here, Robert," said Mr. Jerningham. "I want to talk to you."

"Very well, uncle." The young man turned to Susanna. "Perhaps I may come to meet you?"

"There is absolutely no necessity, Robert."

"I don't know," said Mr, Jerningham, "whether it is quite safe for attractive young ladies——"

"Thank you."

"To walk about alone."

"There should be a detachment of the Life Guards to protect me," said Susanna, "but the Commander-in-Chief has overlooked it I suppose. In their absence I think I will look after myself."

The confident young person having walked sturdily along for a mile, sat down and pursued the career of the hero of Mr. Jerningham's ingenious work. She was within a chapter of the end, when someone behind her spoke.

"Pardon me, miss. Can you oblige me with the time?"

He was a big-headed man in a straw hat, not quite large enough for him, and two ears that stood out like wings. He lifted his straw hat, and spoke with so much politeness that there was no alternative but to answer the question.

"Much obliged, miss, much obliged. My nime's Potter, that's what my nime is. I on'y come down last night, and I'm jest strollin' round now, tiking the measure of the place as you may say. You don't object to smokin', Miss, I 'ope?"

Susanna answered distantly that she did not object to smoking.

"That's lucky. I'm just in the middle of as nice as twopenny ceegar as you can git in all Lambeth. The flavour," said Mr. Potter looking at the burning black end admiringly, "the flavour can't be beat at the price."

He cut off the head of a dandelion with his cane, and smiled agreeably.

"'Appen to know the meetroplis at all, Miss?"

Susanna, half-amused by the man's anxiety to talk, replied that she lived at Kensington.

"Kennington?" cried Mr. Potter, "why I know Kennington as well as I know ——"

"I said Kensington."

"Beg pardon. Thought you said Kennington. I don't live a great way from the Oval, I don't. Ask for me any time at the club jest by the Elephant and Castle station."

"I don't think there will be any need to do so."

"Quite so, lidy, quite so. I reckon we mix in different speres as you may say. And I shouldn't wonder" (ingratiaingly), "if you wasn't as great a fivorite in your spere as I am in my spere."

Susanna closed her book, and stood upright.

"Do you mind if I say good-day?" she asked.

"One moment, Miss. I'm a bit nervous down 'ere all by my little lonesome and I don't like the idea of giving up your company. Will you do me the great honour and the great pleasure of allowin' me to ecompany you back to the town?"

"I am afraid," she said coldly, "that I cannot prevent you from doing so."

"Vurry nicely put," said Mr. Potter with enthusiasm, "vurry nicely put, indeed."

"Do you go back to London soon?"

"I go," said Mr. Potter thoughtfully, "as soon as ever I can, you may bet your boots on that. The country may suit a lot of people but it don't suit me. I like more pubs and more gas, and more pals and more everythink!"

"The country is quiet."

"Quiet?" repeated Mr. Potter, "You call it quiet? I call it a blankey churchyard."

She hastened on and Mr. Potter followed quickly.

"Now don't be offended at a little bit of language like that," begged Mr. Potter. "It slipped out onintentional. I get so in the 'abit of it I don't know 'alf me time when I use a nadjective and when I don't. Shall you be out 'ere this time to-morrow, Miss?"

"I will take great care not to be," cried Susanna, trembling. "How dare you take hold of my arm, sir? Let me go at once."

"What!" said the surprised Mr. Potter, "without so much as a farewell kiss? O, woman, woman, what a myst'ry you are."

Miss Susanna endeavoured to disengage her white bloused arm from Mr. Potter's grasp. Her voice rose pro-



"I WILL LOOK AFTER MYSELF"

testingly; she managed to get free and then with all swiftness she ran. And Mr. Potter followed.

"Don't be in a 'urry Miss," he called out. "I shall be sure to catch you."

The frightened running girl could hear him grunting close behind her. Her foot slipped and as she screamed, a most appropriate thing happened. Mr. Jerningham's nephew sprang down from the pathway above; almost falling upon the excellent Mr. Potter and sending him to the ground. Potter was up directly.

"You never wired to say you was coming," complained Mr. Potter panting, "You'll 'ave to take pot luck."

A really excellent set to. Robert had learnt boxing with rather better results than most amateurs can show; Mr. Potter had a pretty way of feinting, of bringing his fist round unexpectedly that was at first confusing.

"Don't let him hurt you, Robert dear."

"I won't 'urt him," said Mr. Potter dodging a blow, "I'll only spile him, that's all."

It is so difficult in matters of sport to prophesy with accuracy. Two well planted blows by Robert, one by the

side of Mr. Potter's head and the other, a stunning one, under the jaw caused that gentleman to give in.

"'Ere stiddy on," he cried protestingly, "I don't want to be knocked all to bits. I've got a return ticket to London."

"I should advise you," said Mr. Jerningham's nephew, resuming his jacket, "to use it as speedily as possible."

"I shall use it," said Mr. Potter mopping his face and looking with curiosity at his handkerchief, "when I jolly well like."

"If I find you loafing about here again and if you dare to look again at this young lady——"

"Might she happen to be your wife may I kindly ask?"

"She is not my wife yet," said Mr. Jerningham's nephew, "and I fear——"

"But Robert! I soon shall be."

"My dearest!"

"Well all I can say is," said Mr. Potter, picking up the fag end of his cigar, which in the struggle had fallen, "all I can say is I 'ope I shan't see neither of you again."

"You could wish us nothing better."

At the hotel a spirited account of the adventure by the flushed, excited girl. Mr. Jerningham and Mrs. Willis much interested.

"And he ran after you?" cried the perturbed Mrs. Willis.

"Yes, he ran after me. And——"

"Chased Susanna," murmured Mr. Jerningham.

"Uncle, I don't think this is a matter to joke about. It is evidently not safe for her to go out alone."

"I suppose then," said Mrs. Willis, "I suppose I must try and go with her."

"We've thought of another plan," said the young man diffidently. "Susanna is going to be my dear wife."

"Good!" cried Mr. Jerningham, "I'm delighted to hear it. And that reminds me. I have to see some one off by the coach to Ilfracombe. No: don't you come."

Mr. Jerningham's friend was having a long drink in the "Crown." The face of Mr. Jerningham's friend was bruised somewhat, as faces will which have come in contact with a harder substance. He took the note from Mr. Jerningham and touched his straw hat.

"Not but what, mind ye," said Mr. Potter, "I shouldn't 'ave awsked for another pahnd if I'd knowed the young chap was so 'andy with his maulers. I tell you sir, I had as much as I could do to 'old me own."

"Still, you managed very well, Potter. Did you see about that dog for me that I lost just before leaving town?"

"I have seed about it, sir," said Mr. Potter, "and I ain't seed about it, if you understand me. But that dawg's as good as found, you tike it from me. When Awthur Potter takes a job in 'and, it's sife"





VIEW OF THE WORCESTER ROYAL PORCELAIN WORKS

The Mysteries of Royal Worcester.

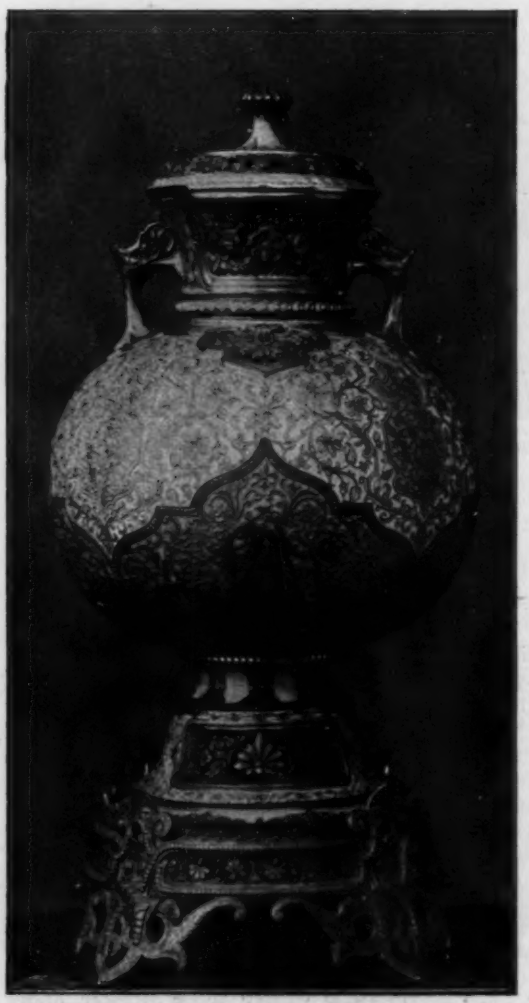
BY STANHOPE SPRIGG AND ERNEST LEWIS.

THERE is something curiously suggestive in an old-world phrase in a little guide that is purchased by every visitor to the Royal Porcelain Works at Worcester. "The study of the origin of this famous porcelain," says the unknown author, "is neither deficient in dignity nor limited to trifling investigations, nor rewarded with insufficient results." Does not this sentence, in its elegant turn of expression, its conscious elevation, its oppressive air of solemn admonition, recall, in a flash as it were, those dead-and-gone times when the minuet, knee breeches and powder, the gavotte and the pompadour costume set the pulse of our social life? when George III. was King; and when, as a matter of fact, Worcester porcelain received the first favour in Royal patronage without which —such is oftentimes the fate of a great art—it might have languished in obscurity, and possibly passed into oblivion.

"Royal Worcester" porcelain, we must remember, entered upon its earliest career in an extravagant age. As a matter of fact, it was first produced about the middle of the last century, at a time when fashion was clamouring for Chinese or Japanese porcelain of a particular design. Then brilliant colours, paintings and rich gilt decorations were demanded, not because purchasers thought they were the more beautiful, but to harmonise with the decorative furniture and surroundings of the Louis period then in vogue. The enterprise, therefore, made its entrance into the world with some curiously commercial advantages; but it owed its habitation at the city of loyalty to a curious accident.

Political rivalry in Worcester about the middle of the last century, it seems, ran very high, and one of the parties was, as usually happens, chagrined by defeat at the hustings. In the hope of strengthening their forces for a future battle, the disappointed political financiers resolved on a clever move. They determined to establish a new industry in Worcester with the view of attracting artisans to the city, and so securing votes and victory in the future; and so, according to accredited tradition, this selfish motive gave to the world Worcester porcelain.

But the prime existence of the porcelain is, after all, attributable to another, and a more unselfish cause. One Dr. Wall, a man who was of high repute in his University, Oxford, and whose taste in painting, and chemical knowledge were everywhere held in high esteem, first produced the porcelain, laying great stress on the fact that it was more like the Chinese in appearance, texture and glaze than any other artificial porcelain of the time. Knowing that this was then esteemed a great virtue, it is not surprising to read that the politicians of Worcester did not cast about long before they decided to avail themselves of Dr. Wall's invention.



ONE OF THE PAIR OF VASES, RICHLY DECORATED IN INDIAN STYLE, PRESENTED TO H.M. THE QUEEN ON HER JUBILEE, JUNE, 1887, BY THE LADIES OF WORCESTER

Accordingly, a bargain was struck and a company was formed. Prominent among the founders were the names of Dr. Wall and Mr. Edward Cave—a literary celebrity of some moment, and at the time the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. In old numbers of the magazine there appear interesting notices of the Worcester works, and the present managers could not understand the interest and zeal of the *Magazine* in promoting the enterprise until a few years ago, when the original deed relating to the promotion of the company came into their hands, which gives the names of the proprietors and the terms upon which the company was formed.

The porcelain, which has adorned Royal palaces and noblemen's castles, was not, however, at first quite perfect. Indeed, it will bear ill comparison with the Royal porcelain for which the works afterwards became celebrated. Dr. Wall, it has been said, took the Chinese for his model. Well, the Chinese porcelain is the most perfect in the world in its composition, and it was this perfection of body that Dr. Wall imitated. Chinese porcelain was being purchased by Royalty, and so it was deemed wise, in a commercial sense, to imitate it. Worcester porcelain subsequently exhibited so much of the character of the Oriental as to deceive even the experienced eye. The fact, too, that these specimens were produced before the discovery of any of those clays which are now deemed indispensable to the production of delicate fabrics, adds to the interest and value of the old Worcester specimens.

There are for examples of those times some interesting patterns of Tonquin porcelain in cobalt blue, which were manufactured and are now preserved at the works—a Chinese lady being painted in one case, and a cow ridden by a lady in another. The work of manufacturing Worcester porcelain did not require, at the commencement, first-rate artificers, but a short time brought a change.

The patterns on the porcelain changed

to birds and flowers and insects; and the work then evinced taste and ability and more elaboration and care in tracing and gilding. The gilding, indeed, at this period was very interesting, and that feature has been always one of the best characteristics of Worcester porcelain. Connoisseurs attribute the rich appearance of Worcester gold, not only to the purity of the metal and the beauty of the work, but also to the texture of the glaze, which, being hard, does not absorb the metal.

Soon after this time when the decoration changed to birds and flowers, an important event occurred, which changed the condition of things in Worcester porcelain. That was the discovery of an ingenious yet simple method of reproducing intricate patterns, namely, copper plate transfer printing. Investigations have been made as to who should have the credit for the invention; and Mr. R. W. Binns, F.S.A., one of the present managing directors, has proved that it belongs to Robert Hancock. Some engravings which have been discovered signed with his name, prove his connection at one time with the enamel works at Battersea, and afterwards with Worcester. One of the earliest specimens of this man's printing upon porcelain is a Worcester cup decorated with the portrait of the King of Prussia, which is printed in black. Changes in the subjects at this period, however, followed each other in great variety. Picturesque views of ruins, hunting and racing scenes, tea-parties, pastoral scenes, and fishing-parties—evidently after Chinese, Chelsea, and Dresden models—were the prevailing characteristics, and, no doubt, the porcelain was very beautiful, and excellently fitted for the delicate engravings with which it was decorated. Now it is a luxury to have our sideboard furnished with the Tonquin porcelain produced at the Worcester works, so rare have the specimens become.

Dr. Wall died in 1776, and in 1783 the Porcelain Company's property was so'd to Mr. Flight for £5,250. The original firm had acquired an imposing mansion for the manufactory, with garden running down to the banks of the Severn, but it was now considered desirable to establish the business in a more central part of the city, and this was accordingly done.

The first time the manufactory was honoured by Royalty was in 1788—at 65, High Street: then King George III. and his family visited Worcester, and after that came a long string of Royal visits. From that day down to the present the porcelain has been called Royal.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that



A SPECIMEN OF PIERCED WORK

it was at that time the custom of Royalty to mark occasions of great dignity by furnishing their residences with new designs in porcelain, &c. In 1810 the state of health of George III. became

such that an Act of Parliament was passed conferring the position of Regent upon the Prince of Wales. In anticipation of this honour several splendid services, costing £40,000, were ordered at Worcester. A special porcelain was



MODERN WORCESTER, NEW STYLE

produced for these orders and christened the Regent porcelain, which was composed exactly according to the plan of Dr. Wall, but with the addition of new materials since discovered.

There was not, however, in Worcester porcelain, under the direction of Mr. Flight, the same display of artistic talent as there was in the earlier days, and the reputation of the porcelain seems to have waned somewhat as time went on. After the King's visit it was re-established; and the patronage of the King attracted the attention and favour of the most celebrated personages of the kingdom to Worcester's principal industry with excellent artistic and financial results.

The fashion of having dress services with full armorial bearings emblazoned eventually became the rage. Indeed, the succession to a title or a highly fashionable marriage was frequently made the occasion of a new display of Worcester porcelain. The design for the service for the Duke of Clarence, for instance, was emblematical of his seafaring love. The centre was painted in monochrome, and the subject was the sea, with a ship of war in the distance and the figure of "Hope" in the foreground, the whole encircled with irradiating ornament.

Worcester porcelain, after this fashion died down, again underwent changes; and the subjects made favourites were landscapes, shells, fruit, and groups of flowers, and Cupid subjects. They had then at the works a clever flower painter, who showed great genius in grouping flowers. A Mr. Chamberlain, however, who had been engaged with the original Company under Dr. Wall, left the works when they were sold to Mr. Flight and commenced business on his own account in the premises at present occupied by the Porcelain Company. Competition then became severe, but the two firms eventually strengthened their position by uniting in 1840. The company, however, was dissolved in 1848, and after several changes Mr. R. W. Binns came to Worcester in 1852 to join Mr. W. H. Kerr, and in 1862 commenced the present joint stock company.

The faithful city has become famous for another porcelain. Among the works of art displayed in the great London Exhibition of 1851 were some elegant specimens of ivory sculpture; and the soft tone of the ivory suggested a new application of porcelain. A series of experiments were accordingly undertaken, which resulted in the Worcester "ivory porcelain." This new porcelain appears to have added considerably to the reputation of the Worcester Company, as many of the rich works which have from time to time issued from Worcester during the last 40 years of the most real excellence, are of ivory porcelain. Soft, creamy in its tone, translucent in its paste, tender in its glazes, whether bright as glass or soft as velvet, it lends itself admirably to the decorator's finest touch.

The direction of the works has ever been practical, and about this time began another new departure. The work up to that date produced at

Worcester was almost exclusively services, but after the London Exhibition the field appeared to be opening for the employment of the skill of the Worcester artists in producing ornamental pieces. These works of art represent the Worcester production in a more artistic character. One can trace also, how, from time to time, the whims and fashions have changed in this department. At one time the Chinese hexagon jar seems to have been the favourite, grounded with rich dark blue, bearing white panels filled with birds brilliantly coloured and spiritedly drawn, the gilding rich and solid, after the style of Louis XV. Some, however, are adaptations from the Chinese and Japanese style, decorated with their native flowers, birds, and ornaments, while others are painted with bold groups of flowers, after the best Dresden style.

In the modern work the adaptation of the style of old Sévres is eminently happy and in the best taste. There are few works of Worcester porcelain more interesting than the numerous vases, tazzas, ewers, and other ornaments in Oriental, Italian Renaissance, Cloisonné, and every conventional style, whether representing the grace of form or the manner of the decoration. The favourite design now consists of panels, in which groups of flowers are beautifully painted with rich, soft colours and mellow tones. The soft, creamy tint of ivory forms the ground, the panels being filled with decorative subjects. Another interesting production introduces the characteristics of the old Worcester of 1780, being delicately painted with designs of flowers.

One cannot be surprised, however, on being told that departures are being continually made in the production of the porcelain, or in the method of treatment, and thus stained ivory is being adapted as well as porcelain for the vases and ornaments, offering a variation to the ivory porcelain, which has been so freely copied over all the world.

A great feature has been made of the ornamental porcelain, but the department connected with useful services has not been allowed to deteriorate from the high standard attained, as a visit to the room laid out with a delightful show of tea, dinner, dessert and breakfast services, elaborate yet inexpensive, would prove.

Earthenware has never been produced at Worcester, but besides fine porcelain there is manufactured a semi-porcelain, or vitreous ware, which is largely used in regimental messes, clubs, and hotels, on account of its durability; and during the last few years the company have purchased the old independent enterprise of Messrs. Grainger, which is being carried on as a separate establishment.



AN IVORY PORCELAIN VASE WITH CHRYSANTHEMUM IN CLOISONNÉ GOLD WORK



A SET OF THREE PIECES, JARDINIERE AND TWO EWERS IN THE STYLE OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE, PRESENTED TO THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DUDLEY UPON THEIR MARRIAGE BY THE CITY OF WORCESTER

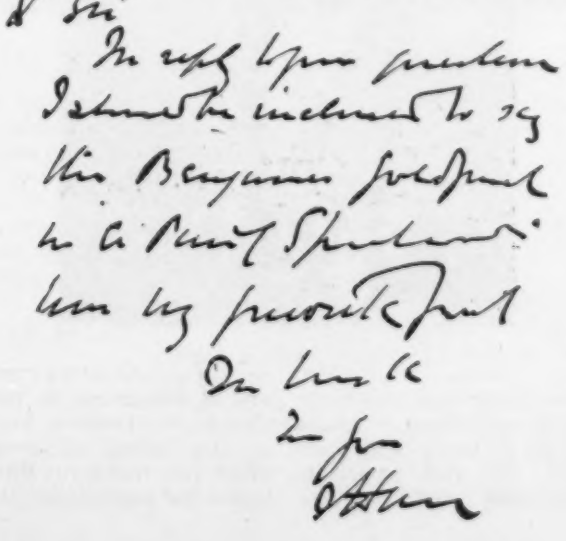
History, however, exhibits the Royal Worcester Works as the proud founder of three notable porcelains in sequence—the Tonquin, the Regent, and the Ivory, at different periods of its career. The company is now being directed with spirit and persistent regard for the very highest standard of workmanship and artistic taste by Messrs. R. W. Binns, F.S.A., and E. P. Evans. Mr. W. Moore Binns superintends the art departments, and Mr. C. F. Binns the technique. The works employ 600 or 700 hands.

Mr. John Hare's Favourite Part.

READERS of the March number of *The Ludgate* will have observed an omission, discovered too late for its rectification. Owing to an accident, the letter from Mr. John Hare, mentioned in the article "Actors on their Parts" as being reproduced in facsimile, did not appear in that number. The letter, in which Mr. Hare expresses a very natural preference for the part in which, perhaps, of all others, he has most delighted the theatre-going public, is accordingly given here. You will perhaps be content to have endured the delay, since you are now given, in addition to the omitted letter, a portrait of Mr. Hare in the part in question: that of Benjamin Goldfinch in *A Pair of Spectacles*.



MR. JOHN HARE AS "BENJAMIN GOLDFINCH"



The Music-Halls.

MDLLE. LIANE DE VRIES.

SOME of the very prettiest costumes in London are being worn just now at the Alhambra by Mdlle. Liane de Vriés, who has come over from Paris to delight English audiences by the charm with which she renders the French equivalents of songs with whose English forms they are already familiar. She calls herself a "Gommeuse Parisienne," and her songs are mostly of the gaiety of a gay and thoughtless life. To compare the songs with their English counterparts, the methods of the singer with those of the ladies who do the same sort of thing—



MDLLE. LIANE DE VRIES

with a difference—on this side of the Channel, is interesting, but hardly results in that feeling of complacency with which the true-born Britisher loves to regard the productions of the foreigner.



MDLLE. JUNIORI

Mdlle. de Vriés made her first appearance not very long ago in Paris, and then started on a most successful tour in Italy and Hungary. She re-appeared last year in the French capital at the El Dorado. Then she was re-engaged for the El Dorado and the Scala, whence she came to pay her first—but not, you may be certain, her last—visit to England.

MDLLE. JUNIORI.

Mdlle. Juniori, who is now appearing most successfully at the Empire, is one of the growing army of those who have left the more or less legitimate, to become a star of the variety stage. She had already a considerable reputation, gained in opera in Paris, when she decided to seek new honours, and took to appearing on the halls. Her success was great and instantaneous, and when she crossed the Channel and appeared in London it was immediately ratified by the applause of English audiences. Her re-appearance at the Empire after so brief an interval of time is a further testimonial to her powers.

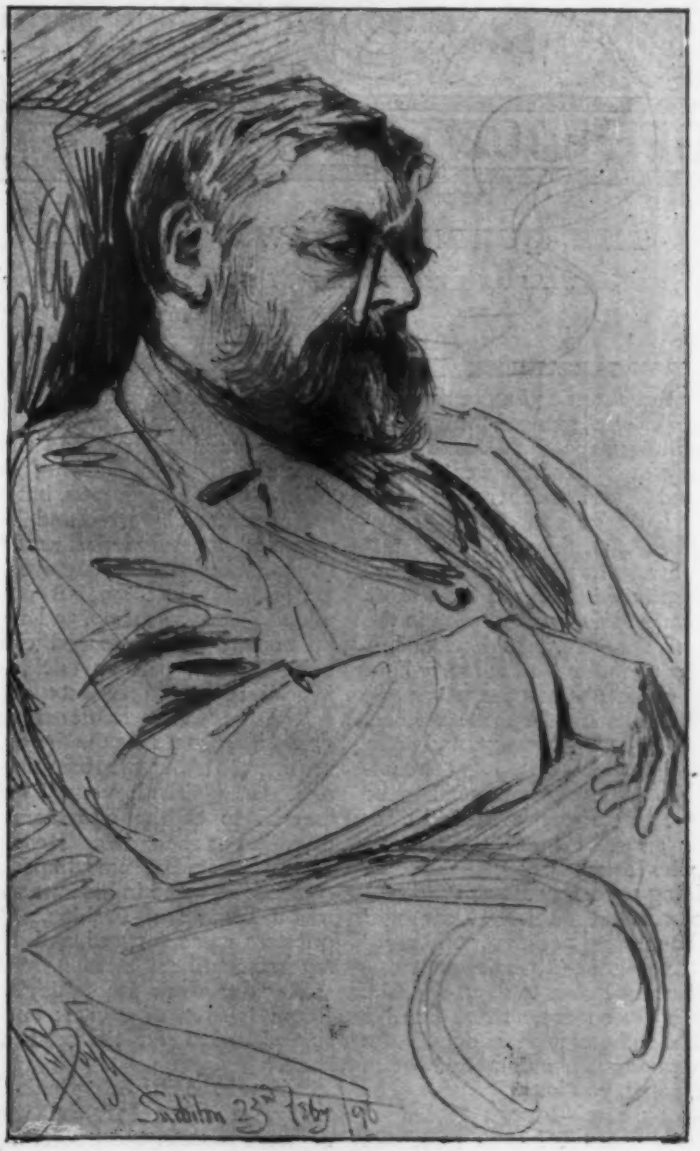
Mr. Robert Barr.

LIKE Ancient Pistol, Robert Barr may reasonably say of himself, "The world's mine oyster:" cosmopolitan is he to a degree which this century end alone knows. He is ever going somewhere or arriving from somewhere; he is ever ready to talk to anybody on any subject; his knowledge of human affairs is as wide as his experience of them. A novelist, speaking ideally, should be man, woman, child, and baby rolled into one. In his single person he should contain and control, as a puppet-show-man his dolls, the essence of both sexes, at all ages, with their animal side and their mental or spiritual side equally sure and clear to his gaze. It is no mere flattery when you say of Barr that he belongs to the limited and sympathetic class of souls who can thus see the truth about their kind. It is this abundant sympathy with his fellows which enables him to winnow the grain of wheat out of every bushel of human chaff he has met in his wanderings; and the electric power of such a sense of humour as few possess helps the artist in him to that most difficult of all a novelist's tasks—selection. Robert Barr cannot be dull nor diffuse, for this splendid underlying sense of humour, though a precious servant, is at the same time a strict master. Under its control his own work to him is judged fearlessly, without the least reverence or prejudice. Dear old Wilkie Collins, when reading one of his last plays to the company about to rehearse it for future production, broke down in a pathetic passage, wiped his eyes, and exclaimed brokenly: "Really, ladies and gentlemen, I had no idea this was so beautiful!" Did Barr find his own work producing the sting of a tear in his nose, he would like enough roar with laughter at the fact. Which proves a circumambient, all-encompassing sense of humour not to be appreciated unless you know Robert Barr. He is a magical talker, and scatters his good things with so lavish a hand that, once or twice, swine have appropriated his pearls and thus abused his confidences. Epigram, phrase and delicious simile come tumbling in a stream with the smoke of his eternal cigarette. No man has made others forget Time oftener; no man, both by the written and spoken word, has brought a healthier, cleaner, sweeter flood of honest laughter into the world. There are some rather extraordinary peculiarities about him, too. A splendid talker, he is also a good listener—rarest of combinations; versed in current fiction and a kindly critic, he knows—none better—what lies behind the poorest creation, the feeblest original effort: so he invariably discusses his fellow-craftsmen in a broad and genial spirit, missing no flaw, indeed, but quick as lightning to detect a sparkle, slow to pronounce any honest effort quite worthless.

Barr is among the few men who ever won a bet off Kipling. They were smoking together, and Barr told a story he was then writing. At the climax Kipling stopped him. "Half-a-crown," he said, "that I can give you a better ending than your own." "Done," answered Barr and finished his yarn. Rudyard said never a word but put half-a-crown on the table. The tale in question was *Share and Share Alike*, which readers of *Black and White* will remember, and the terrific ending whereof admits of no possible modification. Robert Barr is among the few novelists possessing a mastery of the short story, and understanding the entirely different conditions which go to great and small canvases. He is versatile in a hundred ways, and his pure humour has a mellow flavour of its own that has made him, as Stevenson was, the personal friend of hundreds who only know him through his work, who have never felt the grip of his hand, never heard his distinctive voice, never noted the characteristic twinkle of his grey eyes nor the cock of his cigarette. No man hath seen Robert Barr at work at any time; yet few story-tellers labour harder, as the readers of two continents know well enough. Of his later novels, which best exhibit his varied qualities and give an idea of his cosmopolitan experiences, you may instance *In a Steamer Chair*, *In the Midst of Alarms*—a delicious rural comedy of Canada, with the smoke of gunpowder and the smell of new-mown hay mingling in it; *From Whose Bourne* and *A Woman Intervenes*. What he has done in these four books

alone is mighty good; what he can do we hesitate not to prophecy. Of the great novels that shall be written before the century's end, Barr will contribute his share. His work is always admiration, for his combination of gifts is unique and his use of them not less than masterly.

So, Robert, there you are! You have been taken seriously, and you will



MR. ROBERT BARR
Drawn by A. S. Boyd

alive, and of such, and such only, is the kingdom of books which endure. The man's fiction possesses qualities of masculine strength, womanly purity, boyish freshness and ripe, all-pervading humour that command attention and compel laugh louder at that than if you had been treated in jest; because to be taken seriously by others is a circumstance only less comic in your eyes than to take yourself so. That you never have done and never will.



THE QUEEN'S DRAWING ROOM.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY HAL HURST.

FROM THE ATELIER

THE other morning I arose as usual, breakfasted, glanced through the morning papers and found them very dull. Then I went to the window and found that the sun was shining. "I will go out," I said to myself, "and see what the world is doing." So I put on my hat and gloves, selected a stick of such lightness and airiness as befit the early spring, and started in the direction of the club. As I walked, I was met by a slight obstruction, a knot of people gathered upon the pavement, over which an awning had been stretched. By the kerb stood a carriage, and from the carriage stepped—slowly and circumspectly—two ladies, who seemed to be carrying the greater part of their dresses over their arms. I knew them. The younger, who looked as though she came off a wedding-cake, saw me and smiled.

"Hullo! What's this? Dear me! going to be married and never told me?" I said.—"No—going to be presented—it's the Drawing Room to-day," she said.

"But the Queen doesn't live here," I said.—"The photographer does," she said, "everybody is photographed before being presented, you know."

"But—look here—I want to know"—I began.—"No, no, I can't wait," she said, and disappeared into the doorway.

"Ha—now what do I know about Drawing Rooms?" I murmured to myself as I proceeded on my way. "I have read hundreds of times how débutantes go trembling to Buckingham Palace, wait nervously in corridors and ante-rooms, pass hypnotically through the Throne Room, make their curtseys and tumble over their trains in their anxiety to leave the Royal presence with becoming respect, and then receive their friends at a Drawing Room tea. All this everybody knows, but——"

And then as I walked and looked this way and that way the words "Court Dressmaker" arrested my eye.

I did not hesitate, but entered. It was not exactly a shop, and not exactly a boudoir, but contained elements of both. The carpet was thick, and let no footfall resound. Objects of "bigotry and virtue" were scattered about. In graceful attitudes by the fire or standing negligently about the room were elegant and distinguished young ladies who seemed to be the daughters of peers disguised as shop-girls. Here and there were dress-stands, some draped in dainty confections, some in hideous nudity. It was a Temple of Fashion. The high-priestess came forward, and I disclosed my name and my mission. "Well," she said, "our work for to-day's Drawing Room is over, of course; but we have several orders for the next already is hand."

"May I see one being built?"—"Certainly," and she led the way to an adjacent room in which several girls were sitting, and sewing bits of things together. On a long table lay something which looked like a very expensive bed-quilt. "This is a very handsome one," she said, fingering it very tenderly, "it is for Lady ——."

"But is that a dress?" I asked.—"It is the essential part of a Court dress—the

train. You know a Court dress must have a train at least three yards long, and they are very often much longer."

"Does the Lord Chamberlain stand by with a yard measure in case a train is too short?"—"There is no need for that. The dressmaker knows her business, and would not permit a client to economise in that way."

"I suppose these things are very expensive?"—"Sixty guineas would be quite a low price, a hundred is, perhaps, a fair average, while they may run up to any figure. You see the proper thing is to have embroidery on the train and embroidery is about the most expensive thing you can have. This train has just come back from Paris."



REHEARSING FOR THE DRAWING ROOM

"Why from Paris?"—"Nearly all the embroidery—all the best—is done in Paris. I can't tell why, but it seems almost impossible to get it done in Britain. And when it is done it costs nearly three times as much, and is not

nearly so good. Of course I send over my design, and they work upon that."

"A dress of that kind can't be worn anywhere else but at a Drawing Room can it?"—"The train cannot; but the train is really a separate thing—see." And she picked up the train, and deftly fitted it to the shoulders of a dress which clothed a dress-stand. "You see, without the train it is simply a handsome evening gown."

"Ah, then, the same train will do for any number of dresses?"—The high priestess looked hurt. "Of course," she said, "there are dowdy people—duchesses, perhaps, can afford to be dowdy—who wear the same train time after time; but not smart people. You see their friends know their dresses, and would notice immediately if they wore the same one more than once or twice, and that would never do, would it? But they often have their trains cut up and turned to other uses."

"Some people," I remarked, reflectively, "must run up enormous bills."—"They do, indeed," said the dressmaker.

"Do they pay them?"—"The smartest people pay something now and then on account."

"I have heard that a large number of family diamonds are in the hands of London dressmakers. Is that true?"—"I will tell you if you will promise not to tell anybody." I promised, and she told me; but, of course, I cannot tell you.

"And how long does it take to make a Court gown?"—"Well, we like to have plenty of time, but, at a pinch, we could put together a dress in a few hours. Once a lady came here early in the morning of a Drawing Room day. She had just decided to go, and had nothing to wear. I set everyone to work on different portions of the dress, and she wore it that afternoon. Of course, we had plenty of materials ready."

"Then it doesn't take you long to design a dress?"—"O, no; as soon as I see a client I know what will suit her best, and I have always plenty of designs by me. I get ideas from all kinds of things—other dresses, the petal of a flower, anything."

FROM THE PALACE.

I had not walked a hundred yards up the street before I met a well-known Fashion Artist. "Do you know anything of Drawing Rooms?" I asked.—"Well, I have seen something of them from two points of view," she replied; "as a débutante and as an artist."

"Then," I said, "we will go and have a little lunch together, and you shall tell me all about the latter."

"Well, now, please begin at the beginning," I said, as we picked at the *hors d'œuvre*. "How did you get in?"—"I simply drove up to the entrance in Buckingham Palace Road, and went in."

"And they didn't arrest you?"—"I had a letter from Princess Christian. I was to sketch her and her daughters. I was taken through a lot of stone passages and upstairs through corridors—miles of corridors, all carpeted in a hideous red and yellow, and decorated with cabinets full of china, and with occasional gold and scarlet footmen. At last I came to the room of the two young Princesses."

"What sort of a room was it?"—"It was over the main entrance, overlooking the Park, and all covered in shiny white chintz, with sprawly flowers. It was hideous. I don't believe there's a room in Buckingham Palace that isn't hideous. It's a sort of early Victorian nightmare. The Princesses were in an inner room; they were not quite ready. When they were ready, they came out, and—well, I sketched them. Their dresses were quite simple and inexpensive. They talked all the time, sometimes in German and sometimes in English. The younger was rather excited because it was her first appearance as a "grown-up," and she was practising holding her train over her arm. You know, in the Throne Room Royal Princesses stand with their trains over their arm; other people have their trains spread out behind them. Just as I had finished, we heard the sound of the Guards' band in the distance, and she ran to the window, crying: 'O! here come our dear Guards!' She was scarcely more than seventeen, you know."

"And then?"—"Then I was taken off by a maid through some miles of red and yellow corridors and down endless stairs—there are no lifts—to the Princess Christian's room. It was a pleasantly situated quiet room on the ground floor overlooking the gardens. The Princess was handsome and genial, and not in the least excited. You see, she had been to lots of Drawing Rooms before."

"What was she doing when you went in?"—"Standing up—it is about the only thing to do when you are in a Drawing Room gown. When I had done my sketch, the Princess asked me if I would like to see the Queen on her way to the Throne Room. Of course, I said 'Yes.' So a maid took me off again through several more miles of empty corridors, and presently we heard a tapping of sticks. We stepped aside into a cross corridor, and through the glass doors we saw the Prince and Princess of Wales with—I think—the Princess Maud, coming slowly along. In front of them were two gentlemen in Court dress carrying sticks. When they came to one of the innumerable small flights of steps and glass doors, the two gentlemen turned round, held open the doors, and walked backwards down the steps; then they beat on the floor with their sticks and started off again. It looked so funny to see them going through all that ceremony all by themselves in that interminable corridor."

"And did you seen the Queen?"

"Yes, a few minutes afterwards she came by, very slowly, with two gentlemen in Court dress to clear a way through the empty corridor. She was leaning on someone's arm, but I didn't notice who it was. I was looking at the dear old Queen. No—she was not well-dressed, and she is growing infirm, but there is a dignity about her bearing, even though she hadn't the least idea that anyone was looking at her."

"And what did you do after that?"—"After that I went into the corridor, which faces the entrance hall, where people wait before they pass into the Throne Room, and talked to the people I knew and looked at their dresses. But I didn't stay long. I was longing for some tea."

"But don't they——"—"No. You get nothing to eat or drink at Buckingham Palace. But then there's no collection."

FROM THE STREET.

Having got all the information I could out of my friend, the Fashion Artist, I decided to stroll across the Park and view the ceremony from the outside. All along the road in front of the Palace were lines of policemen. Behind them pressed throngs of feminine sightseers—there were scarcely any men—watching solemnly and silently the carriages as they filed by, and craning their necks to get a glimpse of the piles of silk, satin and chiffon inside. But there was no pushing, shouting or struggling. Scarce a word was spoken, so breathless was the interest. The silence was as intense as if the ladies in the carriages were being driven to their execution. Presently, however, the Guards came along, headed by their band; and, as I could not hear myself speak, I walked on round to Buckingham Palace Road, when I found more crowds gathered round another entrance, into which carriages were rolling.

"I thought people always went in at the front," I said to a man by my side.

"I'm told these 'yer's the real toffs," he said, "them that drops in like when they thinks they will. Them other's the nobodies, as yer might sy, and 'as to wite till they're arst."

Just then a growler drove up and stopped outside the gateway. An elderly man stepped out, dressed in Windsor uniform, handed the cabman his fare, and walked through the throng in his knee-breeches and pumps up to the entrance.

"Well, I never," murmured the lady next to me, "I do call that a thing. Did you notice that, Emma?"

It had not escaped Emma's observation.

"It's what I call mean," said the first speaker, resentfully. "If people can't do the thing what I call proper they should stay at home and not go to Court at all. I lay if I was invited to Court I wouldn't stick at a few shillings to hire a brougham. Mean old thing!"

"Perhaps he had to go," said Emma, apologetically, "and all his carriages were down in the country, and——"

"Now, look over there," said the other, pointing to the Buckingham Palace Hotel, before which a brougham and pair was standing and obviously waiting for a Drawing Room party. "That's what I call doing it proper. They'd only have to walk across the road and hold their dresses up. But they hire, you see, they hire. There's no saving there. You may say what you like, Emma, but I *do* like to see things done what I call proper. And when you do go to Court you ought to go to Court—proper."

Concerning the Nose.

BY H. G. WELLS.



THE purport of the human nose is still very largely a matter of conjecture. I refer, of course, to what the anatomists call the external nose, the salient angle, the protruding part. The organ of smell—as everyone knows in these days when lecturers on hygiene and physiology go to and fro in the land, sparing neither man, woman nor child—is within the head above the palate. The projection, the nose edifice, has nothing to do with smelling. The orang-outang, for instance, has scarcely any such out-growth, nor have the monkeys, though these creatures have a far keener olfactory sense than man. That idea must be dismissed at once. The external nose has only an accidental topographical relation to the organ of smell.

"Then," says the reader, "what is the nose for?" That is the puzzle. Ornament? *Circumspice.* A sonnet to my lady's ear is pretty enough, because the ear is pretty, but the nose! It can mar beauty, but as for contributing it that is another matter. Yet if it is not for ornament one is forced back on the question, what use has it? The problem has evidently worried the world more or less seriously for ages. Barbaric man has tried a ring through it, or shark's teeth, or an elegant bit of scroll work in tattoo, but none of these experiments throw much light upon the question. It is such a singularly passive member, its merit is to pass unnoticed. As a means of expressing emotion it is the feeblest of all the features, except, perhaps, the human ears. A certain grossness of insult it may achieve, suitably reefed and puckered, but as for any subtleties! Compare the thousand things one may convey with eyes and lips and eyebrows. Amid all the graceful play of conversational expression, it stands up dull and motionless, like a dunce upon a form, like the Nelson Monument amidst a Trafalgar Square riot.

The writers of the age of chivalry regarded it as the seat of dignity, and to a slight degree that persuasion survives. They looked upon it and valued it much as the Red Indian values his scalp lock. It was the emblem of a man's honour, his banner, his gage that you touched at your peril, a bell-pull on the front of him to raise the devil within. Tweak his



ear, have some playful accident with his eye, snap off a finger or two in the way of friendship, and he would forgive you; but lay one sacrilegious finger on this mystic symbol, point to it; nay! even

look at it with the faintest touch of disrespect, and only the duel, only swords and daggers could efface the wrong. He guarded the worthless commodity as carefully as the apple of his eye: more so, as one may see for oneself in those steel caps worn by Seventeenth Century men-at-arms, for the cheek went bare, the eye and brow naked, but a solicitous point of metal cherished this symbolic, stupid feature.

But that was a convention. A man's honour and glory no more reside in his nose than his temper in his spleen. And so one harks back to the quest for practical uses again. It has been made much of by the physiognomist as a kind of repository for character. We have all heard of the large noses of great men—Wellington, for instance—and the persuasion is that a little nose is indicative of a trivial temperament. But if there was anything in this, practical people would have found it out long before now. Mr. Galton would have been called in to measure and mark the noses of our Sandhurst and Woolwich candidates, and the bishops would have stopped ordaining clergymen of an obviously flippant and unstable character. And we should read in the paper, "A man with a large nose seeks a position of trust."

By some modern biologists the human nose has been considered as akin to such excrescences as the horns of a deer, the comb of a cock, the wattles of a turkey,



or the tail of bustard or peacock. As most people are aware, naturalists consider such useless exterior structures as being evolved by what they call "sexual selection." These developments are supposed to be the outcome of feminine preferences, things peculiarly attractive in the wooing of the species. The peacock spreads his tail to astonish and subdue the feminine mind, the wattles of the turkey become larger and more vivid when he is courting his mate. The fact of noses occurring in a lesser

degree among the wooed, does not affect the case, for so, too, the peahen has a touch of her mate's colouring, and the reindeer of either sex have horns. Still, the theory to me, at least, seems far-fetched. And you cannot spread out a nose and swagger with it, as you can a peacock's tail. Indeed, I sometimes think modern biologists are too prone to hasty speculations of the sort, and mention it here simply to dissociate myself from a totally inadequate theory.



Many other suggestions have been made, but none are satisfactory. The true import of the nose still remains veiled in doubt. It stands upon our faces, the Sphynx, as it were, of our features: hieroglyphic, a riddle, a mystery. Indeed, at times it becomes almost intolerable, with its air of hidden significance. It mars our logic, satirises our science, is the idle member in an industrial age. What is the good of it? the lesson of it?

Is it in any way an omen?

I incline rather to the view that the average human nose is growing slowly but steadily larger. One never sees the monstrous noses of to-day represented in antique art; the Egyptian nose was small and flat, and the Hebrew type seems to have developed to its present honourable prominence within a comparatively recent period. It is just possible that the present nose is what some people would call a Rudiment, a something destined to far more complicated developments in the remote future, a mere opening bud, and that we are as yet only in the morning twilight of the nose. Certainly the leading nations of the world have decidedly more prominent features than the inferior races, and this is entirely opposed to the rash supposition that the human nose will ultimately disappear from the effects of disuse. As Professor Weissmann, a profound rather than entertaining philosopher, has shown that disuse alone is insufficient to account for the disappearance of organs. And the use of pocket-handkerchiefs, eyeglasses and the like civilised contrivances must supply a gently beneficent stimulus to growth. And if the human nose is only a Rudiment——? All unsuspected, humanity may have a glorious inheritance here, a treasure like that of the Renneponts.



The temptation to speculate is irresistible. Will it be a tentacle, one may ask—a third organ of prehension? A nice, long, twisty, white tentacle would be incalculably convenient. One could

go into a room then with an umbrella, hat and three books from Mudie's, and still be able to shake hands. Or an accessory organ of voice, a kind of trumpet, an obligato to conversation? Or perhaps the swordfish supplies a suggestion. There are a thousand possibilities. For my own part, looking around me at the blobs, the amorphous lumps, the futile peaks, the squat unsettled bills, the truncated impertinence, the fitful starts and endless indecisions of the nose of to-day, I must refuse altogether to believe it is in anything but a transitory and developing stage. One may conceive "advanced" noses, inspired with an evolutionary striving towards something higher, remoter, better—we know not what. We seem to need ideals here. Serious people might do worse than consider this question of the future of the nose. The new Humanitarian party, which has recently been good enough to take up the Evolution of Humanity in a systematic way, might conceivably tell us what to do with our noses for the good of the race. What would be the shape of a really Pioneer nose?



Pictorial Incidents.



THE pictures of the month include one of the balloon in which three daring adventurers, Herr Andrée, Dr. Ekholm, and Herr Strindberg are to attempt a voyage to the North Pole. The balloon, whose diameter is 21½ yards, and its volume nearly 5,000 cubic yards, is so excellently made that it is expected to float for 900 days. It will carry 4,400 pounds of ballast, provisions to last four and a-half months, a boat, clothes, and 1,500 rounds of ammunition. The wicker basket contains sleeping quarters for two, while there will always be one man on watch. By means of drags the balloon will be kept at a distance of about 200 yards above the earth, and an arrangement has been made whereby the rate at which it is travelling may be calculated from observations on the drag-rope. Two pictures show the disastrous effects of the great dynamite explosion in Johannesburg, concerning which it is refreshing to remember that of the first £100,000 subscribed towards the Relief Fund almost the whole was given by the despised British Outlanders, so that the Transvaal is still the pensioner of those to whom it refuses the common rights of the taxpayer. In this connection you will view with interest our portraits of Dr. Jameson and his officers, who have lately appeared at Bow Street on divers occasions. Another illustration deals with the defeat of the Italians, under General Baratieri, at Adowa: an incident which is like to have no unimportant results for this country, inasmuch as it has already suggested to the wild tribes of the Soudan the idea of yet another little raid upon the North of Egypt, and so compelled the advance of British troops on Dongola. Such an expedition is not undertaken lightly, and the past experiences of our soldiers in the Soudan suggest that grave news may be heard full soon. Another picture gives an example of the methods of the insurgent troops in Cuba. They have found dynamite extremely useful, and have greatly hampered the movements of the forces of the Government by blowing up bridges and railway lines. Our illustration shows the derailment, by this means, of a train which was being used to convey a large force of Government troops to the point at which their presence was demanded. Last of all, you have a representation of the final tableau in the new play at the Lyceum, *For the Crown*, which Mr. John Davidson has translated and adapted from the *Pour la Couronne* of François Coppée. Mr. Forbes Robertson as the hero, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell as a slave-girl, Militza, have scored great successes, and Miss Winifred Emery, Mr. Charles Dalton, and Mr. Ian Robertson appear to great advantage in parts almost, if not equally, important. The play is a romance pure and simple, and one is glad to hear that the success of its first night was only an anticipation of the success it has since gained by the suffrages of the larger public. This fact, and that of the success of *The Prisoner of Zenda* at the St. James's, is eloquent of good tidings for those who like to get their sermons in churches, and look to the theatre for amusement only. For it proves that there are those among us who can give us the romance for which we are craving after a long spell of problem-plays, and that they are going to be encouraged to do their best for us.



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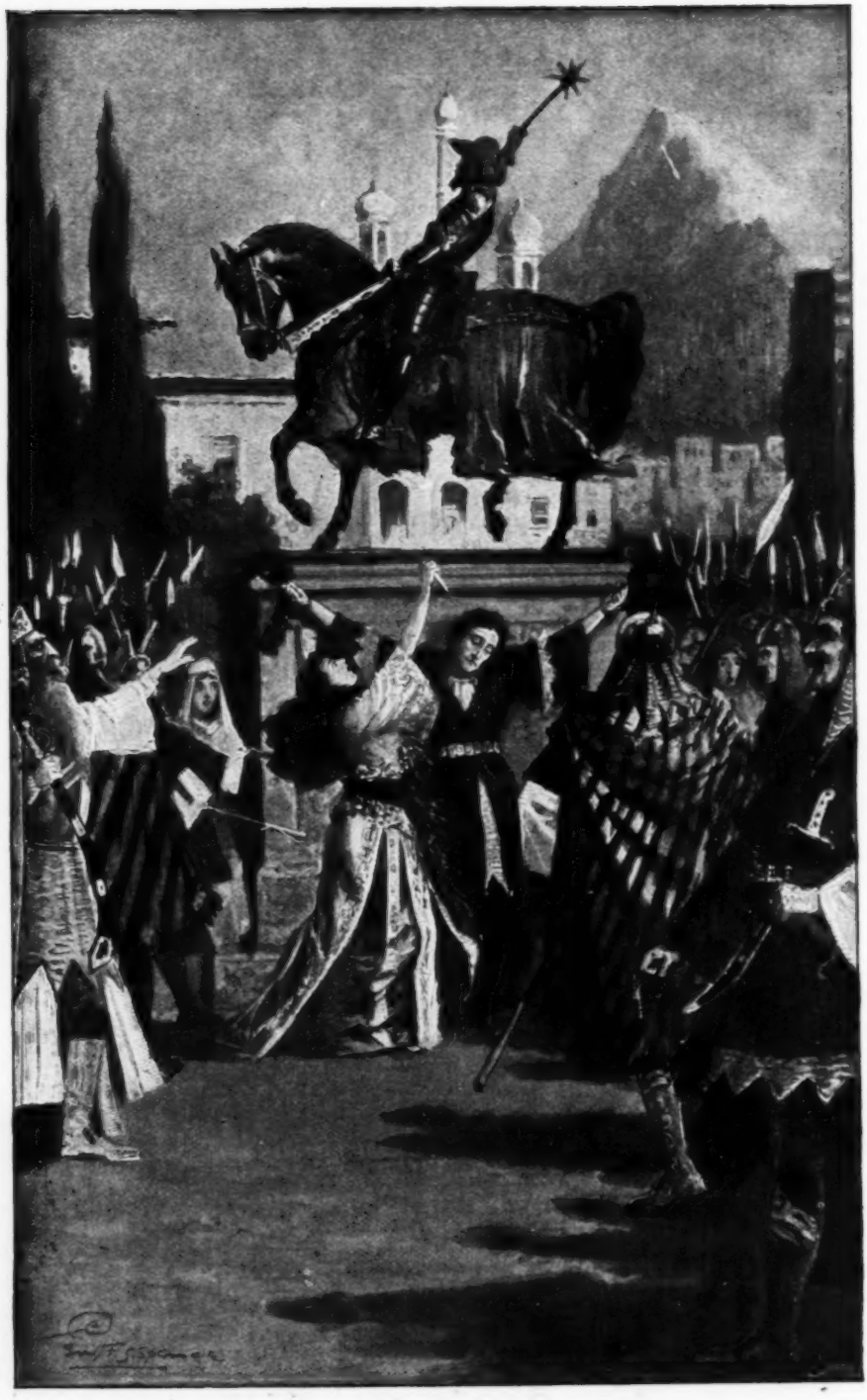
THE USE OF DYNAMITE IN CUBAN WARFARE

DRAWN BY W. L. SONTAGG, JUNR.



ITALIAN DEFEAT AT ADOWA

DRAWN BY ERNEST PRATER FROM A TELEGRAPHIC DESCRIPTION



"FOR THE CROWN" AT THE LYCEUM

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE



THE "CHAPPIE"
From a photograph by Hana Strand

In Praise of Laughter.

ACTION and reaction, they tell you in the physics text-books, are equal and opposite. To be happy, that is to say, is to feel like laughing; and to laugh is to feel exceeding happy. For this reason a multitude of people have reason to be grateful to Miss Alice Atherton for that she has temporarily quitted the theatre and introduced her "Laughing Song" to the more miscellaneous audiences that assemble and meet together in the music-halls. Briefly, it is a description, illustrated by the performer, of the divers ways in which people laugh. It begins with the laugh of the prim society miss, who deems all unrestrained expression of the emotions a sin of the most heinous description. It gives you next an impression of the laughter of the languid and none too intellectual "chappie" who hears a good story at his club, and laughs because he is told it is a good story; then because he begins to perceive that it may very well turn out to be a good one, and last of all because he really has perceived the point of it. You are left in doubt as to whether the point, or the fact of his having perceived that point, is the thing which has finally induced him to laugh without restraint. After this follow other descriptions, which would be void and meaningless were it not for the marvellous mimetic skill of the performer. You end with the unctuous mirth of the darkey at a time when the whole plantation gives itself up to rejoicing, and with the arduous explosions of the



THE JUDGE



THE YOKEL

From photographs by Hana, Strand



THE NIGGER
From a photograph by Hana, Strand

yokel—who does not exist, according to Mr. Hardy—when a circus visits the little town which is the metropolis of his world, and the clown gets on the job. Miss Atherton has delighted myriads in burlesque, and, of course, her coming to the halls has been deplored by many of those who believe the theatres sacrosanct and the other places hopelessly condemned. But she may be content to perform her present mission of amusement. She is an actress and a true comedian: which is to say, she introduces new things to music-hall audiences, and yet does no more than supply a demand which they have always been making within themselves. They have often laughed out of an abundant charity, or a desire to think themselves amused, at performances of the sorriest. Here the matter is taken altogether out of their control. A charming lady invades the stage and laughs with infinite amusement. You are not told the jests which give her such pleasure, but she sings to the pleasantest of music; and it is impossible to suppose that her amusement is not perfectly spontaneous. Action and reaction are equal and opposite. You see and hear her laughing delightfully, and, be you ever so blasé, you are compelled to laugh with her. Now, the best medicine the whole wide world possesses is that of honest laughter, and to Miss Atherton the gratitude of all her hearers is due, for that she administers a remedy more effective than all the powders of physicians, and vastly more pleasant than the jam in which they are wont to conceal their remedies. Miss Atherton is an actress and a humorist on the music-hall stage, and the presence of one such actress in the halls should do much to remove from their frequenters the burden of having to laugh at things which in reality do but add to the depression bred of the need to work hard in days when work is ill paid.



THE simple village maiden is a fraud! Only the other day I was seized with a craving to gather primroses, which hurried me and mine to a sheltered spot I wot of in Surrey, where the golden stars twinkle early in the hedge-rows. Scarce a mile from the wayside-station is the ivy-covered inn, in whose quaint settle-lined chimney corner rustics gossip over their home-brewed, and in whose old garden daffodils cluster thickly. To this pleasant spot we hied, young Babs bearing a trowel and a rush-basket on account of the treasures we intended to filch from the meadows. On the way a heavy shower overtook us, and we reached the Green Bay Tree drenched. The kindly hostess greeted us warmly, ushered us into a cosy parlour, and, acting the good Samaritan, lent me a skirt belonging to her niece. I recollected noticing the girl on a former visit: a pretty, modest-looking damsel with dark eyes and rosy cheeks—an ideal rural beauty in fact. While my frock was drying, I gratefully donned the charitable garment; and as the rain stopped we were soon busy exploring. Finding myself in need of a knife I put my hand forgetfully into the borrowed pocket, where it encountered a strange object. Quite oblivious for the moment of the fact that I trespassed, I drew out the article and examined it. In all its hideous artificiality it stood revealed—an eye-brow pencil. And this played its part in the toilet of the child of nature!

Memory recalls another unsophisticated rural maiden, whom, during a summer spent in a remote hamlet, I engaged as nurse for Babs, then a three-year-old. She was tall, handsome and capable. One July night, however, the child's wails directed attention to the fact that his attendant had slipped quietly away in the darkness. Her reason for taking this extreme step, it transpired, was that she could no longer tolerate the dulness of the village folks. Her native place, five miles distant, be it noted, was in a thorp of, perhaps, twenty more inhabitants.

One autumn, heart-weary of the racket of gay watering-places, we lighted on Bramblethorpe, and gloried in the discovery. It was a lovely nook, far from anywhere, with a deserted beach, where we could lounge through sunny hours, and with flowery lanes, adown which we could wander in luxurious quiet. The country people took us under their protection, with a patronage altogether delightful. "You can keep your minds easy about your letters and papers," said the post-master, reassuringly—his post, with the little wooden office attached thereto, had been but a few weeks in existence—"I will see that you get 'em all right." Our landlady, most buxom and pleasant of dames, spent her happiest moments devising all manner of delicacies wherewith to tempt our exceeding hearty appetites. It was a little Eden, where, we almost concluded, the Trail of the Serpent was not. But a sinister-looking plant thrived in weird, unhealthy fashion in our sitting-room window. Long leaves sprang from a strange bulb, evidently allied to the orchid family, and smaller bulbs resembling young onions fed on its shiny surface. One unlucky day we chanced to ask its species, only to be told that it had been the silent witness of a notorious murder, the perpetrator whereof ended her career on the gallows; and this plant, once bespattered with the victim's life-blood, had drifted and drifted, finally to pose as an object of dread interest in sweet, placid Bramble-

thorpe. Somehow now, whenever I think of our visit, that ghastly growth presents itself before my mind's eye. The Trail of the Serpent is over even Bramblethorpe.

Last night we were discussing man's attitude towards the Smoking Woman, and Mr. Babbington Bright appeared to me to put the problem in a nutshell by saying: "Of course I don't object in the slightest to other women smoking, but I shouldn't like you to do it, Muriel." That is the secret of the matter. Men condemn not the sex in general for indulging in the habit, but they prefer that their special women



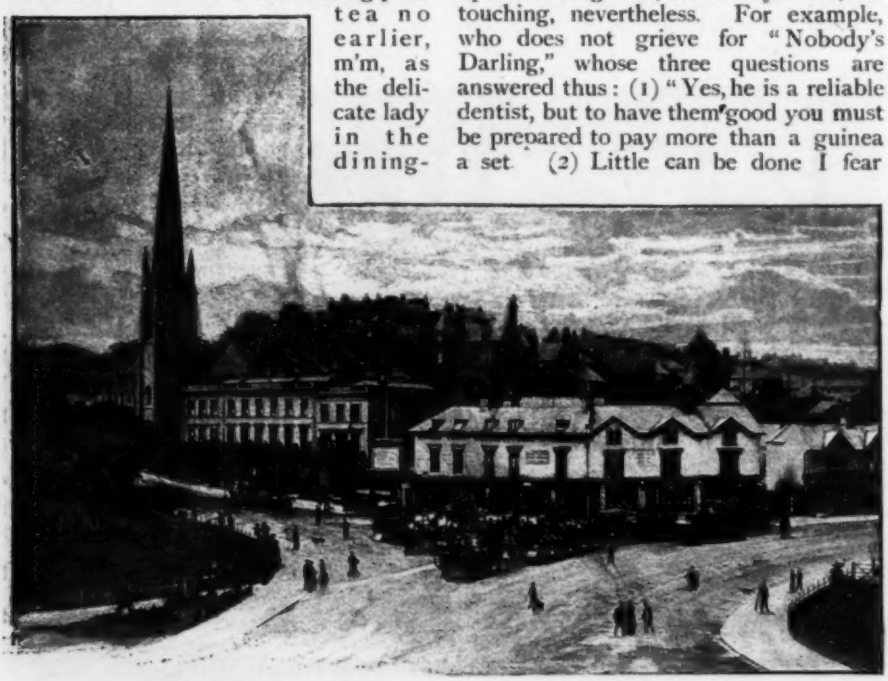
THE INVALIDS' WALK, BOURNEMOUTH

should refrain. When the mistress of the house is a slave of the smoke-ring, her thraldom is apt to entail rather unpleasant consequences. Lunching recently with a woman writer, I noticed her peer anxiously at the viands placed on the table. Her concern she explained by telling me confidentially that she always felt nervous lest tobacco-ash might lurk within the dish, because her servants smoked! adding plaintively: "and, as I smoke myself, I can't find fault with their doing so."

We spent the first week of March at Bournemouth, and returned full of amazement at the recklessness of the invalids who possess that lovely town. During our stay it blew a gale from the north-west, from which "airt" Bournemouth is absolutely unprotected. Yet, though the breeze was ever so glacial, infirm beings scaled the cliffs, and sat huddled together in the airy "shelters," coughing feebly, or gazing patient-eyed across the exasperatingly vigorous ocean. They seemed to labour under the fixed delusion that, as they were domiciled in a famed health-resort, the atmosphere must be warm, and mild, and bracing, no matter how much the evidence of their senses contradicted their theory. The lucky convalescent who had an accompanying friend to watch over him or her did not rouse our compassion. But there were many lonely persons, men chiefly, who, in the teeth of a nipping, boisterous wind, trotted bravely, if blue-lipped, the five lengths of the pier which make a measured mile, under the mistaken belief that they were taking a healthy constitutional; or shivered during a wintry gleam of sunlight on a damp seat in the "Invalid's Walk," forgetting that it had snowed in the morning, would probably "sleet" in half-an-hour, and that, had they been at home with the thermometer so low, they would have dreamed of naught save sitting over the fire in a snug room pitying folks whose avocations necessitated walking abroad in a temperature of such intensity. Really

it would seem almost the wiser plan to send sick folks to recruit at a place with an evil reputation. It would insure that they took precautions and ran as few risks as possible.

Of course, there is an intensely refreshing sense of quiet and repose about Bournemouth. But, in the severe months at least, it is entirely devoted to the interests of the invalid, and healthy sojourners feel as though they deserved no consideration. "I couldn't bring your tea no earlier, m'm, as the delicate lady in the dining-room must have something hot every hour. And if you please would you dine either at six or eight, as Mr. Bronchial Tubes has to have his dinner at seven? and if you please m'm, missis says will Master Babs make as little noise as possible when dressing, as the gentleman in the room below is such a light sleeper?" I am certain if we had remained longer at Bournemouth we would have been goaded into hypocrisy, and have professed a frailty we possessed not. One robust-looking party, warmly wrapped in a plaid and sheltered by a large umbrella, was wont to be wheeled in a chair along the most bracing part of the cliffs, a poor little white slave laboriously propelling the vehicle from behind. As we watched the urchin wearily butting it along with his head when his short arms got too tired, we could not avoid the reflection that to this child an invalid reputation would have been a godsend.



THE SQUARE AT BOURNEMOUTH

I ofttimes wonder who writes the strange and ubiquitous replies to correspondents that flood the columns of certain weekly journals. Of a truth they must get uncommon queries to answer. And from their replies one can often fill up whole tragedies, sordid doubtless, but touching, nevertheless. For example, who does not grieve for "Nobody's Darling," whose three questions are answered thus: (1) "Yes, he is a reliable dentist, but to have them good you must be prepared to pay more than a guinea a set. (2) Little can be done I fear except to try a good hair dye. (3) The flushing is seldom curable, but putting the feet in very hot water will sometimes draw the redness away from the nose." For a long time I have puzzled over an answer to an inquiry in a ladies' paper: "It is rarely eaten except by elderly ladies at a dinner-party." Of what flesh-pot do elderly dames partake, while the other guests sit solemnly watching? Anyone solving me this riddle will earn my sincere gratitude. While at my dressmaker's the other morning, I chanced upon an authoritative response that came upon me like a cold-water douche. "No," it ran, "under no circumstances can a lady call or leave cards upon a gentleman living alone." Decrees this tyrant that all the jolly bachelor

lunches in chambers must cease, and all the gay little studio tea parties be at an end? Are our men friends, because they live alone, to be taboo entirely? "Under no circumstances" must we visit them, says this relentless censor of morals. Even the harmless, necessary pasteboard dare not be left with the dragons who guard their portals. But a "brainy" man solved the problem for me: "Don't you see that that answer has evolved from the mind of some gorgon spinster, who, unable to cajole men into the holy estate, seeks to boycott them into it." Which is possible, if unlikely.

MURIEL BABBINGTON BRIGHT.



WITHIN THE SEA WALL.
From a photograph by the Rev. A. H. Blake

The Fashions of the Month.

THE first of the Spring Drawing Rooms, and the occasional geniality of March have imparted an early impetus to Fashion, and crystallised the vague suggestions of the opening year into tangible form earlier than is usual. The March Drawing Room was, of necessity, somewhat of a mourning function; and there was a distinct preponderance of black toilettes, agreeably relieved by embroideries in jet, silver, steel, gold, and paste. Indeed, everything was bespangled and begemmed, and on some gowns appeared a charming new device, consisting of a raised floral pattern worked in coloured baby ribbons, deftly manipulated. One lovely white satin dress, prepared for a distinguished bride, had a raised ribbon embroidery of tiny pink, yellow, and green roses, mingled with forget-me-nots, and leaves worked in silks and set in a framework of gold spangles and turquoises. The result was quaint as delightful, and, what to some is more desirable still, distinctly new.

To nothing does the woman who really thinks of her dress look more carefully than to her veils, gloves, frills, and general accessories. A modish veil will give a certain grace even to a hat no longer in the flush of youth. In veilings, the ordinary crossbar background of net and tulle has been replaced by a new one of cobwebby fineness that simulates effectively the elasticity and laciness of Shetland work. A raised chenille dot contrasts admirably with this, and by its vividness throws the delicacy of the ground into stronger relief. One black veiling that combines the crossbar and the Shetland backgrounds is good, and there is a certain novelty even about an ordinary crossbar veiling, with a speck at the corner of each little square, and a sprinkling of larger dots all over. A brown Russian net with black dots is becoming to some, and white lace sprigs appliqué on black net still hold their own. White tulle veils are worn by the few whose complexions enable them to be thus greatly daring.

Bonnets are to be stringless this year for all save those whose neck-lines imperatively demand the ribbon's kindly shade. For the young there is a certain grace about the stringless bonnet, but it would be foolish of those who find strings improve the contour of their faces, or the outline of their necks, to abandon them, for what will, in all probability, be but a passing mode. Silk straws are already out, and rush and ribbon straws are like to be the favourites. The ribbon straw is Protean in its varieties, now appearing soberly as a simple substance, and again coquetting with jet and spangles and lightly poising amid ruches of tulle with all the airs, graces and semblance of actual ribbon. The characteristic of hats in London this year will, as in Paris last, be masses of tulle and yards of ribbon. The newest artificial flower is the primula, and the variety and delicacy of its tints will make it prime favourite this Spring.

In the matter of shapes hats are varied as ever, and you can have them small or have them large; you may crinkle your brim, if your hair be curly, or rejoice in a straight brim as severely classic in style as you please. The only essential is that the brim behind must be t lted up as perpendicularly as possible and serve as background for a mass of flowers (by preference) or occasionally ribbon. One fanciful toque in rush straw, with an irregular conical crown, has the rush ends tied together behind so as to fall over the hair, and has a large bow of cream satin ribbon set against it. Another bow of cream satin ribbon, fastened down by an oxidised silver buckle set with brilliants and smoked pearls, trims it in the front, whilst mauve primulas at both sides, and a white osprey at one complete its

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A SPRING GOWN

varied adornment. Essentially Parisian is a toque with a crown consisting of alternate rows of jetted net and black straw, the front widened by loops of grey chiné ribbon crossed by narrower bands of jet-edged black net with white lace appliqué on it. At the back are two huge rosettes of black tulle over white—a device that produces greyness—and at one side is a bunch of white crêpe quills. Bizarre but pleasing is a green straw hat with a square crown turned up at the four corners, and bunches of mauve and green poppies of mixed crêpe and velvet—really a charming combination—filling in its irregularities. Bows of green and mauve moiré ribbon further adorn it, and there is a plentiful eruption of both flowers and ribbons under the brim at the back.

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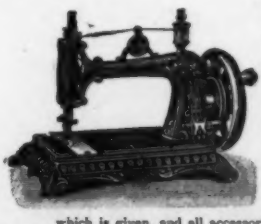
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A SPRING MANTLE

The white kid gloves sewn with black, so popular a year ago, are still worn, but pale tan-grey and beaver heavily pointed in black are newer, and a duck's-egg green, and a duck's-foot yellow sewn with black are the newest of all, for those whose costumes will assimilate with them.

The craze for neck-ruffs is greater than ever. One of white chiffon, edged with narrow black lace quilling is decorative, and pleasing, if less aerial, are those of silk poppies and roses in various colours. Ruffles are an essential to the newest capes, as witness the one in our illustration. This is a particularly charming and simple cape. It is of black satin, crosses over and ties behind in a large black satin sash bow, has lapels and appliqué of cream lace, and a suffi-

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ciently large ruffle of finely kilted soft silk about the neck. Some capes are even frilled about the edge with net or chiffon. Black and white have been so largely utilised that in the opinion of experts these decisive contrasts have lost their first novelty, and a more delicate distinction attaches to grey. Another essential of the new cape is that it should curve upwards over the sleeves —a lateral droop is fatal to it.

If one may judge by some sunshades made recently in London for the Duchess of Coburg, the fashion in the actual parasol is to be plain; but as extravagance must be disclosed somewhere, this is more than atoned for in the Duchess's by the costliness of the handles. One had a large jade-knot, barred by gold, tinted a sort of tan and studded with diamonds. Another handle, long and pear-shaped, resembled chrysophrase. It was set in a band of pink enamel, crossed by a line of reddish gold that sparkled with diamonds. This belongs to a parasol of green moiré shot with red. Yet a third costly and beautiful handle consisted of a duck's head of lapis-lazuli, with a jasper beak, diamond eyes and neckband, and the silk of the parasol was sprigged and shaded to harmonise with the handle. A chiné brown and green silk parasol had a tapering top of carved jade encrusted with diamonds.

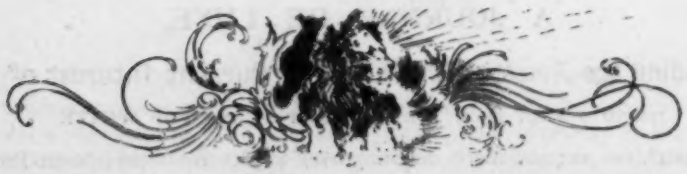
The gown shown in our illustration is a very pretty and useful one. It is of duck's-egg green face-cloth, with jet trimming running over the shoulders to the elbow, a vest of butter-coloured lawn and a waistband of maize chiné ribbon, sprigged with pink rosebuds and green leaves.

The London dressmakers have had many wonderful gowns to make for the coronation of the Czar. On four occasions Court trains will be necessary, and not the least touch of black—even in the form of a ribbon—will be permitted to darken the brilliance of the Coronation itself.

Quaint use is being made of foulard handkerchiefs in Indian shawl patterns to brighten dark gowns. A brown cloth dress, that has every seam outlined in black braid, has a vest made of a dark blue foulard handkerchief, patterned in greens and lighter blues. At the waist the handkerchief disappears beneath short coat fronts, and re-appears in a bow at the back. A similar bow appears at the back of the neck-band. A dark blue mohair gown has a vest made of a grass lawn handkerchief, with a heliotrope border arranged to form straight lines on either side of the vest. This dress also has its seams outlined in black braid, and is trimmed with dark blue velvet ribbon.

Many of the dainty little handkerchiefs being prepared just now for a Royal trousseau are full of the prettiest possible fancies. The monogram, crown and device, are appliqué in coloured lawn, and a réséda fan, a green shamrock, a mauve Maltese cross, and a pale pink diamond, are amongst the most successful. The handkerchiefs themselves are of the finest Irish lawn, frilled with narrow Valenciennes lace.

A pretty variation of the all-ruling alpaca is one with tiny raised flowers in a faintly contrasting shade upon it. Old rose alpaca, with raised cream forget-me-nots and pale green alpaca with a tiny white spray, are full of pretty suggestions for May-day gowns.



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The Editor reserves the right to publish any of the Contributions, though, as a rule, only those that take prizes, or are commended, will be given. He also reserves the right to withhold the medal in any section where none of the contributions is worthy of publication. Every effort will be made to return unsuccessful MSS, Drawings, and Photographs, where stamps are sent for the purpose, though no guarantee can be given on the subject.

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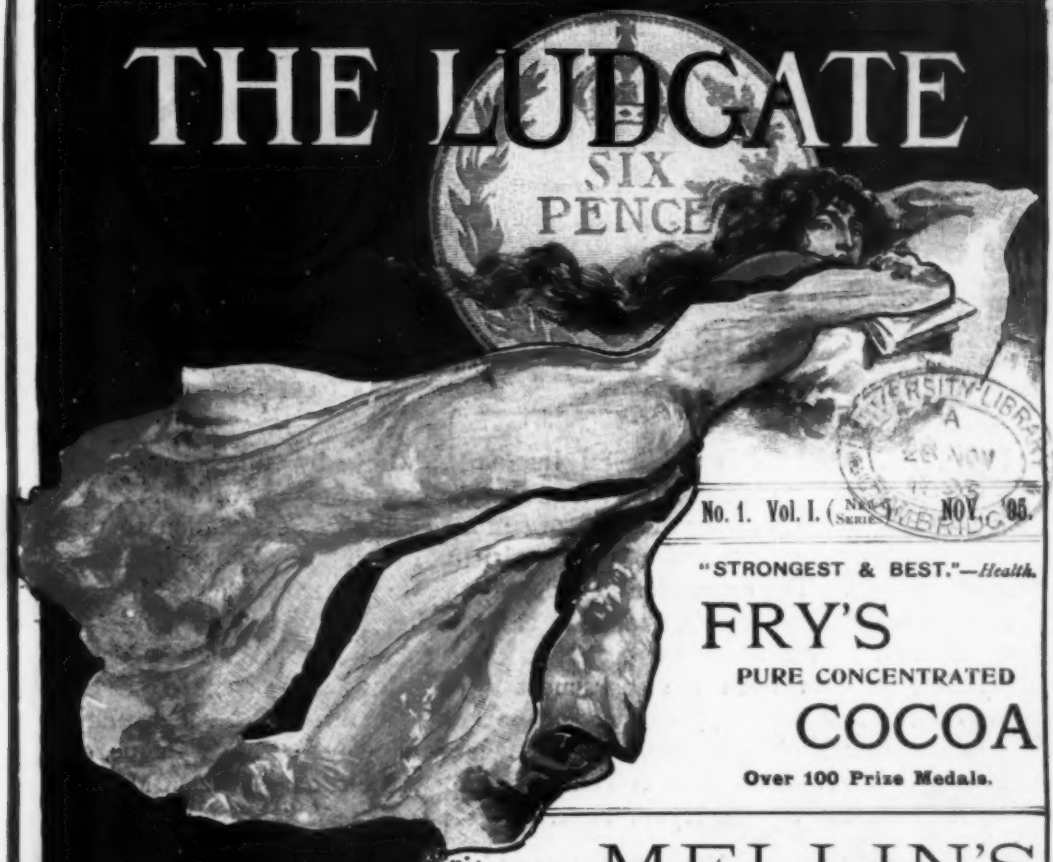
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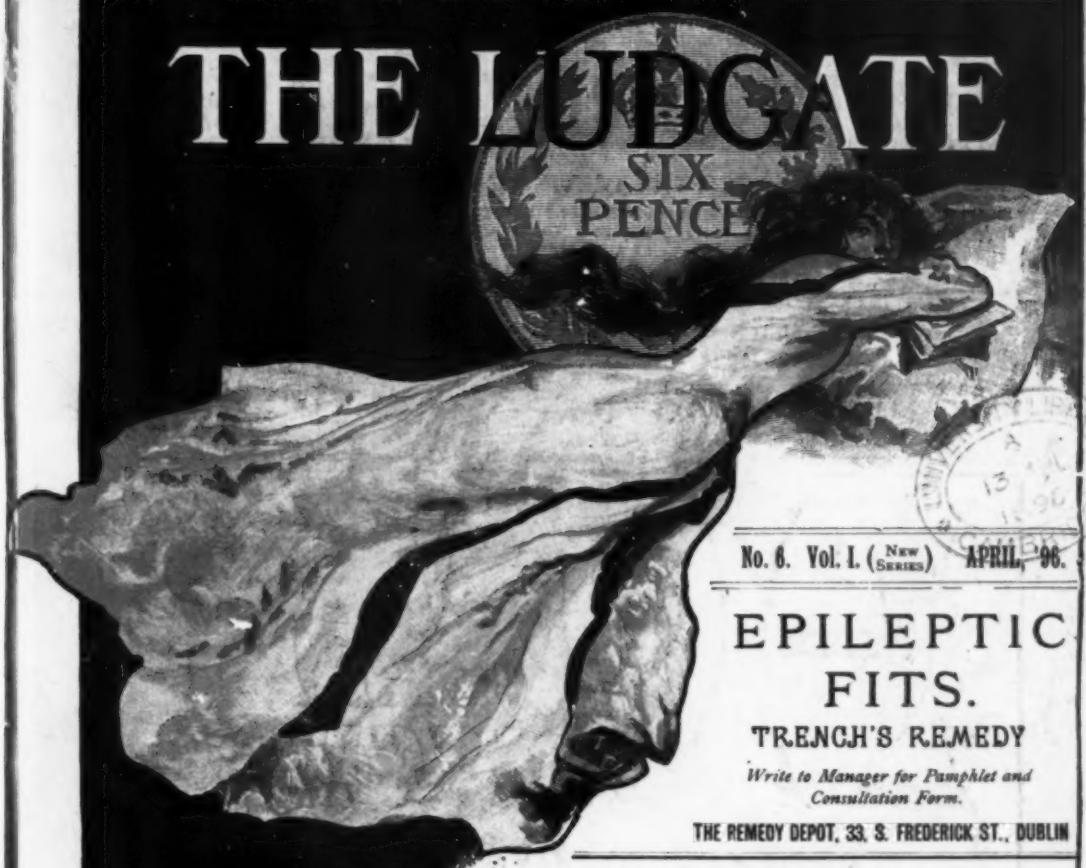
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